

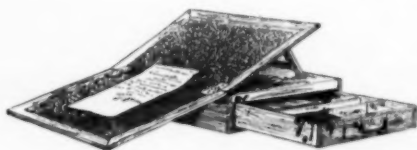
# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THOMAS JEFFERSON'S HOME.



DESK ON WHICH THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS WRITTEN.  
FROM A DRAWING BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.

OF the many American multitudes who assembled on the Centennial Fourth of July to hear the reading of the Declaration of Independence, every individual knew that it was written by Thomas Jefferson. Scarcely one in a million, however, was aware that that occasion was also very near the centennial anniversary of his first occupation of his once famous homestead of Monticello. While the date and the authorship of the Declaration have become fixed stars in historical fame, in one hundred years after the signing, and in fifty years after the death of the illustrious author, the popular knowledge concerning Jefferson's place of birth and Jefferson's home had shrunk to the dimensions and substance of a dim tradition. To a brief attempt at reviving that tradition, the following pages are devoted.

Peter Jefferson, the father of the author of our Declaration, married into the Dunge-ness branch of the Randolph family, and he and young William Randolph of Tuckahoe, in the year 1735, feeling that they had their fortunes to make, concluded to "go West"; that is, they left the old tide-water settlements on the James River, and went to join two or three other pioneers as first settlers in the country now forming the county of Albemarle, Virginia. It would not be considered much of a "move" in our day, as it was less than a hundred miles of a bee-line, and took them only to the first outlying chain of the Allegha-

nies, known at that point as the South-west Mountains, some twenty odd miles eastward of the Blue Ridge. Nevertheless, they found here a comparative wilderness, and what was essential, plenty of unoccupied land. Of this circumstance they took immediate advantage; their natural highway had led them up the Rivanna, an affluent of the James River flowing from the North-west; and probably hesitating to put the barrier of even a low mountain chain permanently between themselves and the old settlements, they determined to locate on the eastern slope of this chain. Young Randolph "patented" a tract of 2400 acres lying on the Rivanna; and young Peter Jefferson, a few days later, like him "patented" a tract of about 1000 acres, lying just west of his friend's. Both tradition and documents record that when Peter Jefferson came to examine his new estate he failed to find a situation to his liking whereon to build his cabin, which should, according to his hopes and the fashion of the period, in due time grow into a manorial hall of baronial amplitude and aspect. He mentioned his difficulty to his friend Randolph, who furnished a ready expedient to cure it. Land being abundant, building sites ought not to be scarce; so reasoning, he quickly supplied the want by giving Peter a deed to four hundred acres of his own tract, the purchase-money, or consideration, being "Henry Weatherbourne's biggest bowl of arrack punch."

This additional four-hundred-acre tract seems to have furnished the coveted building lot; though, looking at the landscape from an elevation, the spot finally chosen has nothing specially to recommend it over a dozen other points of ridges which run down toward the river. On one of these points he built a story-and-a-half weather-boarded house, with central hall, four square rooms, garret chambers

above them, and huge outside chimneys at each end. As the custom of that day required that every ambitious homestead should have a distinctive name, Peter Jefferson christened his estate "Shadwell," after Shadwell street, London, where his wife's mother was born. On this place and in this house was born, one of a family of eight children, Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, and third President of the United States. Here he lived as a child, boy, and man, with but temporary interruptions, twenty-seven years. When he left it, it was to move to Monticello, the home of his own special choice, preparation, and care, within an evening stroll of his birthplace, where, with occasional absence, for more than half a century, as congressman, author, governor, diplomate, cabinet minister, politician, Vice-President, President, philosopher, and octogenarian, he found his highest delight in that most engrossing of human occupations, the ever-beginning and never-ending task of creating an ideal home.

For a boy born in a wilderness, Jefferson enjoyed remarkable advantages in early youth, growing out of the fact that the frontier was as yet so near the parent colony. Good English tuition at five, Latin, Greek, and French at nine, regular classical studies at fourteen, and a college course at seventeen, fall to the lot of few American backwoods boys. Trap-

ping quails and shooting wild turkeys, deer-stalking, fox-hunting, and horse-racing, do not figure to any extent as his biographical exploits. Jefferson the boy is a book-worm — Jefferson the youth is the petted member of an exclusive coterie, social, aristocratic, and literary. The accomplishments and courtly habits of the town efface all the strong characteristics of the country lad, or rather, soften them down and leave them but two in number,— the keen zest of horsemanship and a true love of nature — the pure and passionate admiration of plant and blossom, of rock and stream, of fresh air and blue sky. These are the legacy of the forest; all else he learns from books and the social traditions which drift from the Old World to the New. Yet such is the strength of Nature's influences that by these two slender threads she held this nursling of society and made him the apostle and bulwark of that primitive equality he abandoned, against the pretensions and claims of caste and privilege to the favors of which he largely owed the development, if not the awakening, of his genius.

But if Jefferson enjoyed early advantages he was also burdened with early cares. The death of his father, when he was but fourteen, left him head of the family. Out of the practical needs of the home at Shadwell probably grew the dream, no less than the actual real-



MONTICELLO, THE EAST PORTICO.



MONTICELLO, FROM THE RIVANNA RIVER.

ization, of the future home on Monticello. It is of course impossible to guess how and where his plans began; we only know that their gradual development covered a period of some seventeen years, and note the circumstances which rendered their accomplishment possible.

At his father's death Jefferson inherited the home farm of Shadwell, and so much of the other farms and lands originally patented by Peter Jefferson,—and now respectively named "Monticello, Tufton, Pantops, Pouncey's," etc.,—as amounted in the aggregate to about nineteen hundred acres. He also inherited about thirty slaves, as a working force to till such portion of these lands as were under cultivation. Aristocratic families and manorial estates were the fashion and the pride of the Virginia gentry. But, fashion aside, the care of the family, the lands, and especially the slaves, of itself necessarily required some considerable "homestead" establishment. The old, square, weather-boarded house at Shadwell, though quite sufficient for Peter Jefferson and his bride of nineteen, with perhaps a neighborhood of a dozen settlers, was probably deemed both too small and too antiquated for a large family, comprising marriageable sons

and daughters, among a greatly increased population of neighbors.

Shadwell stood on a hill or point rising from the north bank of the Rivanna. Some two miles beyond the stream to the south-west lay the "Little Mountain," Italianized by Jefferson into "Monticello," with probably his earliest studies in that language. Seeing this Little Mountain so constantly the chief object in the homestead landscape, it is no wonder that it became to him successively, first the boy's wonderland of exploration, then the youth's haunt of recreation and study, and lastly the inviting and propitious locality of early manhood's domestic ambitions. It must be remembered of Jefferson, that though he stood six feet two inches high, and possessed a strong physical vitality, yet he was cast in the feminine rather than in the masculine mold. Instead of the athletic sports of hunting and horse-racing, the harsh excitement of cards and personal broils, he shrank away to the more solitary and quiet pursuits of books and music, the writing of rhymes and dancing with village belles. The poetic and artistic temperament dominated not only his youth, but his entire life.



MONTICELLO, WEST FRONT.

He seems from the beginning to have appropriated the Little Mountain to himself for his own uses. Probably this feeling of personal ownership came to him even in boyhood, as by right of discovery and exploration. Tradition makes it the scene of his first and closest friendship. He and his college friend, afterwards his brother-in-law, Dabney Carr, found here a favorite oak, whose inviting shade they made a resort for pastime and study. They finally became so attached to this spot that they made a mutual promise, the survivor should bury the other at the foot of this tree; and upon Dabney Carr's early death Jefferson fulfilled the romantic pledge. This incident is said to have originated the little cemetery on the slope of Monticello, where the dust of Thomas Jefferson now lies in its last repose.

Jefferson's biographers give no concise information when the idea of planting a homestead on the Little Mountain first took definite form or entered upon practical execution. In his earliest published letter, written at seventeen to his guardian, he gives as a reason in favor of going to college: "In the first place as long as I stay at the Mountain, the loss of one-fourth of my Time is inevitable, by Company's coming here and detaining me from School.

And likewise my Absence will in a measure put a Stop to so much Company, and by that means lessen the Expenses of the Estate in House-keeping." At this date Shadwell was still the homestead; and whether by the phrase "the Mountain" he referred to Monticello or to the range of which it formed a part is not clear. To college he went, for the period of two years, and after college to a course of five years' law study, making together a seven years' sojourn at Williamsburg, the colonial capital and metropolis. But during these seven years he habitually spent his vacations — the summer months — at Shadwell. That he gave near the close of this period his individual attention to the minutest details of domestic management is evidenced by his beginning in 1766, his twenty-third year, to keep a garden-book, which with unavoidable interruptions was continued by him until within two years of his death, a total record of *fifty-eight years*, stored, among other things, with farming and gardening memoranda,—an overwhelming proof of his extraordinary interest in and devotion to his "home" life. During this college period he had his first love affair — his unsuccessful courtship of Rebecca Burwell — an experience which, judging from his letters,

stirred his sympathetic nature to its profoundest depths. What airy shapes and radiant possibilities his "Spanish Castle" on Monticello may have assumed during the pendency of this grand question, may well be left to the imagination of any aspiring, sentimental wooer. His biographer mentions, too, that during these vacations a gallop on horseback during the day and a twilight walk to the top of Monticello at evening were the habitual recreations with which he relieved the constraint of his twelve to fifteen hours of daily study.

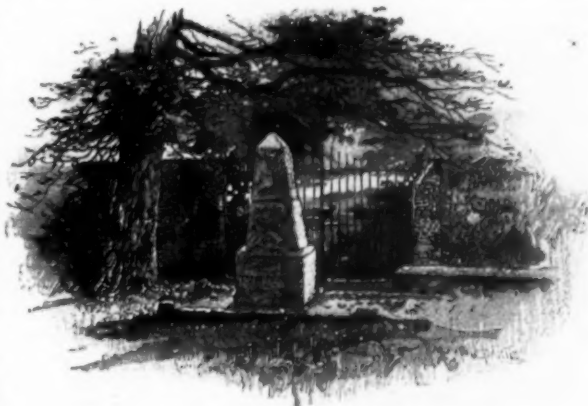
It must have been about the time of his entering upon the serious work of his life, the beginning of his actual law practice in 1767, at twenty-four years of age, that he also began the serious task of preparing his Little Mountain for his future homestead. His proper period of expansion, ideally and practically, had now come. More than all, the expenses of the college and law student were ended, and his labors as a practitioner began to bring an available compensation. Shadwell was but a little hill or ridge on the north bank of the River Rivanna: Monticello was in reality as well as in name a little mountain, nearly six hundred feet high, lying just south of the Rivanna, which at this point (near Charlottesville, Albemarle County, Virginia) cuts its channel through the outlying range of the Alleghanies known as the South-west Mountains. On the north-east, Monticello has a steep rocky base, washed by the Rivanna; on the south-west it is joined, by a gap of perhaps two-thirds its height, to Carter's Mountain, a somewhat higher and sharper peak; on the other sides the ascent is more gradual. It is yet covered, in the main, by a dense growth of timber, mainly of hard-wood deciduous trees. The top of the mountain is gently rounded, appearing at a little distance as regular as the large end of an egg. It is more than probable that the spare hands among Jefferson's thirty slaves employed the leisure days of several years, first in clearing a road to the summit; secondly in making the summit perfectly level; and lastly in preparing the place and the foundations for the buildings, and as an essential prerequisite, in digging a well, which still, except in times of drought, furnishes good water in abundance.

The "garden-book" already mentioned furnishes the record that in the spring of the year 1769 he caused a

variety of fruit trees to be planted on the south-east slope of the mountain. This was not on the level or building spot; and the necessary clearing must have been made before that year. "Towards fall," says his biographer, "he erected a brick story-and-a-half building containing one good-sized single room—the same structure which now forms the south-eastern 'pavilion' at the extremity of the south terrace of the mansion." Elsewhere we find that this story-and-a-half brick "pavilion" was twenty feet square in size.

An untoward accident hastened the work on the new homestead. On the first day of February, 1770, the family house at Shadwell was burned. Nearly all its contents were also destroyed, the principal loss in Jefferson's eyes being his papers and books, which latter he estimated at \$1000 cost value. Not only his law books, but his records and notes of cases he had prepared for court, everything in the shape of written memoranda, except the "garden-book," the preservation of which was long unknown, went up in flame. The servant who brought him the news in breathless haste had but one consoling item of information—"they had saved his fiddle." And here at this point of time we find the only moment of wavering in his affection for his Little Mountain. He says in a letter to his friend Page: "If this conflagration, by which I am burned out of a home, had come before I had advanced so far in preparing another, I do not know but I might have cherished some treasonable thoughts of leaving these my native hills."

However unpromising Monticello may have seemed about this time, its further improvement was probably crowded with all possible speed, and not without an object. A second courtship was crowned with success; and on the first day of January, 1772, Jefferson was



THE TOMB OF THOMAS JEFFERSON.

married to a beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy widow, Mrs. Martha Skelton. One of the curious incidents in the life of this curious man was the termination of the bridal tour,—a winter trip of a hundred miles through the snow, over country roads, ending in a horseback ride up the steep mountain side of Monticello, their arrival at the single-roomed story-and-a-half brick pavilion, the only part of the house yet finished, late at night, tired, cold, and hungry, to find the fires all out, and family and servants locked in profound sleep. A chance half-bottle of wine found behind some books on a shelf was the only good cheer at hand to add to their own overflowing gayety and happiness.

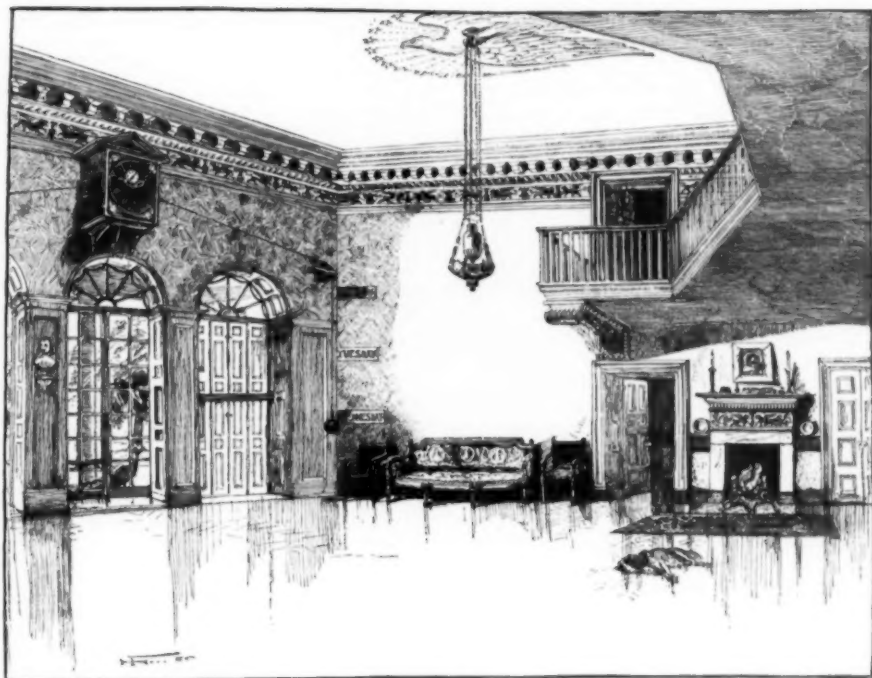
There was pressing need now that the new

home should grow and improve; but the new need also brought new resources. The bride's inheritance, a year later, doubled the family possessions. Of prime importance was the fact, that as the number of slaves was now nearly two hundred the homestead might draw an ample supply of laborers. It is estimated that during this period of his life Jefferson's income amounted altogether to about \$5000 per annum—\$2000 from his farms and the labor of his slaves, and \$3000 from his law practice, so that the wherewith for prosecuting his manorial schemes on his Little Mountain probably for the time seemed ample and secure. It is perhaps not to be wondered at that under all these stimulating influences, his projects should become somewhat too elaborate and visionary. Some fragmentary notes published by his biographer show that he meditated a small cemetery, with wall, evergreens, antique gothic temple, pedestals with urns, pyramid of rough rock-stone; the spring on the north side of the park to be embellished by a cascade, a temple, or a grotto, with a statue, inscriptions, a concealed æolian harp, moss couch, and other devices. For the general grounds, ornamental trees, vines, and flowers, with ornamental domestic animals, no less than a preserve or, rather, an asylum for wild animals—with a buck-elm or a buffalo to be "monarch of the wood." Very practical is his list of native shrubs, trees, and flowers, designed to ornament the lawn and immediate surroundings of the house. It did not require much time or experience to bring even an enthusiastic innovator like Jefferson to simple and economical theories. "Gardens are peculiarly worth the attention of an American," he writes afterwards, "because it is the country of all others where the noblest gardens may be made without expense. We have only to cut out the superabundant plants."

Whatever his theories of the beautiful may have been at that time, he did not permit them to usurp and exclude the useful. The published pages from his "garden book" for 1772 and 1774 would satisfy the most rigid market gardener. They include also many items of fruit trees and grapes, not neglecting some native vines transplanted for experiment from the woods of Monticello itself. An ill wind, too, had just now blown him good luck. An organized effort to introduce extensive wine culture, undertaken by some Italian gardeners for a Virginia company of which Jefferson was a member, had failed and been abandoned, and he was now able to obtain the skilled labor of these Italians for the improvement of Monticello. Under their management, as the "garden book" shows, seeds



THE MAIN STAIRWAY.



\* MONTICELLO, THE HALL.

not only went into the ground, but, what was more to the point, vegetables came to the table. All this shows that the work of preparing, building, and finishing the Little Mountain homestead was going on with vigor at this time, though its progress in detail cannot be traced. The stormy days of the Revolution here intervene, and we see only that memorable picture of the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and hear the solemn peals of the old bell "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land."

It is not until the labor and care of twelve years had brought it to its first period of completion that we obtain a short description of Monticello. Mr. Jefferson first moved there in 1770. In 1782 the Marquis de Chastellux paid Jefferson a visit, and in his book of travels thus mentions the home of his distinguished host:

"After ascending by a tolerably commodious road for more than half an hour, we arrived at Monticello. This house, of which Mr. Jefferson was the architect, and often one of the workmen, is rather elegant, and in the Italian taste, though not without fault: it consists of one large square pavilion, the entrance of which is by two porticoes ornamented with pillars. The ground-floor consists of a very lofty saloon, which is to be decorated entirely in the antique style; above it is a library of the same form; two small wings, with only a

ground-floor and attic story, are joined to this pavilion, and communicate with the kitchen, offices, etc., which will form a kind of basement story over which runs a terrace. . . . We may safely aver that Mr. Jefferson is the first American who has consulted the fine arts to know how he should shelter himself from the weather."

Then the delighted marquis goes off into an enthusiastic description of his host, his remarkable political career, and his amiable family, giving us also the results of Jefferson's project of an animal park:

"Mr. Jefferson amused himself by raising a score of these animals (deer) in his park; they are become very familiar, which happens to all the animals of America; for they are in general much easier to tame than those of Europe. He amuses himself by feeding them with Indian corn, of which they are very fond, and which they eat out of his hand."

But Monticello was now for a long period deprived of the fostering care of its master. A heavy affliction fell upon him in the death of his wife; and being for the third time tendered an appointment to Europe by Congress, he accepted it. Various delays prevented his sailing until 1784, when he left the homestead to the charge of overseers and servants. Five years later, on the 23d of December, 1789, these servants enjoyed a great gala-day,

following a carriage in a sort of triumphal procession from Shadwell up the mountain road to the top of Monticello, almost bearing the owner in their arms into the dear old home, and looking with admiring wonder upon the two tall young ladies, one of seventeen and one of eleven, who had gone away mere children and playmates.

Jefferson's note-book of his European travels was full of observations, suggestions, and diagrams, doubtless intended for use on the homestead on his return. Their practical application was, however, destined to be yet deferred for some years. Hardly had he landed on his return from France, when he was met by President Washington's letter summoning him into the first cabinet under the Constitution, as Secretary of State. This public employment kept him away from home so much of his time that no essential improvements or changes were begun until after his resignation in January, 1794.

Once more, now, bent on retirement from public life, Jefferson took up his broken and unfinished task of spinning his ideal web of a home life of tranquil happiness. From the pen of another visitor, the French exile Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, we have a graphic pen-picture of the Monticello of the second period, June, 1796:

"The house stands on the summit of the mountain, and the taste and arts of Europe have been consulted in the formation of its plan. Mr. Jefferson had commenced its construction before the American revolution; since that epocha his life has been constantly engaged in public affairs, and he has not been able to complete the execution of the whole extent of the project which it seems he had at first conceived. That part of the building which was finished, has suffered from the suspension of the work, and Mr. Jefferson, who two years since resumed the habits and leisure

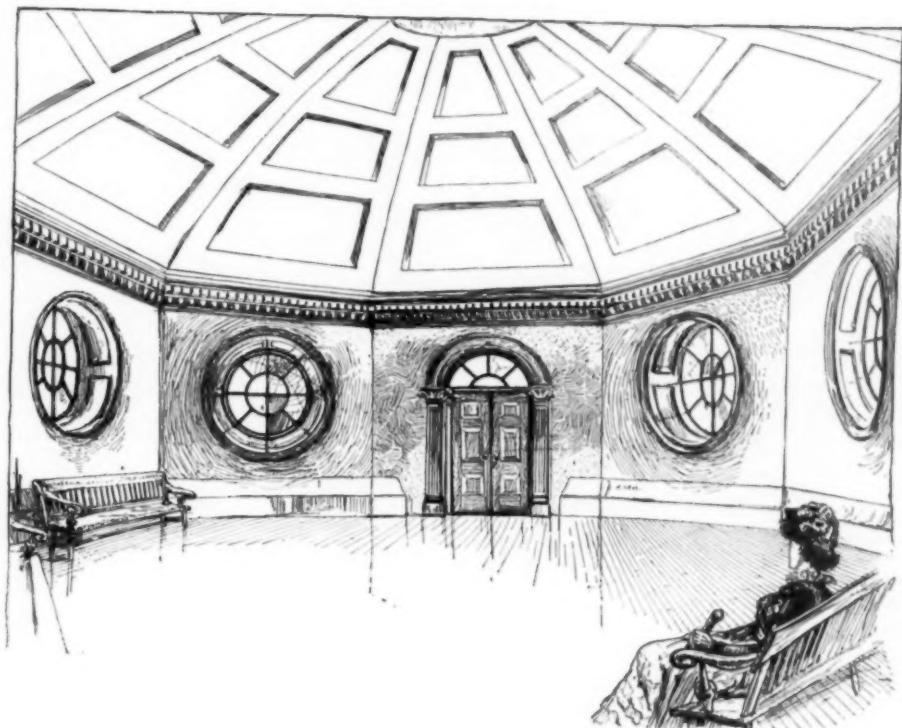
of private life, is now employed in repairing the damage occasioned by this interruption, and still more by his absence; he continues his original plan, and even improves on it by giving to his buildings more elevation and extent. He intends that they shall consist only of one story crowned with balustrades; and a dome is to be constructed in the center of the structure. The apartments will be large and convenient; the decoration both outside and inside simple, yet regular and elegant. Monticello, according to its first plan, was infinitely superior to all other houses in America in point of taste and convenience; but at that time Mr. Jefferson had studied taste and the fine arts in books only. His travels in Europe have supplied him with models; he has appropriated them to his design; and his new plan, the execution of which is already much advanced, will be accomplished before the end of next year, and then his home will certainly deserve to be ranked with the most pleasant mansions in France and England.

"Mr. Jefferson's house commands one of the most extensive prospects you can meet with. On the east side, the front of the building, the eye is not checked by any object, since the mountain on which the house is seated commands all the neighboring heights. On the right and left the eye commands the extensive valley that separates the Green, South, and West mountains from the Blue Ridge, and has no other bounds but these high mountains of which on a clear day you discern the chain on the right upwards of a hundred miles, far beyond the James River; and on the left as far as Maryland on the other side of the Potomac. . . . On this mountain and in the surrounding valleys on both banks of the Rivanna, are situated five thousand acres of land which Mr. Jefferson possesses in this part of Virginia. Eleven hundred and twenty only are cultivated. The land, left to the care of the stewards, has suffered as well as the buildings from the long absence of the master; according to the custom of the country it has been exhausted by successive culture. . . . At present he is employed with activity and perseverance in the management of his farms and buildings; and he orders, directs, and pursues in the minutest details every branch of business relative to them. I found him in the midst of the harvest from which the scorching heat of the sun does not prevent his attendance. His negroes are nourished, clothed, and treated as well as white servants could be. As he cannot expect any assistance from the two small neighboring towns every article is made on his farm; his negroes are cabinet-makers, carpenters, masons, bricklayers, smiths, etc. The children he employs in a nail factory, which yields already a considerable profit."

We have thus seen how Monticello gradually grew up, following perhaps a general and undefined project from the beginning, and yet modified from time to time by the increased means, knowledge, experience, taste, and observation of its founder. It was a simple story-and-a-half brick house when he brought his bride to it that dreary winter's night in 1772. Since then he had been congress-



MONTICELLO, FIREPLACE AND DUMB-WAITER.



MONTICELLO, THE BALL-ROOM IN THE DOME.

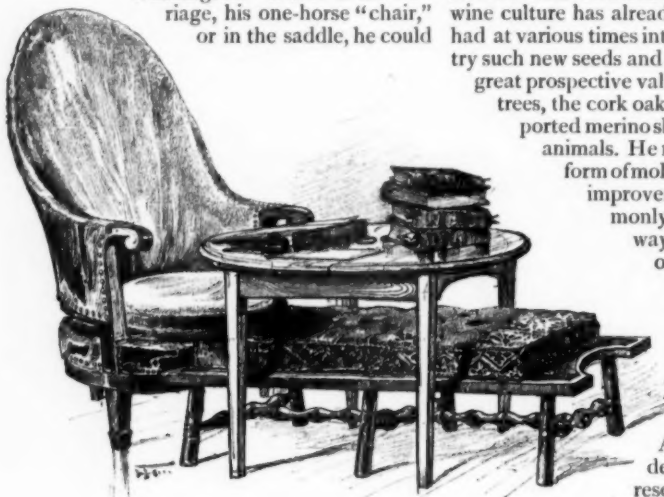
man, governor, minister plenipotentiary, and Secretary of State, had traveled at home and abroad, had reared his children, and was now confronted with the care and protection of the second generation. In the interim Monticello had become, first a plain Italian villa with a library on the second floor, and now again with a new transformation, a network of buildings dominated by a spreading country mansion of twenty rooms, with two Greek porticoes, and an octagonal dome, with very solid brick walls, strong frame-work, good floors, a great profusion of elaborate trimmings, and full of the quaint and strongly original devices and inventions of his own. Designed by no architect, unless he could be called one, no order or style could exclusively claim it, nor is it probable that any architect of that or our day would willingly make it a model, in either general design or curious details. But to Jefferson it must have been not only a castle, stronghold, refuge, but a very temple of art; in short, his own peculiar world, in a certain sense created by and for himself. He considered himself now once more master of his time and his inclinations, the owner of five

thousand acres of land and one hundred and fifty slaves. He was already over fifty years old, a principal figure in the history of his epoch, the cherished member of a wide circle of friends, the authoritative head and center of a numerous family group. Above all, Monticello had been triply sanctified by the domestic events of birth, death, and marriage. If he had given the tender and constant solicitude of a quarter of a century to this dream of an ideal home, it must have seemed to be on the point of practical realization as nearly as human hopes ever reach fruition.

Some such feelings doubtless prompted a vigorous administration of his estates and urgent efforts for the final completion of his house during the two years from 1794 to 1796. Once more drawn, however, into the resistless and swelling stream of national politics, he became Vice-President of the United States from 1797 to 1801, and finally President from 1801 to 1809.

No doubt delighted by this final and crowning mark of his country's esteem, it must nevertheless have cost him a pang to find once more his busy personal work of household

improvement broken in upon by absorbing and vexatious public duties. But there was some relief in the fact that the seat of government had in 1800 been brought much nearer to his home by the transfer of the capital to Washington. Either in his carriage, his one-horse "chair," or in the saddle, he could



JEFFERSON'S CHAIR AND WRITING-TABLE.

make the journey to or from Monticello in three days. As compared with former periods of absence, this was almost like living at home. With similar facility he could send seeds, cuttings, or plants, or transmit personal directions to the family or his overseers. He now adopted the habit of making each year one or two prolonged visits to Monticello, and these coming in the spring and fall,—the farmer's working seasons,—the homestead may, notwithstanding his general absence, be said to have been practically under its master's supervision.

Had he now been content to pursue merely the completion of his plans and work, he would probably have fared better in the end. But in this situation, instead of curtailing them, Jefferson seems rather to have extended and multiplied the labors and business of his homestead and estates. The published reminiscences of his overseer state that it was now that he improved the terraced garden on the side of the mountain some two acres in area. There was a small grist-mill on the Rivanna, but the neighborhood became ambitious and wanted a larger one. In the eyes of the country people, a President of the United States, receiving a salary of \$25,000, was a Cræsus and Aladdin combined. Jefferson, with his fondness for mechanical improvement and his proclivity for economical enterprise, did not

in all probability need much persuasion. He built the mill, a large four-story building, with four runs of stones, at a heavy expense. It was a point of great pride with him that he had always been, and would always remain, a farmer. His connection with a company for wine culture has already been mentioned. He had at various times introduced into the country such new seeds and plants as he thought of great prospective value,—upland rice, olive-trees, the cork oak, etc., etc. He now imported merino sheep and other domestic animals. He not only invented a new form of mold-board, making a great improvement in the then commonly used plow, but led the way in the employment of other improved farming implements, notably a seed-drill and a threshing machine.

At the beginning of the Revolution, many patriots in Virginia and others of the American States had determined to abstain resolutely from the importation, purchase, and use of British goods and manufactures, and to practice and foster home production. The seven-years war continued as a necessity what was begun as a virtue. Amid these and succeeding events, the intelligence and mechanical and inventive genius of Jefferson himself made his homestead and estates probably more than ordinarily self-dependent. It was in this way that he gathered about himself, among his slaves and servants, the skilled laborers, out of whose combined



SOME OF THE OLD SILVER.



JEFFERSON'S BEDROOM.

handiwork rose the fair structure of Monticello. It almost grew out of the soil. From the bricks which yet compose its walls, to the nails which yet unite its wood-work, including much of its furniture, and even that characteristic appendage of the period, the state carriage, Monticello was in its essential components an honest and genuine article of home manufacture. Not alone for the master and master's family; for to this combination and coöperation of farm and forge, of manor and mill, of architect and artisan, of land-owner and land-tiller, between one and two hundred human beings looked with right and reliance for daily work and daily bread, during at least two generations.

After having served the eight years of his presidential office, Jefferson retired to this his chosen refuge, the creation of his own thought and industry, of much of his own personal handiwork, and spent yet seventeen long years in what with wise forethought and manful persistence he had indeed made "the dearest spot on earth." Under his own vine

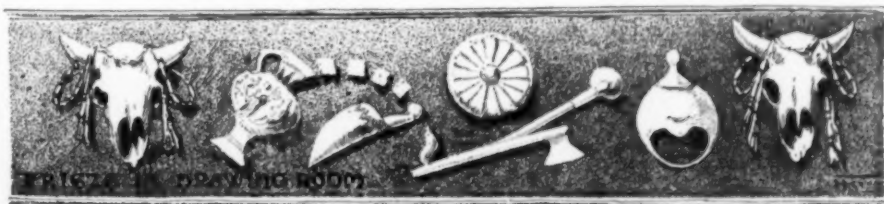
and fig-tree, in his own house and his own garden, sitting in the refreshing shade of the trees he had himself planted, plucking the flowers and fruits he had himself reared, he talked wisdom to his gray-headed neighbors and contemporaries, gave kindly instruction and admonition to inquiring youths and students, or led his joyous and romping grandchildren through their juvenile games. American annals can present few pictures of so long enjoyed and so perfect a fruition of a labor of love.

Bright and alluring as it is, the picture also presents painful shadows. He plucked his own domestic roses with bleeding fingers. The wounds of a bitter partisan conflict galled him; the persecutions of visitors and letter-writers worried him; and at last a hopeless bankruptcy brought him to the humiliating knowledge that the bread he ate was no longer that of his own earning.

Driven to extremities by the necessity of paying a security-debt of \$20,000 which he had indorsed, he applied to the legislature of Virginia in the last year of his life, to be allowed to dispose of his property by lottery. "If it is permitted in my case," he writes, "my lands here alone, with the mills, etc., will pay everything, and will leave me Monticello and a farm free. If refused, I must sell everything here, perhaps considerably in Bedford, move thither with my family, where I have not even a log hut to put my head into." The privilege asked was finally granted, but so tardily that it wrung from him, like a groan of anguish, the sentence, "I count on nothing now. I am taught to know my standard."

As so often happens, the lottery scheme failed through popular apathy. But the public sympathy was to some extent aroused, and citizens of New York, of Philadelphia, and of Baltimore sent him contributions amounting in the aggregate to \$16,500. This relief, though inadequate, was yet sufficient to justify his belief that Monticello would be saved to his daughter. In this hope he died July 4th, 1826, having occupied Monticello as a home just six years more than half a century and was buried in the little graveyard he had planned nearly three-quarters of a century before.

*J. G. Nicolay.*



## THE LATER YEARS OF MONTICELLO.



**D**URING the summers of five or six years, my favorite study, when the days were fine ones, has been under the shade of some large trees, from which, across the valley of the Rivanna River, and distant about a mile as a wild bee would fly, I have had a beautiful view of the rounded slopes of Monticello surmounted by the great trees which still stand around the old home of the man who formulated for us our national idea. There is something in the air of the country hereabouts which continually suggests Thomas

into this country, and which still keeps his memory a dark, luxuriant green.

It was easy for me, with this famous mansion ever before me, and in this Jeffersonian atmosphere, where there is so much to see and so much to hear of Monticello and its belongings, to bring before my mind the home of Jefferson as it stood at the time of his death.

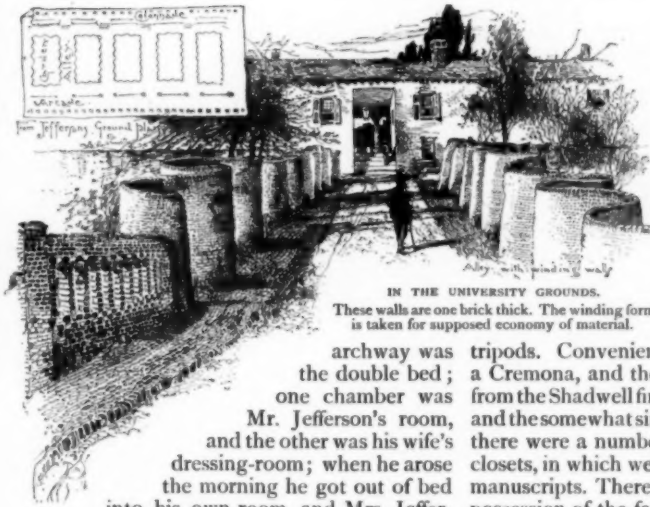
We have seen how Monticello gradually grew to be a spacious and imposing mansion, but I think it is not generally known with what pleasure and zeal Jefferson brought his mind to bear, not only upon the development of his somewhat grand ideas in regard to a home, but upon the most minute and peculiar



THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA AT CHARLOTTESVILLE. (DESIGNED BY JEFFERSON.)

Jefferson. The fields and woods around me once formed one of his plantations; the friends with whom I staid are his descendants; I took my evening smoke in an arm-chair—Paris-made, with little brass ornaments on the arms—which once belonged to him; and this paper was written on a small table with four curious wings, which can be spread out at the sides to hold books of reference, that was used by Mr. Jefferson as a writing-stand, and on which yet remain some blots of ink which declared their independence of his pen. Many of the neighboring estates still bear the names he gave them, some Latin and some Greek, such as "Lego" and Pan Optimus—the latter now corrupted to Pantops; and here and there on the sides of the hills grows the Scotch broom which he introduced

contrivances for convenience and adornment. He drew plans and made estimates for nearly everything that was built or constructed on his place. He calculated the number of bricks to be used in every part of his buildings; and his family now possess elaborately drawn plans of such bits of household furnishing as "curtain valences" and the like. Many of his ideas in regard to building and furnishing he brought with him from France; but more of them had their origin in his brain. There were no bedsteads in his house, but in every chamber there was an alcove in the wall in which a wooden framework was built which supported the bed. His own sleeping-arrangements during the lifetime of his wife were of a very peculiar nature; in the partition between two chambers was an archway, and in this



IN THE UNIVERSITY GROUNDS.  
These walls are one brick thick. The winding form is taken for supposed economy of material.

archway was the double bed; one chamber was Mr. Jefferson's room, and the other was his wife's dressing-room; when he arose the morning he got out of bed into his own room, and Mrs. Jefferson got out into her room. After his wife's death her room became his study, and the partition wall between it and the library being taken down, the whole was thrown into the present large apartment. Over the archway in which the bed is placed is a long closet reached by a step-ladder placed in another closet at the foot of the bed. In this was stored in summer the winter clothes of the family, and in winter their summer habiliments. At the other side of the arch there is a small door, so that persons going from one room to the other had no need to clamber over the bed.

In the smaller chamber, when it became his study, stood Mr. Jefferson's writing-chair, which was made to suit his peculiar needs; the chair itself was high-backed, well rounded, and cushioned, and in front of it extended a cushioned platform, on which Mr. Jefferson found it very pleasant to stretch his legs, being sometimes troubled with swellings of the smaller veins of these limbs. The writing-table was so made that it could be drawn up over this platform, legs, and all, and pushed down when it was not in use. The top of this table turned on a pivot; on one side of it were his writing materials,

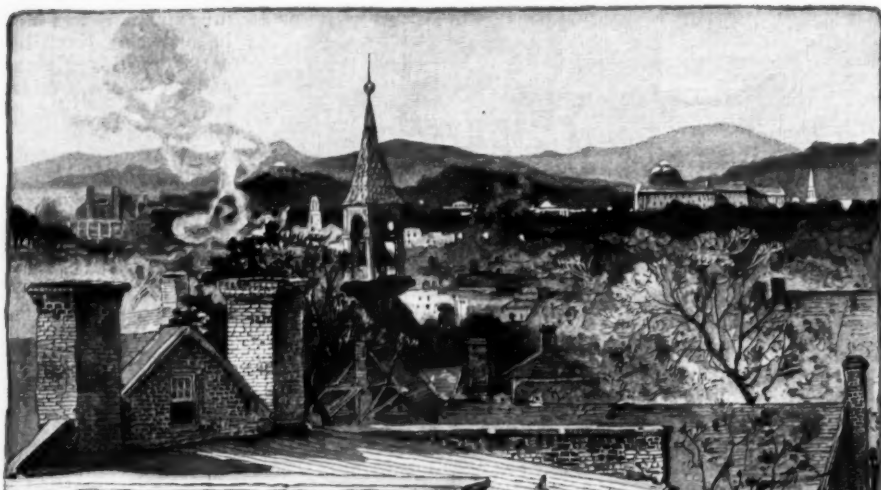
and on the other was the little apparatus by which he made copies of all his letters. By his side was another revolving table, on which his books of reference lay, or were held open at proper angles. Near him also stood a pair of large globes; and, if he wished to study anything outside of this world, he had in the room two long telescopes mounted on brass

tripods. Convenient also were his violins, one a Cremona, and the other the bass-viol saved from the Shadwell fire. Besides the book-shelves and the somewhat simple furniture of the library, there were a number of oddly contrived little closets, in which were stored his multitudinous manuscripts. There is a writing-table now in the possession of the family, which was frequently used by Mr. Jefferson, and which is very ingeniously contrived. Two of its four legs are hollow, and in these run rods resting upon springs by which the table can be easily elevated, the other two legs being also extensible, but in a different way. When Mr. Jefferson was tired of writing in a sitting position, he could stand up, and raise this table to the desired height. When he wished to use it as a reading-stand, the top could be inclined at any angle, and a strip of brass was brought into use to keep the books and papers from sliding off.

Opening from the library was a large room inclosed with glass, which was intended for a conservatory, but was used by Mr. Jefferson



IN THE COLONNADE OF THE UNIVERSITY.



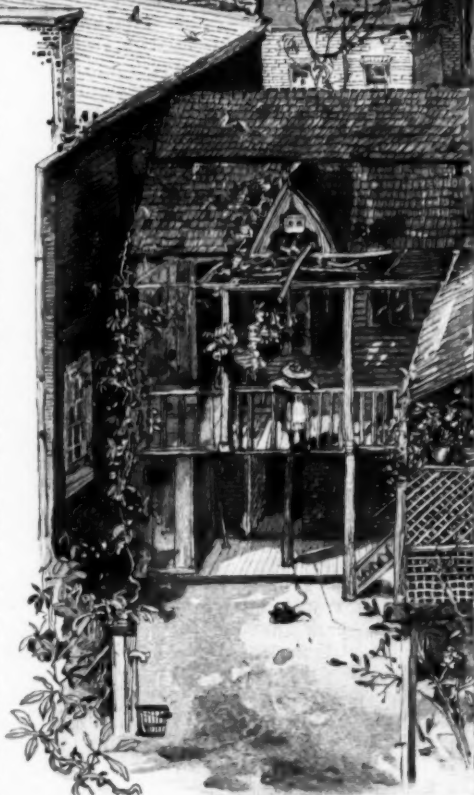
IN CHARLOTTESVILLE.

as his work-room. There he had a work-bench, with all sorts of carpenter's tools, with which he constructed a great many of the small conveniences he invented.

The house was not richly furnished, although it contained all that was needed, Mr. Jefferson's chief attention in the way of adornment being given to that which would be permanent;—the floor, for instance, of the large semi-octagonal room back of the great hall was made of fine cherry and beech laid in a handsome pattern, and is still in perfect condition. But many of the visitors of distinction from this country and foreign lands, who used to flock to this hospitable mansion, never saw these beautiful floors, for Jefferson frequently entertained the most distinguished company long before his house was finished, when the doors were made of unplanned boards, the floors of loose planks, and the walls unplastered.

Over the door of the western front was the clock, which had one face for the portico and another for the hall. I am told that a clock-maker was brought over from Germany to make this clock, and another for the University, and that he afterwards started a flourishing business in Charlottesville. The weights of this clock, which ran eight days, were cannon-balls suspended by chains in the front corners of the hall, and descending into the cellar through holes in the floor. As one of these balls made its weekly journey down the wall, it touched, and turned over, the first thing every morning, a

metal plate, on which was painted the day of the week. There was a weather-vane on top of the house, but as Mr. Jefferson did not care to



go out at all hours and in all kinds of weather to see which way the wind was blowing, this vane was connected by a rod with a dial under the roof of the porch, so that it was only necessary to step outside the door and look up at this dial to see to what quarter the hand upon it was pointing. Another very curious contrivance was a little dumb-waiter, not more than six inches wide, which ran from the wine-cellar to the dining-room, its upper opening being covered with a movable panel in the wood-work of the mantel-piece. In this dumb-waiter were two shelves, each one large enough to contain a bottle of wine; the butler put these in place in the cellar, and when the master wanted them he pulled them up.

Not only in his house, but in its grounds, Jefferson's ingenuity gave itself full scope. In order that every one might take whatever degree of exercise inclination or the weather made desirable, several "roundabouts" were laid out on the varying surface of the mountain. These were walks or roads which environed the house, one being of quite moderate length, and not far from the mansion, while the longest was several miles in extent, in one part running by the banks of the River Rivanna at the base of the mountain. Here one could walk or drive around and around, always amid fair scenery, and sometimes reaching points from which could be had the most lovely views of far-stretching plains and mountains.

These grounds were abundantly enjoyed by Jefferson's numerous friends, especially perhaps those from Europe, who were not accustomed to see art so pleasantly commingled with what must have appeared to them as the wildest nature. Jefferson was a very systematic man, and could always be relied upon to appear at meal-time, but one day dinner was long kept waiting for his visitor, M. Volney, and himself, who were out walking. It afterwards appeared that the two philosophers had been detained by the labor of damming up a little stream in order that they might design a picturesque waterfall. A portrait of Jefferson by Kosciusko used to hang in the room occupied by Mrs. Randolph, the oldest daughter, a flattering inscription, placed beneath it by the artist, having banished it from the more public apartments. What became of this portrait is not known.

The entrance hall, in which stood, very appropriately on opposite sides, busts of Jefferson and Alexander Hamilton, is a somewhat remarkable apartment. It is the largest room in the house, and is as high as the dome. There is a railed gallery in it which connects the chambers in the upper part of the building. It has been supposed that there was to have been a staircase in this hall, communicating with this gallery; but none was ever built,

access to the gallery and the upper rooms being obtained by small and inadequate stairways in inside passages. The walls of the hall were adorned not only with horns of elk and moose, interspersed with Indian and Mexican weapons and implements, but with great bones of mastodons, and other fossil remains, and with huge specimens of native minerals. The whole collection is calculated to produce a very American impression on a foreign visitor.

Indoors and out, wherever one might wander through the apartments or grounds of this delightful home, one could not fail to perceive that the mind or the hand of Thomas Jefferson was at the bottom of everything. He thought nothing so large or so small that his ingenuity or his care need not be exercised upon it. With his own hands he made all the plans for the buildings of the University of Virginia, and he has left behind him the carefully prepared drawings of a gate-latch which he invented.

Jefferson's hope that his only surviving child would be left the mistress of Monticello was not fulfilled. The times were hard, and, although after his death all the estates were sold, the debts were not paid, and Mrs. Randolph was obliged to leave this happy "Little Mountain," which was never again occupied by Jefferson's descendants.

The first purchaser of Monticello was a Dr. Barclay, who was afflicted with the *morus multicaulis* disease, and he cut down many of the beautiful trees about the house, some of them exotics, for the purpose of planting a mulberry grove,—the leaves of which were to feed the silk-worms which were to become the inhabitants of the halls and chambers of the Jeffersonian mansion. But his cocoons proving to be anything but golden, the doctor gave up his silken dreams and sold the estate.

The next purchaser, Captain Levy, kept the house in good condition; but the civil war and the litigations among his heirs, which continued for some fifteen years after the captain's death, had a depressing effect upon the beauties of Monticello. If it had been a modern-built house it would have gone to wreck and ruin; but Jefferson built it to stay; and, although it suffered very much, especially in regard to shutters, window-sashes, and water-spouts, and although the terraced walks which stretched over the two lines of out-buildings connecting the main building with the pavilions were destroyed, and were replaced by ordinary roofs, the whole establishment has been put in excellent order by the present owner, a nephew of Captain Levy, and is now as sound and substantial a country mansion as it ever was. There is a modern air about its furnishings and fittings which is not Jeffersonian, but the house is still Monticello.

But Jefferson's orchards and terraced gardens, the serpentine flower-borders on the western lawn, to which came yearly contributions from the Jardin des Plantes of Paris, and the beautiful "roundabout" walks and drives have all disappeared; while in the little graveyard on the mountain-side, around the simple monument erected to the memory of the "Author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia," lie the bones of five generations of his descendants, in the only ground they inherited from him.

Although Thomas Jefferson died owing much money, no shadow of debt now rests

upon his fame. Having no son, his grandson, Thomas Jefferson Randolph, became, at an early age, the general manager of his estates; and, at the death of his grandfather, Mr. Randolph—then living at Edge Hill, a large neighboring estate, which had come by original grant to the Randolph family—set himself to work to pay Mr. Jefferson's debts. In this labor of love he was assisted by his daughters, who established a school, which soon became a noted one, for the sole purpose of helping their father pay what was due to the creditors of their great ancestor. Their efforts were entirely successful, for many years did not elapse before every cent was paid.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

(BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.)

## LINCOLN'S NOMINATION AND ELECTION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE BALTIMORE NOMINATIONS.



HOUGH the compact voting body of the South had retired from the Charleston Convention, her animating spirit yet remained in the numbers and determination of the anti-Douglas delegates. When on Tuesday morning, May 1st, the eighth day, the convention once more met, the Douglas men, with a view to making the most of the dilemma, resolved to force the nomination of their favorite. But there was a lion in the path. Usage and tradition had consecrated the two-thirds rule. Stuart, of Michigan, tried vainly to obtain the liberal interpretation, that this meant "two-thirds of the votes given," but Chairman Cushing ruled remorselessly against him, and at the instance of Howard, of Tennessee, the convention voted (141 to 112) that no person should be declared nominated who did not receive two-thirds of all the votes the full convention was entitled to cast.

This sealed the fate of Douglas. The Electoral College numbered 303; 202 votes therefore were necessary to a choice. Voting for candidates was duly begun, and continued throughout all the next day (Wednesday, May 2d). Fifty-seven ballots were taken in

all; Douglas received 145½ on the first, and on several subsequent ballots his strength rose to 152½. The other votes were scattered among eight other candidates with no near approach to agreement.\*

The dead-lock having become unmistakable and irremediable, and the nomination of Douglas under existing conditions impossible, all parties finally consented to an adjournment, especially as it became evident that unless this were done the sessions would come to an end by mere disintegration. Therefore, on the tenth day (May 3d), the Charleston Convention formally adjourned, having previously resolved to reassemble on the 18th of June, in the city of Baltimore, with a recommendation that the several States make provision to fill the vacancies in their delegations.

Mr. Yancey and his seceders had meanwhile organized another convention in St. Andrew's Hall. Their business was of course to report substantially the platform rejected by the Douglasites, and for which rejection they had retired. Mr. Yancey then explained to them that the adoption of this platform was all the action they proposed to take until the "rump democracy" should make their nomination, when, he said, "it may be our privilege to indorse the nominee, or our duty to proceed to make a nomination." Other seced-

\* The first ballot stood: Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, 145½; James Guthrie, of Kentucky, 35½; Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, 7; R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, 42; Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, 12;

Joseph Lane, of Oregon, 6; Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, 1½; Isaac Toucey, of Connecticut, 2½; Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, 1.

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ers were more impatient, and desired that something be done forthwith; but as the sessions were continued to the second and third day, their overflowing zeal found a safety-valve in their speeches. Mr. Yancey's programme prevailed, and they also adjourned to meet again in Richmond on the 11th of June.

At the time of the disruption, rumors were current in Charleston that the movement, if not prompted, was at least encouraged and sustained by telegrams from leading senators and representatives then at their Congressional duties in Washington. As the day for reassembling in Baltimore drew near, the main fact was abundantly proved by the publication of an address, signed by Jefferson Davis, Toombs, Iverson, Slidell, Benjamin, Mason, and some fourteen others, in which they undertook to point out a path to union and harmony in the Democratic party. They recited the withdrawal of eight States at Charleston, and indorsed the step without qualification. "We cannot refrain," said the address, "from expressing our admiration and approval of this lofty manifestation of adherence to principle, rising superior to all considerations of expediency, to all trammels of party, and looking with an eye single to the defense of the constitutional rights of the States." They then alleged that the other Democratic States remained in the convention only to make a further effort to secure "some satisfactory recognition of sound principles," declaring, however, their determination also to withdraw if their just expectation should be disappointed. The address now urged that the seceders should defer their meeting at Richmond, but that they should come to Baltimore and endeavor to effect "a reconciliation of differences on a basis of principle." If the Baltimore Convention should adopt "a satisfactory platform of principles,"—and their votes might help secure it,—then cause of dissension would have ceased. "On the other hand," continues the address, "if the convention, on reassembling at Baltimore, shall disappoint the just expectations of the remaining Democratic States, their delegations cannot fail to withdraw and unite with the eight States which have adjourned to Richmond." The address, in another paragraph, explained that the seventeen Democratic States which had voted at Charleston for the seceders' platform, "united with Pennsylvania alone, comprise a majority of the entire electoral vote of the United States, able to elect the Democratic nominees against the combined opposition of all the remaining States."

This was a shrewd and crafty appeal. Under an apparent plea for harmony lurked an insidious invitation to Delaware, Virginia,

North Carolina, Missouri, Tennessee, Kentucky, California, Oregon, and Pennsylvania to join the seceders, reconstruct the Democratic party, cut off all the "popular sovereignty" recusants, and secure perpetual ascendancy in national politics through the consolidated South. The signers of this address, forgetting their own constant accusation of "sectionalism" against the Republicans, pretended to see no impropriety in proposing this purely selfish and sectional alliance. If it succeeded, their triumph in the Union was irresistible and permanent; if it failed, it served to unite the South for secession and a slave confederacy.

If any Democrat harbored a doubt that the proposed reconciliation meant simply a reunion on the Davis-Yancey platform, the doubt was soon removed. In the Senate of the United States, Jefferson Davis was pressing to a vote his caucus resolutions, submitted in February, to serve as a model for the Charleston platform; and this brought on a final discussion between himself and Douglas.

Davis had begun the debate on the 7th of May by a savage onslaught on "Squatter Sovereignty"—a fallacy, he said, fraught with mischief more deadly than the fatal upas, because it spread its poison over the whole Union.\* Douglas took up the gauntlet, and, replying on May 15th and 16th, said he could not recognize the right of a caucus of the Senate or the House to prescribe new tests for the Democratic party. Senators were not chosen for the purpose of making platforms. That was the duty of the Charleston Convention, and it had decided in his favor, platform, organization, and least of all the individual, by giving him a majority of fifty votes over all the other candidates combined. He reprobated the Yancey movement as leading to dissolution and a Southern confederacy. The party rejected this caucus platform. Should the majority, he asked, surrender to the minority? † Davis, replying on the 17th, contended that Douglas had on the Kansas policy of the Administration put himself outside the Democratic organization. He desired no divided flag for the party. He preferred that the senator's banner should lie in its ~~s~~ken folds to feed the moth; "but if it impatiently rustles to be unfurled in opposition to ours, we will plant our own on every hill." ‡ Douglas retorted, and again attacked the caucus dictation. Why, he asked, are all the great measures for the public good made to give place to the emergency of passing some abstract resolutions on the subject of politics to reverse the Democratic plat-

\* Globe, May 7th, 1860, p. 1940.

† Globe, May 15th and 16th, 1860. Appendix, p. 312.

‡ Globe, May 17th, 1860.

form, undersupposition that the representatives of the people are men of weak nerve who are going to be frightened by the thunders of the Senate Chamber? \* Davis rejoined, that they wanted a new article in the creed because they could not get an honest construction of the platform as it stands. "If you have been beaten on a rickety, double-construed platform, kick it to pieces, and lay one broad and strong, on which men can stand." "We want nothing more than a simple declaration that negro slaves are property, and we want the recognition of the obligation of the Federal Government to protect that property like all other." † A somewhat restrained undertone of personal temper had been running through the debate, and Jefferson Davis could not resist an expression of contempt for his opponent. "The fact is," said he, "I have a declining respect for platforms. I would sooner have an honest man on any sort of a rickety platform that you could construct, than to have a man I did not trust on the best platform which could be made."

Douglas promptly called attention to the inconsistency of Davis's method of forcing his resolutions with one breath and avowing his indifference to a platform with another, especially as Yancey and his followers had seceded on the platform and not on the man; but he did not press his adversary to the wall, as he might have done, on the insincerity which Davis's sneer exposed. He was hampered by his own attitude as a candidate. Douglas, who had received a hundred and fifty votes at Charleston, and who expected the whole at Baltimore, could not let his tongue wag as freely as Davis, who had received only a vote and a half at Charleston, and could count on none at Baltimore; else he might have denounced him on the score of patriotism. For Jefferson Davis, like Yancey, only not so constantly, and like so many others of that secession coterie, blew hot and cold about disunion as occasion demanded. This same debate of May 17th furnished an instructive example.

In the beginning of the day's discussion Davis indulged in a repetition of the old alarm-cry:

"And so, sir, when we declare our tenacious adherence to the Union, it is the Union of the Constitution. If the compact between the States is to be trampled into the dust; if anarchy is to be substituted for the usurpation which threatened the Government at an earlier period; if the Union is to become powerless for the purpose for which it was established, and we are vainly to appeal to it for protection,—then, sir, conscious of the rectitude of our course, and self-reliant within ourselves, we look beyond the confines of the Union for the maintenance of our rights." ‡

\* *Globe*, May 17th, 1860.

† *Globe*, May 17th, 1860, p. 2155.

But after Douglas had made a damaging exposure of Yancey's disunion intrigues, which had come to light, and had charged their animus on the Charleston seceders, Davis changed his tone. He said there were not more than seventy-five men in the lodges of the Southern Leagues. He did not think the Union was in danger from them.

"I have great confidence," said he, "in the strength of the Union. Every now and then I hear that it is about to tumble to pieces; that somebody is going to introduce a new plank into the platform, and if he does, the Union must tumble down; until at last I begin to think it is such a rickety old platform that it is impossible to prop it up. But then I bring my own judgment to bear, instead of relying on witnesses, and I come to the conclusion that the Union is strong and safe,—strong in its power as well as in the affections of the people." §

The debate made it very plain that it was not reconciliation but domination which the South wanted. So in due time (May 25th) the Jefferson Davis resolutions, affirming the "property" theory and the "protection" doctrine, were passed by a large majority of the Democratic senators.

When the Charleston Convention proper reassembled at Baltimore, it was seen that the programme laid out by Jefferson Davis and others in their published address had been duly adopted. The seceders had met at Richmond, taken a recess, and now appeared at Baltimore making application for readmission. But some of the States that withdrew at Charleston had sent contesting delegations, and it resolved itself into tangled rivalry and quarrel of platforms, candidates, and delegations all combined. For four days a furious debate raged in the convention during the day, while rival mass-meetings in the streets at night called each other "disorganizers," "bolters," "traitors," "disunionists," and "abolitionists." When Douglas, before a test-vote was reached, sent a dispatch suggesting that the party and the country might be saved by dropping his name and uniting upon some other candidate, his followers suppressed the dispatch.

On the fifth day at Baltimore the Democratic National Convention underwent its second "crisis," and suffered its second disruption. This time, also, the secession was somewhat broadened; Chairman Cushing resigned his seat, and Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and California withdrew wholly or in part to join the States which had gone out at Charleston.

For the present the disunion extremists were keeping their scheme too well masked to establish clearly its historical record. But the signs

‡ *Globe*, May 17th, 1860, p. 2151.

§ *Globe*, May 17th, 1860, p. 2156.

and footprints of their underplot are evident. Here at Baltimore, as at Charleston, and as on every critical occasion, Mr. Yancey was conspicuously present. Here, as elsewhere, he was no doubt persistently intriguing for disunion in secret while ostentatiously denying disunion purposes in public.

But little remained to do after the disruption at Baltimore, and that little was quickly done. The fragments of the original convention continued their session in the Front-street Theatre, where they had met, and on the first ballot nominated Stephen A. Douglas for President by an almost unanimous vote. The seceders organized, under the chairmanship of Caleb Cushing, in Maryland Institute Hall, and also by a nearly unanimous ballot nominated as their candidate for President, John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. Then Mr. Yancey, who in a street mass-meeting had declared that he was neither for the Union *per se* nor for disunion *per se*, but for the Constitution,\* announced that the Democracy, the Constitution, and, through them, the Union were yet safe.

A month prior to the reassembling of the Charleston "Rumps" above described, Baltimore had already witnessed another Presidential convention and nomination, calling itself peculiarly "National," in contradistinction to the "sectional" character which it charged upon the Democratic and Republican parties alike. This was a third party, made up mainly of former Whigs whose long-cherished party antagonisms kept them aloof from the Democrats in the South and the Republicans in the North. In the South, they had been men whose moderate antislavery feelings were outraged by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Lecompton trick. In the North, they were those whose traditions and affiliations revolted at the extreme utterances of avowed abolitionists. In both regions many of them had embraced Know-nothingism, more as an alternative than from original choice. The Whig party was dissolved; Know-nothingism had utterly failed — their only resource was to form a new party.

In the various States they had, since the defeat of Fillmore in 1856, held together a minority organization under names differing in different localities. All these various factions and fragments sent delegations to Baltimore, where they united themselves under the designation of the Constitutional Union Party. They proposed to take a middle course between Democrats and Republicans, and to ally sectional strife by ignoring the slavery question.

Delegates of this party, regular and irregu-

\* Halstead, *The Conventions of 1860*.

lar, from some twenty-two States, convened at Baltimore on the 9th of May. John J. Crittenden, of Kentucky, called the meeting to order, and Washington Hunt, of New York, was made both temporary and permanent chairman. They adopted as their platform a single resolution declaring in substance that they would "recognize no other political principle than the Constitution of the country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the laws." They had no reasonable hope of direct success at the polls in November; but they had a clear possibility of defeating a popular choice, and throwing the election into the House of Representatives; and in that case their nominee might stand on high vantage-ground as a compromise candidate. This possibility gave some zest to the rivalry among their several aspirants. On their second ballot, a slight preponderance of votes indicated John Bell, of Tennessee, as their favorite, and the convention made his nomination unanimous. Mr. Bell had many qualities desirable in a candidate for President. He was a statesman of ripe experience, and of fair, if not brilliant, fame. Though from the South, his course on the slavery question had been so moderate as to make him reasonably acceptable to the North on his mere personal record. He had opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the Lecompton outrage. But upon this platform of ignoring the political strife of six consecutive years, in which he had himself taken such vigorous part, he and his followers were of course but as grain between the upper and nether mill-stones.

This party becomes historic, not through what it accomplished, but by reason of what a portion of it failed to perform. Within one year from these pledges to the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws, Mr. Bell and most of his Southern adherents in the seceding States were banded with others in open rebellion. On the other hand, Mr. Everett and most of the Northern members, together with many noble exceptions in the border slave States, like Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, supported the Government in the war with patriotic devotion.

#### LINCOLN NOMINATED AT CHICAGO.

In recognition of the growing power and importance of the great West, the Republican National Convention was called to meet in Chicago on the 16th of May. The former Presidential canvass, though resulting in the defeat of Frémont, had nevertheless shown the remarkable popular strength of the Republican party in the country at large; since then, its double victory in Congress against Lecompton,

and at the Congressional elections over the representatives who supported Leocompton, gave it confidence and aggressive activity. But now it received a new inspiration and impetus from the Charleston disruption. Former possibility was suddenly changed to strong probability of success in the coming Presidential election. Delegates were not only quickened with a new zeal for their principles; the growing chances spurred them to fresh efforts in behalf of their favorite candidates. Those who had been prominently named were diverse in antecedents and varied in locality, each however presenting some strong point of popular interest. Seward, of New York, a Whig of preeminent fame; Chase, of Ohio, a talented and zealous antislavery Democrat, an original founder of the new party; Dayton, of New Jersey, an old Whig high in personal worth and political service; Cameron, of Pennsylvania, a former Democrat, now the undisputed leader of an influential tariff State; Bates, of Missouri, an able and popular antislavery Whig from a slave State; and last, but by no means least in popular estimation, Lincoln, of Illinois.

The idea of making Lincoln a Presidential candidate had occurred to the minds of many during his growing fame. The principle of natural selection plays no unimportant part in the politics of the United States. There are always hundreds of newspapers ready to "nail to the mast-head" the name of any individual which begins to appear frequently in dispatches and editorials. A few months after the close of the Lincoln-Douglas debates, and long before the Ohio speeches and the Cooper Institute address, a warm personal friend, the editor of an Illinois newspaper, wrote him an invitation to lecture, and added in his letter:

"I would like to have a talk with you on political matters, as to the policy of announcing your name for the Presidency, while you are in our city. My partner and myself are about addressing the Republican editors of the State on the subject of a simultaneous announcement of your name for the Presidency."\*

To this Lincoln replied:

"As to the other matter you kindly mention, I must in candor say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I certainly am flattered and gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection; but I really think it best for our cause that no concerted effort, such as you suggest, should be made."†

A much more hopeful ambition filled his mind. Notwithstanding his recent defeat, he did not think that his personal contest with Douglas was yet finished. He had the faith and the patience to wait six years for a chance to repeat his political tournament with the "Little Giant." From his letter quoted in a

previous chapter we know he had resolved to "fight in the ranks" in 1860. From another, we know how generously he kept faith with other Republican aspirants.

"If Trumbull and I were candidates for the same office you would have a right to prefer him, and I should not blame you for it; but all my acquaintance with you induces me to believe you would not pretend to be for me while really for him. But I do not understand Trumbull and myself to be rivals. You know I am pledged not to enter a struggle with him for the seat in the Senate now occupied by him; and yet I would rather have a full term in the Senate than in the Presidency."‡

This spirit of fairness in politics is also shown by the following letter, written apparently in response to a suggestion that Cameron and Lincoln might form a popular Presidential ticket:

"Yours of the 24th ult. was forwarded to me from Chicago. It certainly is important to secure Pennsylvania for the Republicans in the next Presidential contest; and not unimportant to also secure Illinois. As to the ticket you name, I shall be heartily for it after it shall have been fairly nominated by a Republican National Convention; and I cannot be committed to it before. For my single self, I have enlisted for the permanent success of the Republican cause; and for this object I shall labor faithfully in the ranks, unless, as I think not probable, the judgment of the party shall assign me a different position. If the Republicans of the great State of Pennsylvania shall present Mr. Cameron as their candidate for the Presidency, such an endorsement of his fitness for the place could scarcely be deemed insufficient. Still, as I would not like the public to know, so I would not like myself to know, I had entered a combination with any man to the prejudice of all others whose friends respectively may consider them preferable."§

Not long after these letters, at some date near the middle of the winter of 1859-60, the leaders of the Republican party of Illinois met at Springfield, the capital of the State, and in a more pressing and formal manner requested him to permit them to use his name as a Presidential candidate, more with the idea of securing his nomination as Vice-President than with any further expectation. To this he now consented. His own characteristic language, however, plainly reveals that he believed this would be useful to him in his future senatorial aspirations solely, and that he built no hopes whatever on national preferment. A quarrel was going on among rival aspirants to the Illinois governorship, and Lincoln had written a letter to relieve a friend from the imputation of treachery to him in the recent senatorial contest. This act of justice was now used to his disadvantage in the scramble for the Illinois Presidential delegates, and he wrote as follows:

"I am not in a position where it would hurt much for me not to be nominated on the national ticket; but I am where it would hurt some for me not to get the

\* Pickett to Lincoln, April 13th, 1859. MS.

† Lincoln to Pickett, April 16th, 1859. MS.

‡ Lincoln to Judd, Dec. 9th, 1859. MS.

§ Lincoln to Frazer, Nov. 1st, 1859. MS.

Springfield, April 30, 1859.

J. F. Pickett, Esq.

My dear Sir,

Yours of the 13<sup>th</sup> was just received. My engagements are such that I can not, at any very early day, visit Rock Island, to deliver a lecture, or for any other object. As to the other matter you kindly mention, I must, in candor, say I do not think myself fit for the Presidency. I certainly <sup>flatter myself</sup> am gratified that some partial friends think of me in that connection, but I really think it best for one cause that no ~~cooperation~~ effort should be made by you people should be made.

Let this be considered confidential.

Yours very truly,  
Abraham Lincoln

LINCOLN'S LETTER TO PICKETT, CONCERNING THE PRESIDENCY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY ROBERT McREYNOLDS.)

Illinois delegates. What I expected when I wrote the letter to Messrs. Dole and others is now happening. Your discomfited assailants are most bitter against me; and they will for revenge upon me, lay to the Bates egg in the South, and to the Seward egg in the North, and go far towards squeezing me out in the middle with nothing. Can you not help me a little in this matter in your end of the vineyard?"\*

The extra vigilance of his friends thus invoked, it turned out that the Illinois Republicans sent a delegation to the Chicago Convention, not only full of personal devotion to Lincoln, but composed of men of the highest standing, and of consummate political ability, and their enthusiastic efforts in his behalf among the delegations from other States contributed largely to the final result.

The political campaign had now so far taken shape that its elements and chances could be calculated with more than usual accuracy. The Charleston Convention had been disrupted on the 1st of May, and adjourned on May 3d; the nomination of John Bell by the Constitutional Union party occurred on May 9th. The Chicago Convention met on May 16th; and while there was at that date yet great uncer-

tainty as to whom the dissevered fragments of the Democratic party would finally nominate, little doubt existed that both the Douglas and Buchanan wings would have candidates in the field. With their opponents thus divided, the plain policy of the Republicans was to find a candidate on whom a thorough and hearty union of all the elements of the opposition could be secured. The party was constituted of somewhat heterogeneous material; a lingering antagonism remained between former Whigs and Democrats, protectionists and free-traders, foreign-born citizens and Know-nothings. Only on a single point could all hitherto agree,—opposition to the extension of slavery.

But little calculation was needed to show that at the November polls four doubtful States would decide the Presidential contest. Buchanan had been elected in 1856 by the vote of all the slave States (save Maryland), with the help of the free States of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Illinois, and California. Change the first four or even the first three of these free States to the Republican side, and they, with the Frémont States of 1856, would elect the President against all the others com-

\* Lincoln to Judd, Feb. 9th, 1860. MS. Also printed in a pamphlet.

bined. The Congressional elections of 1858 demonstrated that such a change was possible. But besides this, Pennsylvania and Indiana were, like Ohio, known as "October States," because they held elections for State officers in that month; and they would at that early date give such an indication of sentiment as would forecast their November vote for President, and exert a powerful, perhaps a decisive, influence on the whole canvass. What candidate could most easily carry New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois, became therefore the vital question among the Chicago delegates, and especially among the delegates from the four pivotal States themselves.

William H. Seward, of New York, was naturally the leading candidate. He had been longest in public life, and was highest in official rank. He had been governor of the greatest State of the Union, and had nearly completed a second term of service in the United States Senate. Once a prominent Whig, his antecedents coincided with those of the bulk of the Republican party. His experience ran through two great agitations of the slavery question. He had taken important part in the Senate discussions which ended in the compromise measures of 1850, and in the new contest growing out of the Nebraska Bill his voice had been in every debate from "Repeal" to "Lecompton." He was not only firm in his antislavery convictions, but decided in his utterances. Discussing the admission of California, he proclaimed the "higher law" doctrine\* in 1850; reviewing *Dred Scott* and *Lecompton*, he announced the "irrepressible conflict"† in 1858. He had tact as well as talent; he was a consummate politician, as well as a profound statesman. Such a leader could not fail of a strong following, and his supporters came to Chicago in such numbers, and of such prominence and character, as seemed to make his nomination a foregone conclusion. The delegation from New York worked and voted throughout as a unit for him, not merely to carry out their constituents' wishes, but with a personal zeal that omitted no exertion or sacrifice. They showed a want of tact, however, in carrying their street demonstrations for their

favorite a little to excess; they crowded together at the Richmond House, making that hotel the Seward headquarters, with somewhat too much ostentation; they marched every day to the convention with music and banners and badges; and when any mention was made of doubtful States, their more headlong members talked altogether too much of the campaign funds they intended to raise. All this occasioned a reaction,—a certain mental protest among both Eastern and Western delegates against what have in later days come to be characterized as "machine" methods.

The positive elements in Seward's character and career had developed, as always happens, strong antagonisms. Having many enthusiastic friends, he had also very active and decided opponents. One of the earliest symptoms of this among the delegates at Chicago was the existence of a strong undercurrent of opposition to his nomination. This opposition was as yet latent, and scattered here and there among many State delegations, but very intense, silently watching its opportunity, and ready to combine upon any of the other candidates. The opposition soon made a discovery: that of all the names mentioned, Lincoln's was the only one offering any chance for such a combination. It needed only the slightest comparison of notes to show that Dayton had no strength save the New Jersey vote; Chase little outside of the Ohio delegation; Cameron none but that of Pennsylvania, and that Bates had only his Missouri friends and a few in border slave States, which could cast no electoral vote for the Republicans. The policy of the anti-Seward delegates was therefore quickly developed, namely, to use Lincoln's popularity as a means to defeat Seward.

The credit of the nomination is claimed by many men, and by several delegations, but every such claim is wholly fictitious. Lincoln was chosen not by personal intrigue, but through political necessity. The Republican party was a purely defensive organization; the South had created the crisis which the new party was compelled to overcome. The

\* "It is true indeed that the national domain is ours. It is true it was acquired by the valor and with the wealth of the whole nation. But we hold, nevertheless, no arbitrary power over it. We hold no arbitrary authority over anything, whether acquired lawfully or seized by usurpation. The Constitution regulates our stewardship; the Constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare, and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the Constitution which regulates our authority over the domain, and devotes it to the same noble purposes. The territory is a part, no inconsiderable part, of the common heritage of mankind, bestowed upon them by the Creator of the uni-

verse. We are his stewards, and must so discharge our trust as to secure in the highest attainable degree their happiness."—William H. Seward, Senate speech, March 11th, 1850.

† "Shall I tell you what this collision means? They who think that it is accidental, unnecessary, the work of interested or fanatical agitators, and therefore ephemeral, mistake the case altogether. It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces, and it means that the United States must and will, sooner or later, become either entirely a slaveholding nation, or entirely a free-labor nation."—Seward, Rochester speech, October 25th, 1858.



JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE, NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE BUCHANAN WING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.  
(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE TAKEN ABOUT 1850. LENT BY ANSON MALTBY.)

The ascendancy of the free States, not the personal fortunes of Seward, hung in the balance. Political victory at the ballot-box or a vital transformation of the institutions of government was the immediate alternative before the free States.

Victory could only be secured by help of the electoral votes of New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Illinois. It was therefore a simple problem: What candidate could carry these States? None could answer this question so well as their own delegates, and these, when interrogated, still further reduced the problem by the reply that whoever else could, Seward certainly could not. These four States lay on the border land next to the South and to slavery. Institutions inevitably mold public sentiment; and a certain tenderness toward the "property" of neighbors and friends infected their people. They shrunk from the reproach of being "abolitionized." They would vote for a conservative Republican; but Seward and radicalism and "higher law" would bring them inevitable defeat.

Who, then, could carry these doubtful and pivotal States? This second branch of the question also found its ready answer. The contest in these States would be not against a Territorial slave code, but against "popular sovereignty"; not with Buchanan's candidate, but with Douglas; and for Douglas there was only a single antagonist, tried and true,—Abraham Lincoln. Such, we may reasona-

bly infer, was the substance of the discussion and argument which ran through the caucus-rooms of the delegates, day and night, during the 16th and 17th of May. Meanwhile the Seward men were not idle; having the large New York delegation to begin with, and counting the many positive committals from other States, their strength and organization seemed impregnable. The opposing delegations, each still nursing the chances of its own candidate, hesitated to give any positive promises to each other. At midnight of May 17th, Horace Greeley,\* one of Seward's strongest opponents, and perhaps better informed than any other single delegate, telegraphed his conclusion "that the opposition to Governor Seward cannot concentrate on any candidate, and that he will be nominated."†

Chicago was already a city of a hundred thousand souls. Thirty to forty thousand visitors, full of life, hope, ambition, most of them from the progressive group of incircling North-western States, and strung to the highest tension of political excitement, had come to attend the convention. Charleston had shown a great party in the ebb-tide of disintegration, tainted by the spirit of disunion. Chicago exhibited a great party springing to life and power, every motive and force compelling coöperation and growth. The rush and spirit of the great city, and the

\* Greeley sat in the convention as a delegate for Oregon.

† Greeley to the N. Y. "Tribune," May 17th, 1860.



JOSEPH LANE, NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BUCHANAN WING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

enthusiasm and hope of its visitors, blended and reacted upon each other as if by laws of chemical affinity. Something of the freshness and sweep of the prairie winds exhilarated the delegates and animated the convention.



GEORGE ASHMUN, OF MASSACHUSETTS.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY NOTMAN.)

No building in the city of Chicago at that time contained a hall with sufficient room for the sittings of the great assemblage. A temporary frame structure, which the committee of arrangements christened "The Wigwam," was therefore designed and erected for this especial use. It was said to be large enough to hold ten thousand persons, and whether or not that estimate was entirely accurate, a prodigious concourse certainly gathered each day within its walls.

The very first day's session (May 16th) demonstrated the successful adaptation of the structure to its uses. Participants and spectators alike were delighted with the ease of ingress and egress, the comfortable division of space, the perfection of its acoustic qualities. Every celebrity could be seen, every speech could be heard. The routine of organization, the choice of officers and committees, and the presentation of credentials were full of variety and zest. Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York, as Chairman of the National Republican Committee, called the convention to order; and when he presented the historic name of David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, for temporary chairman, the faith of the audience in the judgment of the managers was already won. The report of the committee on organ-

ization in the afternoon made George Ashmun, of Massachusetts, a most skillful parliamentarian, ready in decision and felicitous in his phrases, the permanent presiding officer. One thing was immediately and specially manifest: an overflowing heartiness and deep feeling pervaded the whole house. No need of a *claque*, no room for sham demonstration here! The galleries were as watchful and earnest as the platform. There was something genuine, elemental, uncontrollable in the moods and manifestations of the vast audience. Seats and standing-room were always packed in advance, and, as the delegates entered by their own separate doors, the crowd easily distinguished the chief actors. Blair, Giddings, Greeley, Evarts, Kelley, Wilmot, Schurz, and others were greeted with spontaneous applause, which, rising at some one point, grew and rolled from side to side and corner to corner of the immense building, brightening the eyes and quickening the breath of every inmate.\*

With the second day's proceedings the interest of delegates and spectators was visibly increased, first by some sharp-shooting speeches about credentials, and secondly by the main event of the day,—the report from the platform committee. Much difficulty was expected on this score, but a little time had smoothed the way with an almost magical effect. The great outpouring of delegates and people, the self-evident success of the gathering, the harmonious, almost joyous, beginning of the deliberations in the first day's session, were more convincing than logic in solidifying the party. These were the premonitions of success; before the signs of victory all spirit of faction was fused into a generous glow of emulation.

The eager convention would have accepted a weak or defective platform; the committee, on the contrary, reported one framed with remarkable skill. It is only needful to recapitulate its chief points. It denounced disunion, Lecomptonism, the property theory, the dogma that the Constitution carries slavery to Territories, the reopening of the slave-trade, the popular sovereignty and non-intervention fallacies, and denied "the authority of Congress, of a Territorial legislature, or of any individuals to give legal existence to slavery in any Territory of the United States." It opposed any change in the naturalization laws. It recommended an adjustment of import duties to encourage the industrial interests of the whole country. It advocated the immediate admission of Kansas, free homesteads

\* One of the authors was a spectator at all the sessions of the convention, and witnessed the scenes in the Wigwam which he has endeavored to describe.

to actual settlers, river and harbor improvements of a national character, and a railroad to the Pacific Ocean. Bold on points of common agreement, it was unusually successful in avoiding points of controversy among its followers, or offering points for criticism to its enemies.

It is not surprising that Charleston and Chicago should furnish many striking contrasts. At the Charleston Convention, the principal personal incident was a long and frank speech from one Gaulden, a Savannah slave-trader, in advocacy of the reopening of the African slave-trade.\* In the Chicago Convention, the exact and extreme opposite of such a theme created one of the most interesting of the

announces the right of all men to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The convention was impatient to adopt the platform without change; several delegates urged objections, one of them pertinently observing that there were also many other truths enunciated in the Declaration of Independence. "Mr. President," said he, "I believe in the ten commandments, but I do not want them in a political platform." Mr. Giddings's amendment was voted down, and the antislavery veteran, feeling himself wounded in his most cherished philosophy, rose and walked out of the convention.

Personal friends, grieved that he should feel offended, and doubly sorry that the general



THE WIGWAG AT CHICAGO IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS NOMINATED.

debates. The platform had been read and received with tremendous cheers, when Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, who was everywhere eager to insist upon what he designated as the "primal truths" of the Declaration of Independence, moved to amend the first resolution by incorporating in it the phrase which

\* "I tell you, fellow-Democrats, that the African slave-trader is the true Union man [cheers and laughter]. I tell you that the slave-trading of Virginia is more immoral, more unchristian in every possible point of view, than that African slave-trade which goes to Africa and brings a heathen and worthless man here, christianizes him, and sends him and his posterity down the stream of time to enjoy the blessings of civilization. . . It has been my fortune to go into that noble old State to buy a few darkies, and I have had to pay from \$1000 to \$2000 a head, when I could go to Africa and buy

harmony should be marred by even a single dissent, followed Mr. Giddings, and sought to change his purpose. While thus persuading him, the discussion had passed to the second resolution, when Mr. George William Curtis, of New York, seized the chance to renew substantially Mr. Giddings's amendment. There

better negroes for \$50 apiece. . . I advocate the repeal of the laws prohibiting the African slave-trade, because I believe it to be the true Union movement. I do not believe that sections whose interests are so different as the Southern and Northern States can ever stand the shocks of fanaticism unless they be equally balanced. I believe that by reopening this trade, and giving us negroes to populate the Territories, the equilibrium of the two sections will be maintained."—Speech of W. B. Gaulden, of Georgia, in the Charleston Democratic National Convention, May 1st, 1860.



HANNIBAL. HAMLIN.

were new objections, but Mr. Curtis swept them away with a captivating burst of oratory. "I have to ask this Convention," said he, "whether they are prepared to go upon the record before the country as voting down the words of the Declaration of Independence? . . . I rise simply to ask gentlemen to think well before, upon the free prairies of the West, in the summer of 1860, they dare to wince and quail before the assertions of the men in Philadelphia, in 1776 — before they dare to shrink from repeating the words that these great men enunciated." "This was a strong appeal, and took the convention by storm,"\* writes a recording journalist. A new vote formally embodied this portion of the Declaration of Independence in the Republican platform; and Mr. Giddings, overjoyed at his triumph, had already returned to his seat when the platform as a whole was adopted with repeated and renewed shouts of applause that seemed to shake the wigwam.

The third day of the convention (Friday, May 18th) found the doors besieged by an excited multitude. The preliminary business was disposed of, — the platform was made, — and every one knew the balloting would begin. The New York delegation felt assured of Seward's triumph, and made an effort to have its march to the convention, with banners and music, unusually full and imposing. It proved a costly display; for while the New York "irregulars" were parading the streets, the Illinoisans were filling the wigwam: when the Seward procession arrived, there was little room left except the reserved seats for the delegates. New York deceived itself in an-

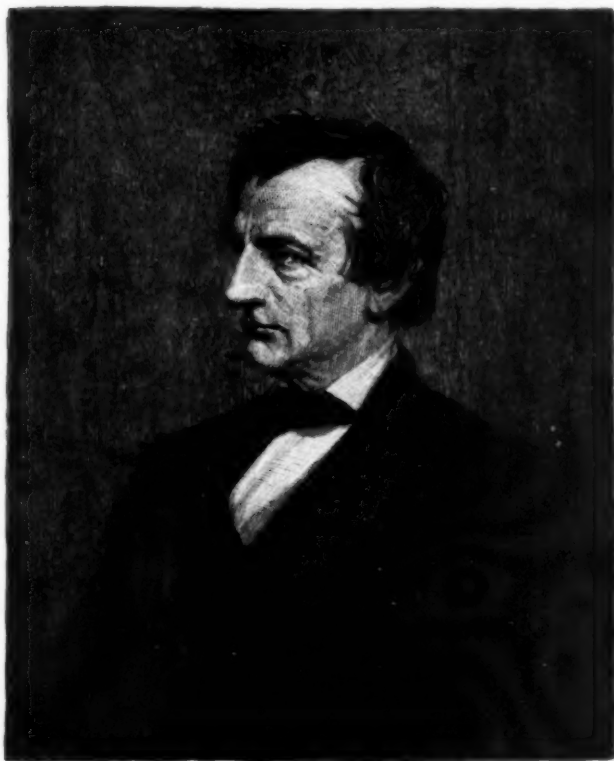
\* Halstead, "Conventions of 1860," p. 138.

other respect: it counted on the full New England strength, whereas more than half of it had already resolved to cast its vote elsewhere. This defection in advance practically insured Seward's defeat. New York and the extreme North-west were not sufficiently strong to nominate him, and in the nature of things he could not hope for much help from the conservative middle and border States. But this calculation could not as yet be so accurately made. Caucusing was active up to the very hour when the convention met, and many delegations went to the wigwam with no definite programme beyond the first ballot.

What pen shall adequately describe this vast audience of ten thousand souls? the low, wave-like roar of its ordinary conversation; the rolling cheers that greeted the entrance of popular favorites; the solemn hush which fell upon it during the opening prayer? There was just enough of some unexpected preliminary wrangle and delay to arouse the full impatience of both convention and spectators; but at length the names of candidates were announced. This ceremony was still in its simplicity. The more recent custom of short dramatic speeches from conspicuous and popular orators to serve as electrifying preludes, had not yet been invented. "I take the liberty," said Mr. Evarts, of New York, "to name as a candidate to be nominated by this convention for the office of President of the United States, William H. Seward." "I desire," followed Mr. Judd, "on



GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.



WILLIAM M. EVARTS. (FROM AN OIL-PAINTING BY THOMAS HICKS. 1867.)

behalf of the delegation from Illinois, to put in nomination as a candidate for President of the United States, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois." Then came the usual succession of possible and alternative aspirants who were to be complimented by the first votes of their States,—Dayton, Cameron, Chase, Bates, Collamer, McLean. The fifteen minutes required by this formality had already indisputably marked out and set apart the real contestants. The "complimentary" statesmen were lustily cheered by their respective State delegations; but at the names of Seward and Lincoln, the whole wigwam seemed to respond together.

There is something irresistibly exciting in the united voice of a great crowd. For a moment the struggle appeared to resolve itself into a contest of throats and lungs. Indiana seconded the nomination of Lincoln, and the applause was deafening. Michigan seconded the nomination of Seward; the New York delegation rose *en masse*, waved their hats, and joined the galleries in a shout which doubled the volume of any yet given. Then a portion of the Ohio delegates once more

seconded Lincoln, and his adherents, feeling themselves put upon their mettle, made an effort. "I thought the Seward yell could not be surpassed," wrote a spectator; "but the Lincoln boys were clearly ahead, and, feeling their victory, as there was a lull in the storm, took deep breaths all round, and gave a concentrated shriek that was positively awful, and accompanied it with stamping that made every plank and pillar in the building quiver."\*

The tumult gradually died away, and balloting began. Here we may note another contrast. The Charleston Convention was reactionary and exclusive; it followed the two-thirds rule. The Chicago Convention was progressive and liberal; it adopted majority rule. Liberal even beyond this, it admitted the Territories and border slave States, containing only a minority or fraction of Republican sentiment, to seats and to votes. It was throwing a drag-net for success. Under different circumstances, these sentimental delegations might have become powerful in intrigue; but, dom-

\* Halstead, "Conventions of 1860," p. 145.

inated as they were by deeper political forces, they afforded no distinct advantage to either candidate.\*

Though it was not expected to be decisive, the very first ballot foreshadowed accurately

Missouri voted solid for her candidate, Bates, who also received a scattering tribute from other delegations. But all these compliments were of little avail to their recipients, for far above each towered the aggregates of the leading candidates: Seward, 173½; Lincoln, 102.

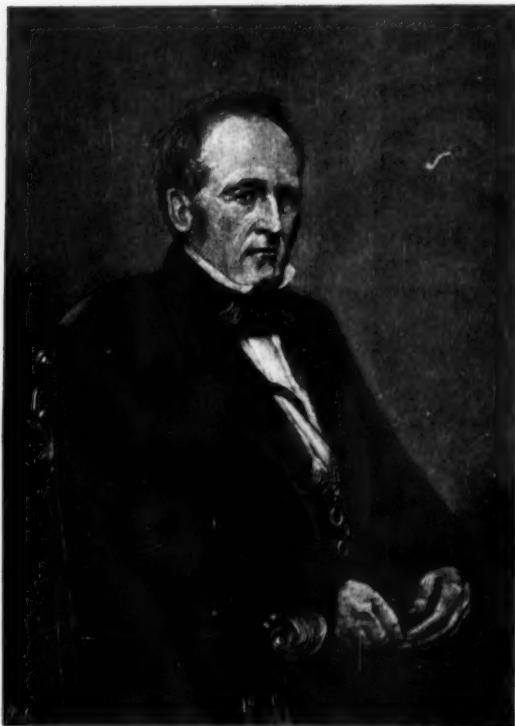
In the groundswell of suppressed excitement which pervaded the convention there was no time to analyze this vote; nevertheless, delegates and spectators felt the full force of its premonition; to all who desired the defeat of Seward it pointed out the winning man with unerring certainty. Another little wrangle over some disputed and protesting delegate made the audience almost furious at the delay, and "Call the roll!" sounded from a thousand throats.

A second ballot was begun at last, and, obeying a force as sure as the law of gravitation, the former complimentary votes came rushing to Lincoln. The whole 10 votes of Collamer, 44 from Cameron, 6 from Chase and McLean, were now cast for him, followed by a scatter of additions along the whole roll-call. In this ballot Lincoln gained 79 votes, Seward only 11. The faces of the New York delegation whitened as the balloting progressed and as the torrent of Lincoln's popularity became a river. The result of the second ballot was: Seward, 184½; Lincoln, 181; scattering, 99½. When the vote of Lincoln was announced, there was a tremendous burst of applause, which

the chairman prudently but with difficulty controlled and silenced.

The third ballot was begun amid a breathless suspense; hundreds of pencils kept pace with the roll-call, and nervously marked the changes on their tally-sheets. The Lincoln figures steadily swelled and grew. Votes came to him from all the other candidates,—4½ from Seward, 2 from Cameron, 13 from Bates, 18 from Chase, 9 from Dayton, 8 from McLean, 1 from Clay. Lincoln had gained 50½, Seward had lost 4½. Long before the official tellers footed up their columns, spectators and delegates rapidly made the reckoning and knew the result: Lincoln, 231½; Seward, 180. Counting the scattering votes, 465 ballots had been cast, and 233 were necessary to a choice; only 1½ votes more were needed to make a nomination.

A profound stillness suddenly fell upon the



JOHN BELL, NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PARTY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

the final result. The "complimentary" candidates received the tribute of admiration from their respective States. Vermont voted for Collamer, and New Jersey for Dayton, each solid.† Pennsylvania's compliment to Cameron was shorn of six votes, four of which went at once for Lincoln. Ohio divided her compliment, 34 for Chase, 4 for McLean, and at once gave Lincoln her 8 remaining votes.

\* These sentimental delegations were: Maryland, 11; Delaware, 6; Virginia, 22; Kentucky, 23; Texas, 6; Kansas, 6; Nebraska, 6; District of Columbia, 2. Total, 82 votes. Of these the leading candidates received as follows:

1st ballot	Seward, 30	Lincoln, 21
2d "	35	30
3d "	33	43

Missouri might be counted in the same category; but, as she voted steadily for Bates through all the ballots, she did not in any wise influence the result.

† Each State cast a vote equal to double the number of its Electoral College.

wigwam; the men ceased to talk and the ladies to flutter their fans; one could distinctly hear the scratching of pencils and the ticking of telegraph instruments on the reporters' tables. No announcement had been made by the chair; changes were in order, and it was only a question of seconds who should speak first. While every one was leaning forward in intense expectancy, Mr. Cartter sprang upon his chair and reported a change of four Ohio votes from Chase to Lincoln. There was a moment's pause,—a teller waved his tally-sheet toward the skylight and shouted a name,—and then the boom of a cannon on the roof of the wigwam announced the nomination to the crowds in the streets, where shouts and salutes took up and spread the news. In the convention the Lincoln river now became an inundation. Amid the wildest hurrahs, delegation after delegation changed its vote to the victor.

A graceful custom prevails in orderly American conventions, that the chairman of the vanquished delegation is first to greet the nominee with a short address of party fealty and promise of party support. Mr. Evarts, the spokesman for New York, essayed promptly to perform this courteous office, but was delayed a while by the enthusiasm and confusion. The din at length subsided, and the presiding officer announced that on the third ballot Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, received 364 votes, and "is selected as your candidate for President of the United States." Then Mr. Evarts, in a voice of unconcealed emotion, but with admirable dignity and touching eloquence, speaking for Seward and for New York, moved to make the nomination unanimous.

The interest in a National Convention usually ceases with the announce-

ment of the principal nomination. It was only afterward that the delegates realized how fortunate a selection they made by adding Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, to the ticket as candidate for Vice-President. Indeed, this was even more true of Mr. Lincoln. For the moment



WIDE AWAKES.



EDWARD EVERETT, NOMINEE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PARTY.

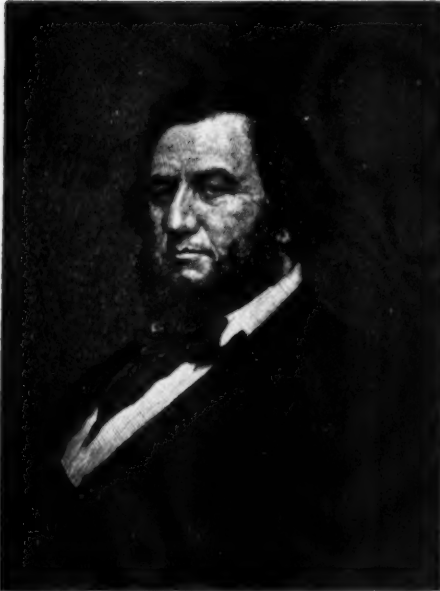
their chief self-congratulation was that they had secured the doubtful vote of the conservative States. Or rather, perhaps, might it be said that it was hardly the work of the delegates—it was the concurrent product of popular wisdom. Political evolution had with scientific precision wrought "the survival of the fittest." The weary delegates leaving Chicago on the various homeward-bound railroad trains that night, saw that already the excitement and enthusiasm of the convention was transferred from the wigwam to the country.

"At every station where there was a village, until after 2 o'clock, there were tar-barrels burning, drums beating, boys carrying rails, and guns great and small banging away. The weary passengers were allowed no rest, but plagued by the thundering of the cannon, the clamor of drums, the glare of bonfires, and the whooping of the boys, who were delighted with the idea of a candidate for the Presidency who thirty years before split rails on the Sangamon River—classic stream now and for evermore—and whose neighbors named him 'honest.'"

#### LINCOLN ELECTED.

Thus the Presidential canvass in the United States for the year 1860 began with the very

\* Halstead, "Conventions of 1860," p. 154.



HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON, CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE DOUGLAS WING OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.)

unusual condition of four considerable parties, and four different candidates for President and Vice-President. In the order of popular strength, as afterward shown, they were:

*First.* The Republican party, which at the Chicago Convention had nominated as its candidate for President, Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, and for Vice-President, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. Its animating spirit was a belief and declaration that the institution of slavery was wrong in morals and detrimental to society; its avowed policy was to restrict slavery to its present limits in the States where it existed in virtue of local constitutions and laws.

*Second.* The Douglas wing of the Democratic party, which at Baltimore nominated Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, for President, and whose candidate for Vice-President was Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia.\* It declared indifference as to the moral right or wrong of slavery, and indifference to its re-

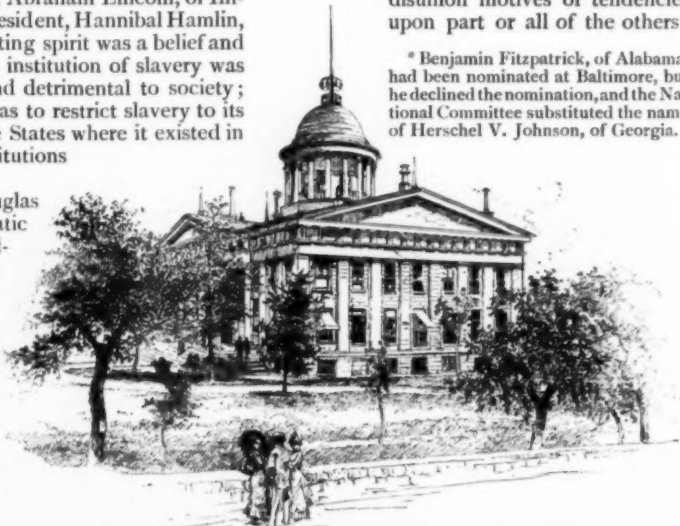
striction or extension. Its avowed policy was to permit the people of a Territory to decide whether they would prevent or establish slavery, and it further proposed to abide by the decisions of the Supreme Court on all questions of constitutional law growing out of it.

*Third.* The Buchanan wing of the Democratic party, which at Baltimore nominated John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for President, and Joseph Lane, of Oregon, for Vice-President. Its animating spirit was a belief and declaration that slavery was morally right and politically beneficial; its avowed policy was the extension of slavery into the Territories, and the creation of new slave States, whereby it might protect and perpetuate itself by a preponderance, or at least a constant equality, of political power, especially in the Senate of the United States. As one means to this end, it proposed the immediate acquisition of the island of Cuba.

*Fourth.* The Constitutional Union party, which in its convention at Baltimore nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for President, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for Vice-President. It professed to ignore the question of slavery, and declared that it would recognize no political principle other than "the Constitution of the Country, the Union of the States, and the enforcement of the Laws."

The first, most striking feature of the four-sided Presidential canvass which now began, was the personal pledge by every one of the candidates of devotion to the Union. Each of the factions was in some form charging disunion motives or tendencies upon part or all of the others;

\* Benjamin Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, had been nominated at Baltimore, but he declined the nomination, and the National Committee substituted the name of Herschel V. Johnson, of Georgia.



STATE-HOUSE IN WHICH WAS LINCOLN'S OFFICE DURING HIS CAMPAIGN.

but each indignantly denied the allegation as to itself. To leave no possible doubt, the written letters of acceptance of each of the candidates emphasized the point. Lincoln invoked "the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all." Douglas made his pledge broad and full. "The Federal Union," wrote he, "must be preserved. The Constitution must be maintained inviolate in all its parts. Every right guaranteed by the Constitution must be protected by law in all cases where legislation is necessary to its enjoyment. The judicial authority, as provided in the Constitution, must be sustained, and its decisions implicitly obeyed and faithfully executed. The laws must be administered, and the constituted authorities upheld, and all unlawful resistance to these things must be put down with firmness, impartiality, and fidelity." "The Constitution and the equality of the States," wrote Breckinridge, "these are the symbols of everlasting union. Let these be the rallying cries of the people." Bell declared that, if elected, all his ability, strength of will, and official influence should be employed "for the maintenance of the Constitution and the Union against all opposing influences and tendencies." Even President Buchanan, in a little campaign speech from the portico of the Executive mansion, hastened to purge himself of the imputation of suspicion or fear on this point. He declared that neither of the Democratic conventions was "regular," and that therefore every Democrat was at liberty to vote as he thought proper. For himself, he preferred Breckinridge. The Democratic party, when divided for the moment, "has always closed up its ranks, and become more powerful even from defeat. It will never die whilst the Constitution and the Union survive. It will live to protect and defend both."\*

No progress was made, however, toward a reunion of the Democratic party. The Buchanan faction everywhere waged unrelenting war on Douglas, both in public discussion and in the use of official patronage. The contest was made with equal obstinacy and bitterness in the Northern and the Southern States. Douglas, on his part, was not slow to retaliate. He immediately entered on an extensive campaign tour, and made speeches at many of the principal cities of the Northern States, and a few in the slave States. Everywhere he stigmatized the Breckinridge wing of the Democracy as an extremist and disunion fac-

\* G. T. Curtis, "Life of Buchanan," Vol. II., p. 294.

† "In my opinion there is a mature plan throughout the Southern States to break up the Union. I believe the election of a Republican is to be the signal for that attempt, and that the leaders of the scheme desire the election of Lincoln so as to have an excuse for dis-

tion,† charging that it was as obnoxious and dangerous as the Republicans. Whatever be his errors, it must be recorded to his lasting renown that he boldly declared for maintaining the Union by force. At Norfolk, Virginia, the question was put to him in writing. "I answer emphatically," replied Douglas, "that it is the duty of the President of the United States, and all others in authority under him, to enforce the laws of the United States passed by Congress, and as the courts expound them, and I, as in duty bound by my oath of fidelity to the Constitution, would do all in my power to aid the Government of the United States in maintaining the supremacy of the laws against all resistance to them, come from what quarter it might. In other words, I think the President, whoever he may be, should treat all attempts to break up the Union by resistance to the laws, as Old Hickory treated the nullifiers in 1832."‡

All parties entered upon the political canvass with considerable spirit; but the chances of the Republicans were so manifestly superior that their enthusiasm easily outran that of all their competitors. The character and antecedents of Mr. Lincoln appeared directly to the sympathy and favor of the popular masses of the Northern States. As pioneer, farm-laborer, flat-boatman, and frontier politician, they saw in him a true representative of their early if not their present condition. As the successful lawyer, legislator, and public debater in questions of high statesmanship, he was the admired ideal of their own aspirations. The popular fancy seized upon his personal characteristics as effective symbols of their zealous partisanship.

While the Illinois State Republican Convention was in session at Decatur (May 10th), about a week before the Chicago Convention, the balloting for State officers was interrupted by the announcement, made with much mystery, that "an old citizen of Macon County" had something to present to the convention. When curiosity had been sufficiently aroused, John Hanks, Lincoln's fellow-pioneer, and a neighbor of Hanks were suddenly marched into the convention, each bearing upright an old fence-rail, and displaying a banner with an inscription to the effect that these were two rails from the identical lot of three thousand which, when a pioneer boy, Lincoln had helped to cut and split to inclose his father's first farm in Illinois, in 1830. These emblems

union. I do not believe that every Breckinridge man is a disunionist, but I do believe that every disunionist in America is a Breckinridge man."—Douglas, Baltimore speech, September 6th, 1860.

‡ Douglas, Norfolk speech August 25th, 1860.

Springfield, Ill. May 23, 1860

Hon. George Ashmun,

President of the Republican National Convention.

Sir:

I accept the nomination tendered me by the Convention over which you presided, and of which I am formally apprized in the letter of yours self and others, acting as a Committee of the Convention, for that purpose.

The declaration of principles and sentiments, which accompanies your letter, meets my ~~approval~~ approval; and it shall be my care not to violate, or disregard it, in any part.

Imploring the assistance of Divine Providence, and with due regard to the views and feelings of all who were represented in the Convention, to the rights of all the States, and territories, and people of the nation; to the inviolability of the Constitution, and the perpetual union, harmony, and prosperity of all, I am now happy to co-operate for the practical success of the principles declared by the Convention.

Your obliged friend, and fellow citizen  
A. Lincoln

FAC-SIMILE OF LINCOLN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

of his handiwork were received by the convention with deafening shouts, as a prelude to a unanimous resolution recommending him for President. Later, these rails were sent to Chicago; there, during the sittings of the National Republican Convention, they stood in the hotel parlor at the Illinois headquarters, lighted up by tapers, and trimmed with flowers by enthusiastic ladies. Their history and campaign incidents were duly paraded in the newspapers, and throughout the Union Lincoln's ancient and local *sobriquet* of "Honest Old Abe" was supplemented by the national epithet of "The Illinois Rail-splitter." Of the many humors and peculiarities of the cam-

\* We condense the following account of the origin of the "Wide Awakes" from memoranda kindly furnished us by Mr. William P. Fuller, one of the editors of the Hartford "Courant" in 1860, Major J. C. Kinney, at present connected with the paper, and General Joseph R. Hawley, the principal editor, now United States Senator from Connecticut, and who in 1860 marched in the ranks in the first "Wide Awake" parades.

The "Wide Awake" organization grew out of the first campaign meeting in Hartford on February 25th, 1860—State election campaign. Hon. Cassius M. Clay was the speaker, and after the meeting was escorted to the Allyn House by a torch-light parade.

paign, one feature deserves special mention. Political clubs, for parades and personal campaign work, were no novelty; now, however, the new expedients of a cheap yet striking uniform and a half-military organization were tried with marked success. When Lincoln made his New England trip, immediately after the Cooper Institute speech, a score or two of active Republicans in the city of Hartford appeared in close and orderly ranks, wearing each a cap and large cape of oil-cloth, and bearing over their shoulders a long staff, on the end of which blazed a brilliant torch-light. This first "Wide Awake" Club, as it called itself, marching with soldierly step,

Two of the young men who were to carry torches, D. G. Francis and H. P. Blair, being dry-goods clerks, in order to protect their clothing from dust and the oil liable to fall from the torches, had prepared capes of black cambric, which they wore in connection with the glazed caps commonly worn at the time. Colonel George P. Bissell, who was marshal, noticing the uniform, put the wearers in front, where the novelty of the rig and its double advantage of utility and show attracted much attention. It was at once proposed to form a campaign club of fifty torch-bearers with glazed caps and oil-cloth capes instead of cambric; the torch-bearing club to be "auxiliary to the Young Men's Republican Union." A meeting to organize formally

and military music, escorted Mr. Lincoln, on the evening of March 5th, from the hall where he addressed the people, to his hotel. The device was so simple and yet so strikingly effective that it immediately became the pattern for other cities. After the campaign opened, there was scarcely a county or village in the North without its organized and drilled association of "Wide Awakes," immensely captivating to the popular eye, and forming everywhere a vigilant corps to spread the fame of, and solicit votes for, the Republican presidential candidate. On several occasions twenty to thirty thousand "Wide Awakes" met in the larger cities and marched in monster torch-light processions through the principal streets.

His nomination also made necessary some slight changes in Mr. Lincoln's daily life. His law practice was transferred entirely to his partner, and instead of the small, dingy office so long occupied by him, he was now given the use of the Governor's room in the State-house, which was not needed for official business during the absence of the legislature. This also was a room of modest proportions, with scanty and plain furniture. Here Mr. Lincoln, attended by only his private secretary (Mr. Nicolay), passed the long summer days of the campaign, receiving the constant stream of visitors anxious to look upon a real presidential candidate. There was free access to him; not even an usher stood at the door; any one might knock and enter. His immediate personal friends from Sangamon County and central Illinois availed themselves largely of this opportunity. With men who had known him in field and forest he talked over the incidents of their common pioneer experience with unaffected sympathy and interest, as though he were yet the flat-boatman, surveyor, or village lawyer of the early days. The letters which came to him by hundreds, the newspapers, and the conversation of friends, kept him sufficiently informed of the progress of the campaign, in which personally he took a very slight part. He made no addresses, wrote no public letters, held no conferences. Political leaders several times came to make campaign speeches at the Republican wig-

wam in Springfield. But, beyond a few casual interviews on such occasions, the great presidential canvass went on with scarcely a private suggestion or touch of actual direction from the Republican candidate.

It is perhaps worth while to record Lincoln's expression on one point, which adds testimony to his general consistency in political action. The rise of the Know-nothing or American party, in 1854-5 (which was only a renewal of the Native-American party of 1844), has been elsewhere mentioned. As a national organization, the new faction ceased with the defeat of Fillmore and Donelson in 1856; its fragments nevertheless held together in many places in the form of local minorities, which sometimes made themselves felt in contests for members of the legislature and county officers; and citizens of foreign birth continued to be justly apprehensive of its avowed jealousy and secret machinery. It was easy to allege that any prominent candidate belonged to the Know-nothing party, and attended the secret Know-nothing lodges; and Lincoln, in the late senatorial, and now again in the presidential, campaign, suffered his full share of these newspaper accusations.

We have already mentioned that in the campaign of 1844 he put on record, by public resolutions in Springfield, his disapprobation of, and opposition to, Native-Americanism.\* In the later campaigns, while he did not allow his attention to be diverted from the slavery discussion, his disapproval of Know-nothingism was quite as decided and as public. Thus he wrote in a private letter, dated October 30th, 1858:

"I understand the story is still told and insisted upon that I have been a Know-nothing. I repeat what I stated in a public speech at Meredosia, that I am not, nor ever have been, connected with the party called the Know-nothing party, or party calling themselves the American party. Certainly no man of truth, and I believe no man of good character for truth, can be found to say on his own knowledge that I ever was connected with that party."†

So also in the summer of 1860, when his candidacy for President did not permit his writing public letters, he wrote in a confidential note to a friend:

etc. The name "Wide Awakes" was here applied to the Republican Young Men's Union, torch-bearers included; but at the meeting of March 6th, the torch-bearers appropriated it by making it the distinctive title to their own special organization, which almost immediately, there as elsewhere, swallowed up the names and the memberships of other Republican clubs. Just one year after they escorted Mr. Lincoln in their first parade, he was inaugurated President of the United States.

\* Compare THE CENTURY, Jan., 1887, p. 396.

† Lincoln to Edward Luak, Oct. 30th, 1858. MS.

was appointed for March 6th; but before the new uniforms were all ready, Abraham Lincoln addressed a meeting in Hartford on the evening of March 5th. After his speech, the cape-wearers of the previous meeting with a number of others who had secured their uniforms escorted Mr. Lincoln to the hotel.

The club was formally organized on the following night. Mr. William P. Fuller, city editor, had, in noticing this meeting for organization, written in the "Courant" of March 3d: "THE WIDE AWAKES.—The Republican club-room last evening was filled as usual with those who are going to partake in the great Republican triumph in this State in April next," etc.,

"Yours of the 20th is received. I suppose as good or even better men than I have been in American or Know-nothing lodges; but, in point of fact, I never was in one, at Quincy or elsewhere. . . . And now a word of caution. Our adversaries think they can gain a point if they can force me to openly deny the charge, by which some degree of offense would be given to the Americans. For this reason it must not publicly appear that I am paying any attention to the charge."

His position on the main question involved was already sufficiently understood; for in his elsewhere quoted letter of May 17th, 1859, he had declared himself against the adoption by Illinois, or any other place where he had a right to oppose it, of the recent Massachusetts constitutional provision restricting foreign-born citizens in the right of suffrage. It is well to repeat the broad philosophical principle which guided him to this conclusion: "Understanding the spirit of our institutions to aim at the elevation of men, I am opposed to whatever tends to degrade them."†

As the campaign progressed the chances of the result underwent an important fluctuation, involving some degree of uncertainty. The Democratic disruption, and the presence of four tickets in the field, rendered it possible that some very narrow plurality in one or more of the States might turn the scale of victory. Calculating politicians, especially those belonging to the party hitherto in power, and who had enjoyed the benefits of its extensive Federal patronage, seized eagerly upon this possibility as a means of prolonging their official tenure, and showed themselves not unwilling to sacrifice the principles of the general contest to the mere material and local advantage which success would bring them.

Accordingly, in several States, and more notably in the great State of New York, there was begun a quiet but unremitting effort to bring about a coalition or "fusion," as it was termed, of the warring Democratic factions, on the basis of a division of the spoils which such a combination was hoped to be able to secure. Nor did the efforts stop there. If the union of the two factions created the probability, the union of three seemed to insure certainty, and the negotiations for a coalition, therefore, extended to the adherents of Bell and Everett. Amid the sharp contest of ideas and principles which divided the coun-

try, such an arrangement was by no means easy; yet in a large voting population there is always a percentage of party followers on whom the obligations of party creeds sit lightly. Gradually, from talk of individuals and speculations of newspapers, the intrigue proceeded to a coquetting between rival conventions; where the formal proceedings encountering too much protest and indignation, the scheme was handed over to standing committees, who could deliberate and bargain in secret. It must be stated to the credit of Douglas, that he publicly rejected any alliance not based on his hobby of "non-intervention";‡ but the committees and managers cared little for the disavowal. In due time they perfected their agreement that the New York electoral ticket (numbering 35) should be made up of adherents of the three different factions in the following proportion: Douglas, 18; Bell, 10; Breckinridge, 7.§ This agreement was carried out, and the fusion ticket thus constituted was voted for at the presidential election by the combined opponents of Lincoln.

In Pennsylvania, notwithstanding that Douglas disavored the scheme, an agreement or movement of fusion also took place; but in this case it did not become complete, and was not altogether carried out by the parties to it, as in New York. The electoral ticket had been nominated by the usual Democratic State convention (March 1st) prior to the Charleston disruption, and, as it turned out, about one-third of these nominees were favorable to Douglas. After the disruption, the Douglasites also formed a straight, or Douglas, electoral ticket. In order to unite the two wings at the October State election, the Executive Committee of the original convention recommended (July 2d) that the electors first nominated should vote for Douglas if his election were possible; if not, should vote for Breckinridge. A subsequent resolution (August 9th) recommended that the electors should vote for either Douglas or Breckinridge, as the preponderance of Douglas or Breckinridge votes in the State might indicate. On some implied agreement of this character, not clearly defined or made public, the Douglas, Breckinridge, and Bell factions voted together for governor in October. Being beaten by a considerable majority at that election, the impulse to fusion was

\* Lincoln to Hon. A. Jonas, July 21st, 1860. MS.

† Lincoln to Dr. Theodore Canisius, May 17th, 1859.

‡ "I will give you my opinion as to fusion. I think that every man [sic] who believes that slavery ought to be banished from the halls of Congress, and remanded to the people of the Territories subject to the Constitution, ought to fuse and act together; but that no Democrat can, without dishonor, and forfeiture of self-respect and principle, fuse with anybody who is in favor of intervention, either for slavery or against slavery. Lincoln

and Breckinridge might fuse, for they agree in principle. I can never fuse with either of them, because I differ from both. I am in favor of all men acting together who are opposed to this slavery agitation, and in favor of banishing it from Congress forever; but as Democrats we can never fuse, either with Northern abolitionists, or Southern bolters and secessionists."—Douglas, speech at Erie, Penn., "N. Y. Tribune," October 3d, 1860, p. 4.

§ Greeley, "American Conflict," Vol. I., p. 324.

greatly weakened. Finally the original Democratic State Committee rescinded (October 12th) all its resolutions of fusion, and the Douglas State Committee withdrew (October 18th) its straight Douglas ticket. This action left in the field the original electoral ticket nominated by the Democratic State convention at Reading prior to the Charleston Convention, untrammelled by any instructions or agreements. It was nevertheless a fusion ticket in part, because nine of the candidates (one-third of the whole number) were pledged to Douglas. What share or promise the Bell faction had in it was not made public. At the presidential election it was voted for by a large number of fusionists; but a portion of the Douglasites voted straight for Douglas, and a portion of the Bell men straight for Bell.\*

In New Jersey also a definite fusion agreement was reached between the Bell, Breckinridge, and Douglas factions. An electoral ticket was formed, composed of 2 adherents of Bell, 2 of Breckinridge, and 3 of Douglas.† This was the only State in which the fusion movement produced any result in the election. It turned out that a considerable fraction of the Douglas voters refused to be transferred by the agreement which their local managers had entered into. They would not vote for the two Bell men and the two Breckinridge men on the fusion ticket, but ran a straight Douglas ticket, adopting the three electors on the fusion ticket.‡ By this turn of the canvass the 3 Douglas electors whose names were on both tickets were chosen, but the remainder of the fusion ticket was defeated, giving Lincoln 4 electoral votes out of the 7 in New Jersey. Some slight efforts towards fusion were made in two or three other States, but accomplished nothing worthy of note, and would have had no influence on the result, even had it been consummated.

All these efforts to avert or postpone the great political change which was impending were of no avail. In the long six years' agitation popular intelligence had ripened to conviction and determination. Every voter substantially understood the several phases of the great slavery issue, its abstract morality, its economic influence on society, the intrigue of the Administration and the Senate to make Kansas a slave State, the judicial status of slavery as expounded in the Dred Scott decision, the validity and the effect of the fugitive-slave law, the question of the balance of political power as involved in the choice between slavery extension and slavery restric-

tion,—and reaching beyond even this, the issue so clearly presented by Lincoln whether the States ultimately should become all slave or all free. In the whole history of American politics the voters of the United States never pronounced a more deliberate judgment than that which they recorded upon these grave questions at the presidential election in November, 1860.

From much doubt and uncertainty at its beginning, the campaign swept onward through the summer months, first to a probability, then to an assurance of Republican success. In September the State of Maine elected a Republican governor by 18,000 majority. In October the pivotal States gave decisive Republican majorities: Pennsylvania 32,000 for governor, Indiana nearly 10,000 for governor, and Ohio 12,000 for State ticket and 27,000 on congressmen. Politicians generally conceded that the vote in these States clearly foreshadowed Lincoln's election. The prophecy not only proved correct, but the tide of popular conviction and enthusiasm, rising still higher, carried to his support other States which were yet considered uncertain.

The presidential election occurred on November 6th, 1860. In seventeen of the free States—namely, Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, California, and Oregon—all the Lincoln electors were chosen. In one of the free States (New Jersey) the choice resulted in 4 electors for Lincoln and 3 for Douglas, as already explained. This assured Lincoln of the votes of 180 presidential electors, or a majority of 57 in the whole electoral college. The 15 slave States were divided between the other 3 candidates. Eleven of them—Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Texas—chose Breckinridge electors, 72 in all. Three of them—Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia—chose Bell electors, 39 in all; and one of them—Missouri—Douglas electors, 9 in number, which, together with the 3 he received in the free State of New Jersey, gave him 12 in all; the aggregate of all the electors opposed to Lincoln being 123.

The will of the people as expressed in this popular vote was in due time carried into execution. As the law prescribes, the presidential electors met in their several States on the 5th of December, and cast their official votes according to the above enumeration. And on

\* The vote in Pennsylvania stood: Lincoln, 268,030; Breckinridge (nominally), 178,871; Douglas, 16,765; Bell, 12,776.

† Greeley, "American Conflict," Vol. I., p. 328.

‡ Greeley, "American Conflict," Vol. I., p. 328.

the 13th of February, 1861, the Congress of the United States in joint session made the official count, and declared that Abraham Lincoln, having received a majority of the votes of presidential electors, was duly elected President of the United States for four years, beginning March 4th, 1861.

One feature of the result must not be omitted. Many careless observers felt at the time that the success of Lincoln was due entirely to the fact of there having been three opposing candidates in the field; or, in other words, to the dissensions in the Democratic party, which divided its vote between Breckinridge and Douglas. What merely moral strength the Democratic party would have gained had it remained united, it is impossible to estimate. Such a supposition can only be based on the absence of the extreme Southern doctrines concerning slavery. Given the presence of those doctrines in the canvass, and no hypothesis can furnish a result different from that which occurred. In the contest upon the questions as they existed, the victory of Lincoln was certain. If all the votes given to all the opposing candidates had been concentrated and cast for a "fusion ticket," as was wholly or partly done in five States, the result would have been changed nowhere except in New Jersey, California, and Oregon; Lincoln would still have received but 11 less, or 169 electoral votes—a majority of 35 in the entire electoral college. It was a contest of ideas, not of persons or parties. The choice was not only free, but distinct and definite. The voter was not, as sometimes happens, compelled to an imperfect or partial expression of his will. The four platforms and candidates offered him an unusual variety of modes of political action. Among them the voters by undisputed constitutional majorities, in orderly, legal, and unquestioned proceedings, chose the candidate whose platform pronounced the positive and final popular verdict that slavery should not be extended, and whose election unchangeably transferred the balance of power to the free States.

#### BEGINNINGS OF REBELLION.

DISUNION was not a fungus of recent growth in American politics. Talk of disunion, threats of disunion, accusations of intentions of disunion, lie scattered rather plentifully through the political literature of the country from the very formation of the Government. In fact, the present Constitution of the United States was strenuously opposed by large political factions, and, it may almost be said, succeeded by only a hair's-breadth. That original opposition perpetuated itself in some degree in the form of doubts of its duration and prophecies

of its failure. The same dissatisfaction and restlessness resulted in early and important amendments, but these did not satisfy all dissenters and doubters. Immediate and profound conflict of opinion sprang up over the administration and policy of the new Government; active political parties and hot discussion arose, the one side proclaiming that it was too strong, the other asserting that it was too weak, to endure.

Before public opinion was well consolidated, the war of 1812 produced new complaints and new opposition, out of which grew the famous Hartford Convention. It has been charged and denied, that this was a movement of disunion and rebellion. The exact fact is not important in our day; it is enough that it was a sign of deep political unrest and of shallow public faith. Passing by lesser manifestations of the same character, we come to the eventful nullification proceedings in South Carolina in the year 1832. Here was a formal legislative repudiation of Federal authority with a reserved threat of forcible resistance. At this point disunion was in full flower, and the terms nullification, secession, treason, rebellion, revolution, coercion, constitute the current political vocabulary. Take up a political speech of that period, change the names and dates, and the reader can easily imagine himself among the angry controversies of the winter of 1860.

Nullification was half-throttled by Jackson's proclamation, half-quieted by Clay's compromise. But from that time forward the phraseology and the spirit of disunion became a constant factor in congressional debate and legislation. In 1850, it broke out to an extent and with an intensity never before reached. This time it enveloped the whole country, and many of the wisest and best statesmen believed civil war at hand. The compromise measures of 1850 finally subdued the storm; but not till the serious beginning of a secession movement had been developed and put down, both by the general condemnation of the whole country, and the direct vote of a union majority in the localities where it took its rise.

Among these compromise acts of 1850 was the admission of California as a free State. The gold discoveries had suddenly filled it with population, making the usual probation as a Territory altogether needless. A considerable part of the State lay south of the line of 36°, 30', and the pro-slavery extremists had demanded that it should be divided into two States—one to be a free, and the other to be a slave State—in order to preserve the political balance between the sections, in the United States Senate. This being refused, they not only violently opposed the compromise measures, but organized

a movement for resistance in South Carolina, Georgia, and Mississippi, demanding redress, and threatening secession if it were not accorded. A popular contest on this issue followed in 1851 in these States, in which the ultra-secession party was signally overthrown. It submitted sullenly to its defeat; leaving however, as always before, a considerable faction unsatisfied and implacable, only awaiting a new opportunity to start a new disturbance. This new opportunity arose in the slavery agitation, beginning with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1854, and ending with the election of Lincoln. During this six years' controversy, disunion was kept in the background because the pro-slavery party had constant and sanguine hopes of ultimate triumph. It did not despair of success until the actual election of Lincoln, on the 6th of November, 1860; consequently, even in the Southern States, as a rule, disunion was frowned upon till near the end of the presidential campaign, and only paraded as an evil to be feared, not to be desired.

This aspect, however, was superficial. Under the surface, a small but determined disunion conspiracy was actively at work. It has left but few historical traces; but in 1856 distinct evidence begins to crop out. There was a possibility, though not a probability, that Frémont might be elected President; and this contingency the conspirators proposed to utilize by beginning a rebellion. A letter from the governor of Virginia to the governors of Maryland and other States is sufficient proof of such an intent, even without the evidence of later history.

"RICHMOND, VA., Sept. 15th, 1856.

"DEAR SIR: Events are approaching which address themselves to your responsibilities and to mine as chief Executives of slave-holding States. Contingencies may soon happen which would require preparation for the worst of evils to the people. Ought we not to admonish ourselves by joint counsel of the extraordinary duties which may devolve upon us from the dangers which so palpably threaten our common peace and safety? When, how, or to what extent may we act, separately or unitedly, to ward off dangers if we can, to meet them most effectually if we must?

"I propose that, as early as convenient, the governors of Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Tennessee shall assemble at Raleigh, N. C., for the purpose generally of consultation upon the state of the country, upon the best means of preserving its peace, and especially of protecting the honor and interests of the slave-holding States. I have addressed the States only having Democratic Executives, for obvious reasons.

"This should be done as early as possible before the presidential election, and I would suggest Monday, the 13th of October next. Will you please give me an early answer, and oblige,

"Yours most truly and respectfully,

"HENRY A. WISE.

"His Excellency Thomas W. Ligon,

"Governor of Maryland."

If any explanation were needed of the evident purpose of this letter, or of the proposed meeting, it may be found in the following from Senator Mason, of Virginia, to Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, who was at the time Secretary of War under President Pierce:

"SELMA, NEAR WINCHESTER, VA.,

"Sept. 30th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have a letter from Wise, of the 27th, full of spirit. He says the governors of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Louisiana have already agreed to rendezvous at Raleigh, and others will—this in your most private ear. He says, further, that he had officially requested you to exchange with Virginia, on fair terms of difference, percussion for flint muskets. I don't know the usage or power of the department in such cases, but if it can be done, even by liberal construction, I hope you will accede. Was there not an appropriation at the last session for converting flint into percussion arms? If so, would it not furnish good reason for extending such facilities to the States? Virginia probably has more arms than the other Southern States, and would divide, in case of need. In a letter yesterday to a committee in South Carolina, I give it as my judgment, in the event of Frémont's election, the South should not pause, but proceed at once to 'immediate, absolute, and eternal separation.' So I am a candidate for the first halter.

"Wise says his accounts from Philadelphia are cheering for Old Buck in Pennsylvania. I hope they be not delusive. *Vale et Salute* [sic].

"J. M. MASON.

"Colonel Davis." \*

In these letters we have an exact counterpart of the later and successful efforts of these identical conspirators conjointly with others, to initiate rebellion. When the Senatorial campaign of 1858 between Lincoln and Douglas was at its height, there was printed in the public journals of the Southern States the following extraordinary letter, which at once challenged the attention of the whole reading public of the country, and became known by the universal stigma of "The Scarlet Letter." In the light of after events it was both a revelation and a prophecy:

"MONTGOMERY, June 15th, 1858.

"DEAR SIR: Your kind favor of the 15th is received. I heartily agree with you that [no] general movement can be made that will clean out the Augean stable. If the Democracy were overthrown, it would result in giving place to a greater and hungrier swarm of flies.

"The remedy of the South is not in such a process. It is in a diligent organization of her true men for prompt resistance to the next aggression. It must come in the nature of things. No national party can save us; no sectional party can ever do it. But if we could do as our fathers did—organize 'committees of safety' all over the Cotton States (it is only in them that we can hope for any effective movement)—we shall fire the Southern heart, instruct the Southern mind, give courage to each other, and at the proper moment, by one organized concerted action, we can precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution.

"The idea has been shadowed forth in the South by Mr. Ruffin; has been taken up and recommended in the 'Advertiser' (published at Montgomery, Alabama), under the name of 'League of United Southern-

\* Victor, "American Conspiracies," p. 520.

ers,' who, keeping up their old party relations on all other questions, will hold the Southern issue paramount, and will influence parties, legislatures, and statesmen. I have no time to enlarge, but to suggest merely. In haste, yours, etc.,

"WM. L. YANCEY.

"To James Slaughter, Esq." \*

The writer of this "Scarlet Letter" had long been known to the country as a prominent politician of Alabama, affiliated with the Democratic party, having once represented a district of that State in Congress, and of late years the most active, pronounced, and conspicuous disunionist in the South. In so far as this publication concerned himself, it was no surprise to the public; but the project of an organized conspiracy had never before been broached with such matter-of-fact confidence.†

\* Quoted in Appendix to Globe for 1859-60, p. 313.

† As an evidence of the disunion sentiment combination which lay like smoldering embers under the surface of Southern politics, it is instructive to read a hitherto unpublished letter from Governor Henry A. Wise, of Virginia, to a gentleman in Philadelphia, for a copy of which we are indebted to General Duncan S. Walker. The other letter of Wise — previously quoted — shows us his part and interest in the proposed conspiracy against Fremont; but the erratic governor had, after the lapse of nearly two years, become an anti-Lecompton-Douglasite, and was ready to give confidential warning of designs with which he was only too familiar. As this was written nearly three weeks before Yancey's "Scarlet Letter," its concurrent testimony is of special significance:

"RICHMOND, VA., May 28th, 1858.

"TO WM. SERGEANT, ESQ.

"MY DEAR SIR: I write to you almost from a sick-bed. I am just up out of a two weeks' bedridden illness, and am very weak. Mr. Forney's letter does not surprise me, for the suggestions and queries are natural and necessary, and to me not at all offensive or disagreeable. Yet I would not go before the public at this time with such a correspondence as it calls for. The present aspect of politics is gloomy enough. It is well to define what it is. The *Kansas* question has not been the cause of a split in the Democratic party. It has only been the pretext for a development of dissension which previously existed. The truth is that there is in the South an organized, active, and dangerous faction, embracing most of the Federal politicians, who are bent upon bringing about causes of a dissolution of the Union. They desire a united South, but not a united country. Their hope of embodying a sectional antagonism is to secure a sectional defeat. At heart, they do not wish the Democracy to be any longer national, united, or successful. In the name of Democracy they propose to make a nomination for 1860, at Charleston; but an ultra nomination of an extremist; on the slavery issue alone; to unite the South on that one idea; and on that to have it defeated by a line of sectionalism which will inevitably draw swords between fanatics on one side and fire-eaters on the other. Bear it in mind, then, that they desire to control a nomination for no other purpose than to have it defeated by a line of sections. They desire defeat, for no other end than to make a pretext for the clamor of dissolution. This must be borne in mind in order to understand why it is that the argument of splitting the Democracy has not only no weight with them for desisting from their madness, but is the very stimulus which pricks them on to the extreme of designed defeat, so it be purely

An almost universal condemnation by the public press reassured the startled country that the author of this revolutionary epistle was one of the confirmed fanatics who were known and admitted to exist in the South, but whose numbers, it was alleged, were too insignificant to excite the most distant apprehension.

The letter was everywhere copied, its author denounced, and his proposal to "precipitate the Cotton States into a revolution" held up to public execration. Mr. Yancey immediately printed a statement deploring the betrayal of personal confidence in the publication, and to modify ‡ the obnoxious declaration by a long and labored argument. But in the course of this explanation he furnished additional proof of the deep conspiracy disclosed by the "Scar-

sectional. This you see is their only hope. What will be their scheme of action? To pack the Charleston Convention with fire-eating disunionists from the South, and with Lecompton Democrats of the North — to nominate a Southern Lecomptonite, purposely to be defeated by a sectional vote! The Administration don't or won't see this, and an Administration organization cannot prevent it, perhaps, if it did or would see it. What then? The only hope is in the anti-Lecomptonite Democrats, North and South. I have no doubt we can beat them on the Lecompton issue in Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, and Maryland. The Lecomptonites have in fact the pap-fed office-holders alone in the free States North and West, but they will send their whole force and ten times more to Charleston. What have our friends to do, then? Why, to adhere to the national Democracy, the Union-saving Democracy, to save Democracy itself from maladministration. We must claim our identity, and never let go the party. We must organize, and send all our forces to Charleston. The consequence will probably be that every Northern, Western, and Middle State will be split. They will be divided, and, like New York in the Cincinnati Convention, be neutralized and count nothing. Or the Lecomptonites will be counted entirely out. In either event, a minority, a combined Southern and office-holding minority, will nominate at Charleston. It will then be time enough for the anti-Lecomptonite Democrats to decide not to abide by a nomination so made. What, then, if they do not? Why, they may return to their respective States, appeal to the people who still abide a national platform, and still desire to preserve the Union, and in their respective States, make their own nominations. This may save the North from absorption by black-Republicanism, may throw the election into the House of Representatives, and save the Union. I see no other course. The word now should be silent, quiet, active organization, with a preconcerted understanding as to ultimate action. Let us be earnestly conservative; maintain party relations until forced to separate action, and when forced, be prepared to save and not destroy the country and the party.

"This is crude, I know, but you may fill the skeleton with muscle and nerve. Show this to Mr. Forney as my general view, and beg him not to publish it at this time at all events.

"All are well except myself. Love to all.

"Yours truly, HENRY A. WISE." MS.

‡ "I am a secessionist and not a revolutionist, and would not 'precipitate' but carefully prepare to meet an inevitable dissolution." — Yancey to Pryor. "Richmond South," copied in "National Intelligencer," Sept. 4th, 1858.

let Letter." He made mention of "A well-considered Southern policy, a policy which has been digested, and understood, and approved by the ablest men in Virginia, as you yourselves must be aware," to the effect that while the Cotton States began rebellion, "Virginia and the other border States should remain in the Union," where, by their position and their counsels, they would form a protecting barrier to the proposed separation. "In the event of the movement being successful," he continued, "in time Virginia and the other border States that desired it could join the Southern Confederacy."

Less uncertainty than ordinary hung over the final issue of the presidential campaign of 1860. To popular apprehension the election of Lincoln became more and more probable. The active competition for votes by four presidential tickets greatly increased his chances of success; and the verdict of the October elections appeared to all sagacious politicians to render his choice a practical certainty. Sanguine partisans, however, clung tenaciously to their favorites, and continued to hope against hope, and work against fate. This circumstance produced a deplorable result in the South. Under the shadow of impending defeat the Democrats of the Cotton States made the final months of the canvass quite as much a threat against Lincoln as a plea for Breckinridge. This preaching of secession seemed to shallow minds harmless election buncombe; but when the contingency finally arrived, and the choice of Lincoln became a real event, they found themselves already in a measure pledged to resistance. They had vowed they would never submit; and now, with many, the mere pride of consistency moved them to adhere to an ill-considered declaration. The sting of defeat intensified their resentment, and in this irritated frame of mind the secession demagogues among them lured them on skillfully into the rising tide of revolution.

In proportion to her numbers, the State of South Carolina furnished the largest contingent to the faction of active conspirators; and to her, by a common consent, were accorded the dangers and honors of leadership. Since conspiracies work in secret, only fragmentary

proofs of their efforts ever come to light. Though probably only one of the many early agencies in organizing the rebellion, the following circular reveals in a startling light what labor and system were employed to "fire the Southern heart" after the November election:

"CHARLESTON, Nov. 19th, 1860.

"EXECUTIVE CHAMBER, 'The 1860 Association.'

"In September last, several gentlemen of Charleston met to confer in reference to the position of the South in the event of the accession of Mr. Lincoln and the Republican party to power. This informal meeting was the origin of the organization known in this community as 'The 1860 Association.'

"The objects of the Association are:

"*First.* To conduct a correspondence with leading men in the South, and by an interchange of information and views prepare the slave States to meet the impending crisis.

"*Second.* To prepare, print, and distribute in the slave States, tracts, pamphlets, etc., designed to awaken them to a conviction of their danger, and to urge the necessity of resisting Northern and Federal aggression.

"*Third.* To inquire into the defenses of the State, and to collect and arrange information which may aid the Legislature to establish promptly an effective military organization.

"To effect these objects a brief and simple Constitution was adopted, creating a President, a Secretary, and Treasurer, and an Executive Committee, specially charged with conducting the business of the Association. One hundred and sixty-six thousand pamphlets have been published, and demands for further supplies are received from every quarter. The Association is now passing several of them through a second and third edition.

"The conventions in several of the Southern States will soon be elected. The North is preparing to soothe and conciliate the South by disclaimers and overtures. The success of this policy would be disastrous to the cause of Southern Union and Independence, and it is necessary to resist and defeat it. The Association is preparing pamphlets with this special object. Funds are necessary to enable it to act promptly. 'The 1860 Association' is laboring for the South, and asks your aid.

"I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT N. GOURDIN,

"Chairman of the Executive Committee."

The half-public endeavors of "The 1860 Association" to create public sentiment were vigorously seconded by the efforts of high official personages to set on foot concerted official action in aid of disunion. In this also, with becoming expressions of modesty, South Carolina took the initiative. On the 5th of October, Governor Gist wrote a confidential letter,† which he dispatched by a secret

which is so essential to success. Although I will consider your communication confidential, and wish you so to consider mine so far as publishing in the newspapers is concerned, yet the information of course will be of no service to me unless I can submit it to reliable and leading men in consultation for the safety of our State and the South; and will only use it in this way. It is the desire of South Carolina that some other State should take the lead, or at least move simultaneously with her. She will unquestionably call a convention as soon as it is ascertained that a majority of the electors will support Lincoln. If a single State secedes, she will follow her. If no other State takes the lead, South

\* Victor, "History of Southern Rebellion," Vol. I., p. 203.

† "EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

"UNIONVILLE, SO. CA., Oct. 5th, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR MOORE.

"DEAR SIR: The great probability, nay almost certainty of Abram Lincoln's election to the Presidency, renders it important that there should be a full and free interchange of opinion between the Executives of the Southern, and more especially the Cotton States, and while I unreservedly give you my views and the probable action of my State, I shall be much pleased to hear from you; that there may be concert of action,

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agent to his colleagues, the several governors of the Cotton States, whom the bearer, General S. R. Gist, visited in turn during that month of October. Governor Gist wrote that, in view of the almost certain election of Lincoln, it became important to have a full and free interchange of opinion between the Southern States, that concert of action might be obtained. It was the desire of South Carolina that some other State should take the lead. She would unquestionably call a convention. "If a single State secedes, she will follow her. If no other State takes the lead, South Carolina will secede (in my opinion) alone, if she has any assurance that she will be soon followed by another or other States; otherwise it is doubtful."

Carolina will secede (in my opinion) alone, if she has any assurance that she will be soon followed by another or other States; otherwise it is doubtful. If you decide to call a convention upon the election of a majority of Electors favorable to Lincoln, I desire to know the day you propose for the meeting, that we may call our convention to meet the same day if possible. If your State will propose any other remedy, please inform me what it will probably be, and any other information you will be pleased to give me.

"With great respect and consideration,

"I am yours, etc., WM. H. GIST.

"Governor Thos. O. Moore." MS.

\* "EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

"RALEIGH, N. C., Oct. 18th, 1860.

"DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 5th, which reached me on the 12th inst.

"In compliance with your request, I will give as accurately as it is in my power to do the views and feelings of the people of North Carolina upon the important subject of your communication.

"Political differences and party strife have run so high in this State for some years past, and particularly during the past nine months, that anything like unanimity upon any question of a public nature could scarcely be expected; and such is the case with the one under consideration. Our people are very far from being agreed as to what action the State should take in the event of Lincoln's election to the Presidency. Some favor submission, some resistance, and others still would await the course of events that might follow. Many argue that he would be powerless for evil with a minority party in the Senate, and perhaps in the House of Representatives also; while others say, and doubtless with entire sincerity, that the placing of the power of the Federal Government into his hands would prove a fatal blow to the institution of negro slavery in this country.

"None of our public speakers I believe have taken the ground before the people that the election of Lincoln would, of itself, be a cause of secession. Many have said it would not, while others have spoken equivocally.

"Upon the whole I am decidedly of opinion that a majority of our people would not consider the occurrence of the event referred to as sufficient ground for dissolving the union of the States. For which reason I do not suppose that our Legislature, which will meet on the 19th prox., will take any steps in that direction—such for instance as the calling of a convention.

"Thus, sir, I have given you what I conceive to be the sentiment of our people upon the subject of your

The responses to this inquiry given by the Executives of the other Cotton States were not all that so ardent a disunionist could have wished, but were yet sufficient to prompt him to a further advance. The adjoining State of North Carolina was first to reply.\* "Our people are very far from being agreed as to what action the State should take," wrote Governor Ellis; "some favor submission, some resistance." He intimated that no convention would be called, and that the State would not secede, but on the other hand added, "I do not think North Carolina would become a party to coercion." Louisiana sent an equally lukewarm answer.† Governor Moore said, while he believed in the right of secession for just cause, he would not advise it, and did not

letter, and I give it as an existing fact, without comment as to whether the majority be in error or not.

"My own opinions, as an individual, are of little moment. It will be sufficient to say, that as a States Rights man, believing in the sovereignty and reserved powers of the States, I will conform my actions to the action of North Carolina, whatever that may be. To this general observation I will make but a single qualification—it is this: I could not in any event assent to, or give my aid to a political enforcement of the monstrous doctrine of coercion. I do not for a moment think that North Carolina would become a party to the enforcement of this doctrine, and will not therefore do her the injustice of placing her in that position, even though hypothetically.

"With much respect, I have the honor to be,

"Your obt. servt.,

"JOHN W. ELLIS.

"His Excellency William H. Gist,

"Governor of So. Carolina." MS.

† "ALEXANDRIA, LA., 26th October, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY GOVERNOR GIST.

"DEAR SIR: Your favor of the 5th inst. was received a few days ago at this place. I regret my inability to consult with as many of our leading citizens as I wished, but I will not delay in replying any longer. You will [of course] consider my letter as private, except for use in consultation with friends.

"I shall not call a convention in this State if Lincoln is elected, because I have no power or authority to do so. I infer from your letter that an authority has been vested in you by your Legislature to call a convention in a specified contingency. Our Legislature has taken no action of that or any similar kind. That body will meet in regular annual session about the middle of January; but it is not improbable that I may consider it necessary to convene it at an earlier day, if the complexion of the Electoral Colleges shall indicate the election of Lincoln.

"Even if that deplorable event shall be the result of the coming election, I shall not advise the secession of my State, and I will add that I do not think the people of Louisiana will ultimately decide in favor of that course. I shall recommend that Louisiana meet her sister slave-holding States in council to consult as to the proper course to be pursued, and to endeavor to effect a complete harmony of action. I fear that this harmony of action, so desirable in so grave an emergency, cannot be effected. Some of the Cotton States will pursue a more radical policy than will be palatable to the border States, but this only increases the necessity of convening the consultative body of which I have spoken. I believe in the right of secession for

think the people of Louisiana would ultimately decide in favor of that course. The answer of Mississippi was a little more radical.\* Governor Pettus replied that both politicians and people seemed willing to do anything to prevent that State from passing under the Black Republican yoke. He thought Mississippi would call a council of the Southern States, and if that council should advise secession,

she would go with them. Mississippi would not move alone, but if any State moved, she would go with her. Georgia hung in a more uncertain balance.† Governor Brown answered he had no doubt Georgia would determine her action by a convention; that he favored retaliatory legislation, and thought the people would be inclined to wait for an overt act. Alabama, her governor replied,‡ did not con-

just cause, of which the sovereignty must itself be the judge. If therefore the General Government shall attempt to coerce a State, and forcibly attempt the exercise of this right, I should certainly sustain the State in such a contest.

"There has never been any indication made by Louisiana, or by any public body within her limits, of her probable course in the event of an election of a Black Republican President, and she is totally unprepared for any warlike measures. Her arsenals are empty. While some of her sister States have been preparing for an emergency, which I fear is now imminent, she has been negligent in this important matter.

"If coming events should render necessary the convocation of the Southern Convention, I shall endeavor to compose the representation of Louisiana of her ablest and most prudent men, if the power shall be vested in me to appoint them. However, I presume the Legislature will adopt some other course in the appointments. The recommendations of such a body assembled in such a crisis must necessarily carry great weight, and if subsequently ratified and adopted by each State by proper authority, will present the South in united and harmonious action.

"I have the honor to be your Excellency's obt. servt.,  
"THOS. O. MOORE." MS.

\*"MACON, Oct. 26th, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. GIST.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of Oct. 5th was handed me by General Gist. Having but few moments to reply, I write this more to acknowledge its receipt than to reply to its contents. Our friends in this State are willing to do anything they may have the power to do to prevent the State from passing under the Black Republican yoke. Our people know this, and seem to approve such sentiments, yet I do not believe Mississippi can move alone.

"I will call our Legislature in extra session as soon as it is known that the Black Republicans have carried the election. I expect Mississippi will ask a council of the Southern States, and if that council advise secession, Mississippi will go with them. If any State moves, I think Mississippi will go with her. I will write at length from Jackson.

"Yours respectfully,  
"JOHN J. PETTUS." MS.

†"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

"MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., Oct. 31st, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY W. H. GIST.

"DEAR SIR: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your favor by the hand of General Gist, with whom I have had a free interchange of opinions. In the event of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency I have no doubt that Georgia will determine her action by a convention of the people, which will probably be held before the 4th day of March next. Her legislature, which convenes here next Wednesday, will have to determine on the time when the convention shall be held. My opinion is that the people of Georgia will, in case of the election of Lincoln, decide to meet all the Southern States in convention and take common action for the protection of the rights of all.

Events not yet foreseen may change their course and might lead to action on the part of Georgia without waiting for all the Southern States, if it should be found necessary to her safety. I have handed General Gist a copy of my message on our federal relations, which will be sent to our legislature on the first day of the session. I send only the forms from the press as it is just being put in type. I may make some immaterial alterations before it is completed. If your State remains in the Union, I should be pleased that she would adopt such retaliatory measures as I recommend in the message, or others which you may determine to be more appropriate. I think Georgia will pass retaliatory laws similar to those I recommend, should Lincoln be defeated. Should the question be submitted to the people of Georgia, whether they would go out of the Union on Lincoln's election without regard to the action of other States, my opinion is they would determine to wait for an overt act. The action of other States may greatly influence the action of the people of this State. This letter is not intended for publication in the newspapers, and has been very hastily prepared.

"I have the honor to be your Excellency's

"Obt. servt.,

"JOSEPH E. BROWN." MS.

‡"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,

"MONTGOMERY, ALA., Oct. 25th, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY W. H. GIST.

"DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 5th inst. was handed me a few days since by General Gist. I fully concur with you in the opinion that Lincoln will be elected President, and that a full and free interchange of opinion between the Executives of the Southern States, and especially of the Cotton States, should be had as to what ought to be done and what will be done by them to protect the interest and honor of the slave-holding States in the event he should be elected.

"My opinion is, that the election of Lincoln alone is not sufficient cause for a dissolution of the Union; but that fact, when taken in connection with the avowed objects and intentions of the party whose candidate he is, and the overt acts already committed by that party in nullifying the fugitive-slave law, and the enactment of personal liberty bills in many of the non-slaveholding States, with other acts of like kind, is sufficient cause for dissolving every tie which binds the Southern States to the Union.

"It is my opinion that Alabama will not secede alone, but if two or more States will cooperate with her, she will secede with them; or if South Carolina or any other Southern State should go out alone and the Federal Government should attempt to use force against her, Alabama will immediately rally to her rescue.

"The opinions above expressed are predicated upon observation and consultation with a number of our most distinguished statesmen. The opinion thus expressed is not intended as a positive assurance, but is my best impression as to what will be the course of Alabama. Should Lincoln be elected, I shall certainly call a convention under the provisions of the resolutions of the last General Assembly of the State. The convention cannot be convened earlier than the first

sider the election of Lincoln in itself sufficient cause for disunion; but, taken in connection with other objects and acts of the North, it was. In his opinion she would not secede alone, but would coöperate with two or more Southern States; or would rally to the aid of South Carolina in resisting coercion. He intended calling a convention as soon as practicable. Florida, though the last to respond, was loudest in her eagerness to embark in the revolt.\* Governor Perry wrote: "Florida is ready to wheel into line with the gallant Palmetto State, or any other Cotton State or States in any course which she or they may in their judgment think proper to adopt." He suggested that she might be unwilling to lead off, but would most assuredly coöperate or follow the lead of any single Cotton State.

Two agencies have thus far been described as engaged in the work of fomenting the rebellion: the first, secret societies of individuals, like "The 1860 Association," designed to ex-

Monday in February next, and I have fixed upon that day (in my own mind). The vote of the electors will be cast for President on the 5th day of December, after which it will require a few days to ascertain the result. Thirty days' notice will have to be given after the day upon which the delegates to the convention will be elected, and the convention is required to convene in two weeks after the election. This is not a matter of discretion with me, but is fixed by law. I regret that earlier action cannot be had, as it may be a matter of much importance that all the States that may determine to withdraw from the Union should act before the expiration of Mr. Buchanan's term of service.

"The facts and opinions herein communicated you are at liberty to make known to those with whom you may choose to confer, but they are not to be published in the newspapers.

"I have had a full and free conversation with General Gist, the substance of which is contained in this letter. He will, however, give it to you more in detail. It is my opinion that all the States that may determine to take action upon the election of Lincoln should call a convention as soon as practicable after the result is known. With great respect, your obt. servt.

"A. B. MOORE." MS.

\* "EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Nov. 9th, 1860.

"HIS EXCELLENCY GOV. GIST.

"DEAR SIR: Your communication of the 5th ultimo reached me per last mail under cover from General States Rights Gist, with an explanatory note from that gentleman in relation to the subject-matters thereof.

"The mode employed by your Excellency to collect authoritatively the views of several of the Executives of the Southern States as to their plan of action in the event of the election of Lincoln, commends itself

cite the masses and create public sentiment; the second, a secret league of Southern governors and other State functionaries, whose mission it became to employ the governmental machinery of States, in furtherance of the plot. These, though formidable and dangerous, would probably have failed, either singly or combined, had they not been assisted by a third of still greater efficacy and certainty. This was nothing less than a conspiracy in the very bosom of the National Administration at Washington, embracing many United States Senators, Representatives in Congress, three members of the President's Cabinet, and numerous subordinate officials in the several Executive departments. The special work which this powerful central cabal undertook by common consent, and successfully accomplished, was to divert Federal arms and forts to the use of the rebellion, and to protect and shield the revolt from any adverse influence, or preventive or destructive action of the General Government.

warmly to my judgment. Concert of action can alone be arrived at by a full and free interchange of opinion between the Executives of the Cotton States, by whom it is confidently expected that the ball will be put in motion.

"We are in the midst of grave events, and I have industriously sought to learn the public mind in this State in the event of the election of Lincoln, and am proud to say Florida is ready to wheel into line with the gallant Palmetto State, or any other Cotton State or States in any course which she or they may in their judgment think proper to adopt, looking to the vindication and maintenance of the rights, interests, honor, and safety of the South. Florida may be unwilling to subject herself to the charge of temerity or immodesty by leading off, but will most assuredly coöperate with or follow the lead of any single Cotton State which may secede. Whatever doubts I may have entertained upon this subject have been entirely dissipated by the recent elections in this State.

"Florida will most unquestionably call a convention as soon as it is ascertained that a majority of the electors favor the election of Lincoln, to meet most likely upon a day to be suggested by some other State.

"I leave to-day for the capital, and will write you soon after my arrival, but would be pleased in the mean time to hear from you at your earliest convenience.

"If there is sufficient manliness at the South to strike for our rights, honor, and safety, in God's name let it be done before the inauguration of Lincoln.

"With high regard, I am yours, etc.,

"M. S. PERRY.

"Direct to Tallahassee.

"P. S. I have written General Gist at Union C. H." MS.



## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Leeks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XXXI.

**T**HE sugar maples were yet in a glow of crimson; the hillsides were yet green; the sunshine was yet warm and cheering, when Mr. Stratford announced to Mrs. People his intention of returning to his city home.

"It's a good deal earlier than you've ever gone yet," said she, "and I'm very sorry for it. But it's not to be wondered at, for you'd find it very lonely here with everybody away, and even Enoch himself gone out West, which is a thing he never did before, and which I hope won't end by his becomin' an emigrant, for I'm sure I don't want to go into any such wild country, or indeed into any country at all, except here, which I'm sure is a good enough place for anybody; and why Enoch shouldn't be satisfied to stay where he is, with everything comfortable around him, and crops as good as his neighbors', and plenty to eat and drink, I can't see for the life of me. If you knew the Stull fam'ly now, they might be some company for you; but then, ag'in, I don't s'pose you could git much out of 'em. Old Stull himself has gone back to town, and the two little girls have gone to school, but that Stull young woman and her mother are here ag'in, and, what's more, that Mr. Crisman, who Miss Armatt gave the sack to, is here too and courtin' Miss Matilda as if he was tryin' to ketch a train. Well, well," continued the good woman, corrugating her brow as the memory of broken schemes came to her, "things don't always turn out as they're wanted to, but I don't mind sayin' it to you, Mr. Stratford, that if I'd ever turned out to be that girl's mother-in-law, I couldn't have lived with her, which would have had its advantages in one way, for then I'd 'a' lived here, and not there, which would 'a' suited me better, for I don't want to leave Enoch, and if John had got the old place I'd been satisfied and asked no more; and, although Mrs. Stull is her own mother, the best I can wish for her is that she won't have to live with her, which, considerin' what kind of man he must be which Miss Gay and Mrs. Justin had to give his walkin' papers

to, won't be exactly what people mean when they talk about a heaven on earth."

When Stratford returned to New York, thoroughly convinced of Mr. Crisman's new attachment, his mind, instead of being in a state of certainty and decision, was in a condition of very great uncertainty, in regard to what he would do, and of very great indecision as to what he ought to do. Gay being free from Crisman, as she surely was, his appointed work was done; and what excuse could he make to himself for continuing that work? That dangerous space over which he had proposed to carry the young fellow-being in whom he had taken so great an interest had proved narrower than he had supposed it would be, and was already crossed. The vision of Arthur Thorne standing on the opposite bank proved this. Whatever might or might not happen to Gay from Thorne's love of her, the girl had no present need of Horace Stratford.

This was all clear and plain enough, and yet Stratford did not say to himself that his work being done he would step aside. "I will see her first," he thought, "and then I will decide upon my plan of action." The next morning after his arrival in the city, he went to Mrs. Justin's house. Gay had gone out, but Mrs. Justin was delighted to see him.

"I was afraid," she said, "that this fine weather would keep you in the country, and it is very encouraging to see you make your appearance so soon. And as for Gay, I am glad to say that her condition is improved. To be sure, she eats very little, she is easily tired, and she will not take medicines, but since she came to the city she is brighter and shows more interest in things. And I am quite sure," said Mrs. Justin, looking steadfastly at Stratford, "that your exchange of the pleasures of the shooting season for premature town life will have a beneficial effect upon her."

There was point to this remark, for Stratford was an earnest sportsman, and it had hitherto been his custom to invite some of his friends to Cherry Bridge during the shooting season.

"I shall be very glad," said he, "if in any way I can be of benefit to Miss Armatt."

"Don't be so cold and formal!" exclaimed the lady. "Why don't you look at the matter in a natural and sensible light? Gay has

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missed you, and will be ever so glad to meet you again, and you know that I shall be more than glad to see you together again. Do you know why she is brighter and more cheerful than she was?"

"On account of the change to the city air, I suppose," he answered. "That is often of as much advantage as change to country air."

"It is nothing of the sort," said Mrs. Justin. "As soon as I decided that she was to come with me to town and not to make her expected visit to Maryland, she began to brighten. I know she wants to see her sister, but I also know that she wishes very much more to be with you, and if she had gone home she probably would have staid there until she began her post-collegiate course. But now that her health obliges her to be here with me, and, consequently, with you, her conscience is satisfied, and she is happier."

Stratford made no reply, but turned to a window and looked out.

"Of course you have heard," said Mrs. Justin, after a short silence, "that Mr. Crisman is paying attention to Miss Stull. I had the news from Mrs. People, who wrote to me about my winter supply of poultry, and inserted the item as a bit of flavoring. She says he is there every week."

"I have heard that," said Stratford.

"I must admit," continued the lady, "that when I received this news I was mortified that a man could so quickly turn from our Gay to Matilda Stull. And yet, upon thinking it over, I believe that we ought to feel rather satisfied than otherwise. Knowing as I do that Mr. Crisman is totally unworthy of Gay, I cannot but feel somewhat pleased that he has been able to compensate himself for any injury he may imagine he received at our hands."

Mrs. Justin arose, and stood beside Stratford. "Our old ships are now all behind us, and burned," she said, "and I pray for the most favoring winds to fill the new sails which shall bring Gay and you together. Now, don't say anything! That is one of the remarks to which no answer is required."

When Stratford called the next day he was received by Gay in the library, a room which Mrs. Justin now almost entirely surrendered to her young friend. The light from the high, wide window fell full upon the young girl as she arose, bright-eyed, to greet her visitor. When Gay reseated herself upon the soft-cushioned chair, the action showed a change in her which was instantly noticed by Stratford. The Gay Armatt of the old days at Cherry Bridge had never reclined. She was a girl who sat up straight, who moved quickly, whose presence suggested youthful vigor and activity.

Stratford drew a low chair near her and placed it so that he could face her as they talked. Whatever might be her present lack of strength or vitality, it had not affected her beauty. Never had she seemed so charming to the eyes of Stratford. Her morning dress of blue may have relieved the delicate color in her cheek, and brought out the pure whiteness of her neck and wrists, and the happy light in her eyes may have given something of its brightness to the smile upon her perfect lips, and even her unwonted languor may have infused new grace into that half-reclining figure; but, whatever were the reasons, Stratford now sat before a woman whose beauty fully satisfied him. He had always given due appreciation to Gay's personal attractions, but heretofore he had felt that there was something wanting, some little touch, he knew not what. That touch had now been given.

"Do you see this?" said Gay, holding up a book which had been lying open and face downward upon a little table at her side. "Perhaps you are not familiar with this style of literature. It is what is popularly called a novel."

"I am very familiar with novels," said Stratford, "and I have read that one."

"And I have read those," said Gay, pointing to a pile of books on the floor by the window, "and all of them in a little more than a week. I expected that by this time I should be working away in superheated mathematics and that sort of thing, but Mrs. Justin has put an interdict on study. I do scarcely anything but read novels and look at clothes. Whenever we go out we always go to shops, and, although we don't buy much, we have all sorts of things spread out and wonder how they would look made up. Mrs. Justin says that clothes cogitation is very restful to the mind."

"Does your mind need rest?" asked Stratford.

"I don't know," said Gay. "My body seems to need a good deal of it, and Mrs. Justin says I must show no favoritism; one must have just what the other gets. You see, I have given up thinking for myself; Mrs. Justin does that for me now."

"I did not suppose," said Stratford, "that you would ever allow any one to do your thinking for you."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Gay, "you don't know how nice it is! You ought to try it. By the way," she added, with a quick start of animation, "will you let me do some thinking for you?"

"It will be something entirely novel to me," said Stratford, "and I should like it as a bit of experience."

"Well, then," said Gay, "please empty your mind of everything in it, and I will fill it for you. You are now thinking as follows: Here is a girl, or I should say a young woman, who is not feeling as much like an English sparrow as she did during the summer, but who is quite as well and quite as strong as a good many people who work or study or slave in all sorts of ways all day long, and a great part of the night besides. She has a friend, a dear friend, who is one of the noblest women on earth, and who is just as good and lovely as it is possible for any woman to be, but who has, in spite of all this, a blot upon her character. This is that she is too kind. It is a white blot, and a very beautiful one to look at, but still it is a blot, and it interferes with her ability to make the young person I am thinking of do what she ought to do. She lets this white blot spread itself over her sober judgment and several of her other good qualities, and she tells this young person that she must not do anything all day that is in the least bit like work or study. Now, I know this is all wrong. That girl would be a great deal happier, and it would be ever so much better for her in every way, if she were to shut up the novel she is reading, and stop short without knowing what happens next or how it ends, and apply herself to matters that are of importance and value; and if she takes up again those things which are the real object of her life she will become as much interested in them as she used to be, and will pay no attention to those little tired feelings which soon grow up into incurable laziness if one is not very careful. Now, I shall talk to that young person and make her see these things as I do. I don't think it will be at all difficult. I shall tell her that if she continues in her present indolent condition she will get rusty in the studies she has been working at this summer, and if she goes backward instead of keeping straight on, as I am sure her soul is longing to do, I really do not know what will become of her. I am quite certain she will take my advice, because she has the greatest confidence in my judgment. And indeed, considering how I have helped her and counseled her, and in all sorts of ways been of the greatest good and service to her, she must be horribly stupid if she don't know by this time that what I advise she ought to do. There is another reason, too, why I should advise her. If I sit and look at her reading novels and neglecting her duties and cultivating habits of laziness, and say nothing about it, I shall make her think that, though I must disapprove of what she is doing, I am keeping quiet merely because she is not quite well, and ought to be treated like a child or an in-

valid. Now, I know that this will grieve her very much, and so I shall speak out, and tell her that she ought to take up her work just where she put it down when she left Cherry Bridge, and I shall also tell her that when I can—that is to say, of course, not so often as I used to do in the country, but at times when it will not interfere with anything else I want to do—I will come and help her, and give her little hints about all sorts of things just as I did when we were in the country together. And now, sir," said Gay, who by this time was sitting up straight in her chair, her face slightly flushed and every trace of languor gone, "how do you like your train of thought?"

While Gay had been speaking, Stratford had sat gazing upon her. He had heard nearly all she had said, but some phrases here and there had escaped his attention because his mind was so busily at work for itself. "Do I love this beautiful girl?" he asked himself, as Gay's words gave to his mind a vision of one who extends her hands to a friend without intending or knowing that those outstretched arms may, instead, receive a lover.

As Stratford thus sat, thinking and listening, one of his arms hung over the side of his low chair, and as he unconsciously moved his hand his fingers touched a bow of ribbon on one of the folds of Gay's dress which lay upon the floor. Entirely unnoticed by her, he took an end of the ribbon between his thumb and finger and gently held and pressed it. This was on Gay; it was a part of her; it was a link between him and that beautiful creature flushing and warming before him. Through that bit of blue ribbon might pass an electric thrill which should change his being and make him blind to extended hands, seeing only outstretched arms.

He crumpled the ribbon in his fingers, his blood flowed quicker, and his eye grew brighter. "I could love her," he said to himself.

Gay went on talking. She was making him know now how much she depended on him, and how desirous she was for his society. She was sitting erect, and therefore nearer to him, but her eyes were fixed upon his face, and she knew not that he held her ribbon. "I could love her," he repeated to himself. Then his mind stopped, and began to work backward. "But if I do love her," he thought, "I shall never love myself again. I have sworn that I would do this thing, and that I would go through it without blame or blemish; and, to me, the purest love of this girl would be blame and blemish."

He dropped the ribbon from between his fingers, and placed his hand upon the arm of his chair.

"And now, sir," said Gay, "how do you like your train of thought?"

Stratford answered slowly. "I am not sure," he said, "but that it might be of advantage for you to take up your studies again; at least to a moderate extent. At any rate, as you so much desire it, it may be well to make the trial. Of course I shall be much pleased to drop in here from time to time and give you all the assistance that I can."

Then, after some inquiries in regard to Mrs. Justin, and some messages for her, he took leave of Gay, and went away with a cold face and a hot and troubled heart.

"My work is done," he said to himself. "Yes," he reasserted, as he clenched his fist, "it is done, done, done!"

When Mrs. Justin returned home, she disapproved entirely of what Gay told her Mr. Stratford had advised. Indeed she spoke a little petulantly about it. "I cannot imagine what he could have been thinking of," she said. "Instead of being well enough to study, you seem to me to be less able to endure any sort of work than you were some days ago. I shall allow no studying; you may be sure of that."

Gay was lying back in the library chair, her novel in her lap, open at the same pages which had been turned down on the table when Stratford had left her an hour before. "You mustn't find fault with Mr. Stratford," she said. "I advised him to advise me as he did, and I told him I hoped he would sometimes come and help me in the old way. He said he would, and I don't think he minded the trouble at all. I don't think he minded much, either way. He is always very good."

"Gay," said Mrs. Justin, "have you been talking a very great deal? Why do you close your eyes that way while you speak to me?"

"I don't know," said Gay. "I can't explain exactly how I feel. I am not hungry; I can't think of anything in particular that I care for. I have been trying to rouse myself up by thinking how I am wasting my time, but I don't believe I care just now whether I am wasting my time or not. I don't know exactly why, but this world seems to me an aimless sort of place."

Mrs. Justin gazed tenderly and kindly on the face of her young friend. "But it would be an easy matter, my dear," she said, "to make the world full of purpose."

"I suppose so," answered Gay, closing her eyes again as she languidly clasped her hands above her head.

## XXXII.

VATOLDI'S was now enjoying what might be called a regenerated success. The total cessation of business during the alterations had given the public time to forget all about the boycotting troubles as well as the decadence of the establishment during the admin-

istration of Enoch Bullripple, while the great improvements now seen in the restaurant brought it not only its old customers but an abundance of new ones. The cooks, in their caps, baked, boiled, and broiled with enthusiasm and content; the waiters, in their jackets and aprons, gave solicitous attention to the desires of every comer; and John People stood behind his new desk, with his form as round, his carriage as upright, and his hair as smoothly brushed as of yore. But upon his brow there was more of cheerfulness and less of resignation. Some of this change arose from the fact that John was now a partner in the concern—a partner in a very small degree in fact, but still a partner; and it was not necessary to be so much resigned when what he did was partly for his own benefit. It is probable, although John would not have admitted it, that his increase of cheerfulness was due in a greater degree to his total loss of Matilda Stull. John's attachment to this young lady had been very wearing upon him. When hope lent him no assistance his progress was slow and painful, and when she gave him a helping hand she carried him along entirely too fast; he lost his breath, his legs became weak. It was well for him that he was stopped in time; now his breath was full and regular, his pace moderate, and his legs were strong.

There was a new refrigerator, and in one corner there frequently stood a plate containing a plump, fat, mutton-chop, a piece of tenderloin, or a choice veal-cutlet; seldom did it hold a sweet-bread or bit of dainty game, for Miss Burns was the owner of a vigorous appetite and a moderate purse. This young lady was now an habitual customer of Vatoldi's. There was something about the place which made a meal in any other restaurant extremely unsatisfactory to her; and if, for any reason, a day passed without her coming there, John was sure to drop in at the store and inquire about her health.

Miss Burns enjoyed more than the ordinary advantages of Vatoldi's, for John made it his business to see that her preference for that place was not detrimental to her fortune. From the amount due on the little bill which she presented to him he invariably deducted a certain percentage. To this the young lady frequently demurred and shook her head, but John, who had always something else to do, and who was not in the habit of talking much to customers at the desk, passed over her objections with a smile and gave his attention to the something else. Miss Burns would have demurred still more, had she known that John never failed to make up the deficit in her payments out of his own pocket. She ought to have supposed this, but young ladies who are

thinking of Johns do not always think of everything else.

The time came, however, when John felt that he must explain this financial method; and one evening, when the diners at Vatoldi's had all finished their meals, he called on Miss Burns at her boarding-house.

"I am sorry," said John, when he had explained the object of his visit, "that you ever thought it worth while to say anything about those little discounts, for the matter is really of no consequence at all. You see, I have a share in the business."

"Oh, yes," said Miss Burns, "I always supposed that."

"Yes," said John, "and people have thought I owned a good deal bigger part of it than is really the truth. But that's neither here nor there, and don't hurt anybody. Now it is to my interest to make the restaurant as pleasant a place as I can to everybody, and if I have any particular friend who finds it convenient to come there, I'm sure I ought to make it pleasant for her. And I leave it to yourself to say if it is not pleasanter to feel that you're partly taking lunch with a friend—not entirely, for perhaps you wouldn't do that, but partly—than to always sit down to an out-an-out bought meal?"

Miss Burns was crocheting an afghan. It was a good-sized one, big enough to cover a lounge which would be long enough for a gentleman to lie down upon. She got the wools at cost price from the store in which she was employed, and could, therefore, afford to make a nice large afghan. It had three plain dark green stripes, and two Roman stripes of bright and variegated colors. She was working on one of the Roman stripes now.

"That would be very nice," she said, "if one came to visit, but then you know I don't come to visit you."

John was about to ask, "Not even partly?" but, being a slow speaker, he had time to think that it would not do to intimate anything like that.

"And you know," continued Miss Burns, working a thread of dark blue into her stripe, "that it isn't right to have a gentleman regularly giving you things, especially your daily food; though, of course, you only do it partly; but that is what it comes to."

John passed his hand over his brow, and then turning his chair so as more directly to face Miss Burns, he put his right elbow upon the table at which they sat, and, intently gazing into her face as she spoke, he said: "I am sorry your mind is made up in such a way that you don't like to accept a little hospitality from a friend, not because of what it is, for it really amounts to nothing at all, but only

because it comes regular. But what would you say to a friend who would give you not only part of your lunch, but all of it? And not only your lunch, but your breakfast and dinner, and a supper too if you were inclined that way; and not only week days, but Sundays, and every day; and who would give you, besides, every frock you wore, your shoes, your bonnets, gloves, umbrellas, and trimmings, and everything needful from hair-pins to cloaks?"

As John spoke thus, Miss Burns's complexion, which was usually a little pallid, began to assume the hue of some pale pink wool which lay in her basket, but she did not speak, nor look up from her work, and John went on:

"And what would you say if, every time you wanted anything, whether it was to wear, or to eat, or to use in a house, or for sickness or health, or for journeys, or for friends in trouble, or for your own pleasures and joys and comforts, you went to this friend and you took them from him?"

Miss Burns's complexion had been gradually changing from the color of the pink wool to that of a ball of ashen gray hue which also lay in the basket. A sickening fear came over her that she might have mistaken the significance of John's words.

"Do you mean Providence?" she asked.

"No, me," said John.

The color of the brightest scarlet in Miss Burns's basket now flushed into her face. "That would be very nice," she presently said; and no Berlin wool could be softer than her tone.

JOHN PEOPLE was a straightforward man of business with a conscience, and when everything had been satisfactorily arranged between Miss Burns and himself, he deemed it his duty to inform his principal that he was going to be married. Seldom before had Mr. Stull been so thoroughly angry. John had been forgiven for the sins of his uncle and had been again taken into dignified favor, but the vile and treacherous action which he now proposed raised against him the wildest storm of Mr. Stull's indignation. What would a secret be worth—an overwhelmingly important secret—in the hands of a newly married man! With John as a bachelor—and Mr. Stull expected that his sense of honor and duty to his employer would keep him such—the secret was safe; but with a young wife secrecy might as well be blown to the winds and the bank president advertise in the daily papers that he was prepared to furnish the public with refreshments at his restaurant known as Vatoldi's. John's intentions might be honorable, but his wife would worm the secret out of him, and the world would soon know all. Better that John

should die than marry! Had Mr. Stull lived two hundred years before, he would have slain his manager on the spot.

This blow to Mr. Stull was aggravated by the fact that his mind was beginning to assume its normal condition of august tranquillity. All his branches of business were now proceeding to his entire satisfaction, and Enoch Bullripple, the only present thorn in his side, promised soon to become an insignificant prickle. The Western heirs of the Cherry Bridge farms had been informed of the nature of their claims, and Mr. Turby, who desired to act as their agent as well as Mr. Stull's, had written to them that there was every reason to believe that the matter could be settled with but little loss of time, and the sale of the property ordered for the benefit of the heirs. Mr. Stull's plans were all made. He would buy both farms, not in his own name, but in that of a Mineral Development Company which he would organize. In the course of time this purchase would probably prove a good investment. Enoch Bullripple would be ejected from the farm he now held, but, as he possessed Mr. Stull's secret, his subsequent treatment must be very prudently managed. Mr. Stull owned some Western lands, and he would sell Enoch Bullripple a small tract of these, securing himself by mortgage. He would then, if necessary, assist the old man to go out there and settle. The motive for this great generosity would be ascribed to Mr. Stull's interest in John People. With Enoch Bullripple out in Idaho, and under obligation, Mr. Stull would feel that he had punished the cunning villainy of the old farmer without endangering his secret.

But now John's announcement had banished every trace of august tranquillity. Mr. Stull's anger almost overcame him. Anathemas, reproaches, and denunciations crowded to his lips, but in the midst of his indignation he felt the necessity for prudence. Even so faithful a worm as John might turn.

"I shall say nothing to you now," he growled; "I will speak about this another time."

It would have been utterly impossible for Miss Matilda Stull to choose a more unsuitable moment than the evening of that day in which to announce to her father her engagement to Mr. Crisman. Mr. Stull was in the library of his spacious city mansion, a room furnished with everything that the library of a gentleman of wealth and culture should contain. The books on the shelves were most admirably selected, many of them being imported expressly for Mr. Stull, as he declined to introduce reprints into his library. The furniture was heavy and elegant. The walls, the floors, the windows, showed that the room had been furnished with thoughtful taste. Even

those things with which a gentleman solaces himself in the intervals of study were not forgotten: on a pair of stag's horns over the mantelpiece hung a number of handsome pipes, and an eastern jar filled with tobacco stood beneath them; through the glass doors of a buffet which stood in a corner could be seen decanters and glasses; and between two framed engravings of hunting-scenes hung a pair of fencing-foils and wire masks; while from a nickel-plated hook was suspended flat against the wall a large hammock of rare and beautiful workmanship which might be stretched to another nickel-plated hook in the opposite wall.

Yet in spite of all these appurtenances of elegant and comfortable studiousness, this was a room to be looked at, but not used. Mr. Stull was content to own his books; he did not care to read them, and the cases were always locked. He did not smoke, and the pipes on the stag's horns had never been used. He tasted wine or spirits only on rare occasions, and not a drop of their contents had ever been poured from the decanters in his buffet. He was not a fencer, and the foils and masks were fastened to the wall. He was a man who did not lounge, and the hammock on the hook was never stretched to the opposite wall. The room was furnished so as to appear as Mr. Stull thought a gentleman's library and study ought to appear, but he used no part of it except a small table under a gas-light, with a drawer in which he kept writing materials, and a leather-covered chair which always stood before it.

In this chair, and at this table, sat Mr. Stull when his daughter entered the room. Paper lay before him, and he had a pen in his hand, but he was not writing; he was savagely thinking, and endeavoring to form a plan of action in regard to John People. Miss Matilda saw that her father was in a very bad humor, and yet she did not hesitate in her purpose. She had not come to ask anything of her august parent; she had come to tell him something.

Mr. Stull looked up darkly, and encountered the somewhat petite but extremely well-formed features of Miss Matilda, upon which an expression of calm determination seemed to have been set and screwed. Without a preface, and with no sign of embarrassment, she briefly announced the fact that she and Mr. Charles Crisman, now in business in the mercantile house of Irkton, Perrysteer & Co., had made an engagement to marry each other.

Mr. Stull pushed back his chair with an imprecation which seldom fell from his dignified lips. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "I mean exactly what I have said," answered his daughter Matilda.

Now rose J. Weatherby Stull in his wrath. In one day two persons, wholly dependent on him for everything they had in the world, had come to him and declared their intention of making unlawful marriages, for to him a marriage against his will was unlawful. To the first offender he had, as yet, said nothing or done nothing; but in this case, no caution, no prudence was necessary, and he launched upon his daughter the paternal thunder. He bade her never to mention to him again this stranger of whom she had spoken. He forbade her ever to speak to, or to write to, or even to think of, said stranger; and he ordered her to her room, there to remain until he had determined how she should be punished, and where she should be sent to be cured of this most unnatural, most disrespectful, and most atrocious folly.

Miss Stull declined to do any of these things.

Mr. Stull arose. "Do you wish me to take you by force to your room? Am I to be driven crazy by members of my family and by hirelings? Am I to hear twice a day that these dependents upon me intend, without my permission, and against my will, to marry?"

"Was the other one John People?" asked Miss Matilda.

Mr. Stull sat down as if he had been shot. "John People!" he gasped. "What is he to me?"

"He manages your restaurant," calmly replied his daughter, "and I have reason to believe that he wants to marry."

Mr. Stull sat and looked steadfastly at his daughter. Not a word did he speak, and it might almost be said not a thought did he think. His involuntary muscles and functions went on with their work, but every faculty, physical or mental, over which he ordinarily exercised volition was at a standstill. In only one way did he give any evidence of his ordinary reasoning powers. He presently turned to look towards the library door.

"Oh, that's all right," said Miss Matilda. "I shut it when I came in. I intended to speak of this restaurant business before long," she went on to say, "and I may as well do it now as at any other time, for it is a matter which concerns Mr. Crisman and myself as much as it does you. I began to suspect you had something to do with Vatoldi's when you used so often to urge mother and me to go there, and made a point of it especially on those days when you knew we were going shopping with the carriage. Mother never thought anything about it, but it struck me that you wouldn't take so much interest in a place of that sort if you didn't make something out of it. At first I supposed you had merely put some money into the concern, but I got into the habit of watching you when you were sitting

in your regular place at the upper end of the room where you could see everything, and if ever a man looked like the proprietor of an establishment, you looked like the proprietor of Vatoldi's. I remember one day that two young men came in, and sat down with their hats on, and John People was so busy he didn't see them; but you looked at him just as you look at our two little girls in church, and the instant he caught your eye you told him, just as plainly as if you had spoken, to attend to those two men, which he immediately did. And then, when the strike began there, and the boycotting, and all that sort of thing, and I saw how you were troubled, that stamped and sealed the matter in my mind. I knew very well that you would never concern nor worry yourself so much about a business that didn't belong to you. Still I didn't know whether you were only a partner or sole proprietor, but when I saw John People up in the country this summer, I asked him if the restaurant belonged to one person or a firm, and he answered, 'One person,' and immediately changed the conversation. He had no idea what his words meant to me, but he might just as well have said, 'Your father is the proprietor.' I kept this little bit of knowledge entirely to myself, knowing it would come of use some day. I think it is the first really valuable possession I ever acquired entirely by my own exertions, and I am sure it comes in very well now. If you had not shown so much objection to my marriage with Mr. Crisman, I should not have mentioned it at present. But I should have spoken of it before long, so it does not matter. I won't say anything more this evening, but will leave you to think over the subject of my engagement. I will say, though, that Mr. Crisman is a very genteel and stylish young gentleman, and that mother is entirely satisfied with him. You know the house he is in is one of the best in the city, and there isn't a speck of fault of any kind to be found with him. As to money, he can make it fast enough if he is properly helped."

With this remark Miss Matilda left the room.

What was in Mr. Stull's mind during the next three days nobody knew. Even his wife, although she saw that the soul of her consort was a storm-center of passion, heard nothing from him except an occasional thunder-clap of indignation concerning her complicity in Matilda's engagement. That there was some reason greater than this for the wrath that raged within him was plain enough to her, but she had no idea what it was, and her daughter would not tell her.

To Miss Matilda, her father spoke not a word during this period. He ignored her. He did not even look at her. In fact he had

very little to say to any one. When he was at home he shut himself up for the greater part of the time in his library, and when John came to him at the bank he spoke as few words as possible, and made no allusion to his manager's intended marriage. John was content to wait awhile for his employer's decision, but he had determined, no matter what that decision might be, that he would marry Miss Burns.

But Matilda was of a different turn of mind. She was not willing to wait more than three days for a decision concerning her affairs. At the end of that time she went to her father's study, where she knew he had shut himself up. When she entered she closed the door quickly behind her and stood by it, her hand still on the knob. Her father on seeing her sprang so suddenly to his feet that he nearly overturned the table before him.

"Now, don't shout out anything, father," she said, "for old Miss Manderson is in the parlor with mother, and if you begin that way I shall just open the door, and if she hears you abusing your daughter the whole church will soon know it. As you won't speak to me, I have come to speak to you. I have been thinking over this matter, and I have worked out in my mind the very best things that you can do. In the first place, you must give up that restaurant business; it isn't fair to me, nor to Mr. Crisman, nor to mother and the girls, nor to yourself, for that matter, that you should keep it any longer. The secret is sure to be found out, and very soon, if John People gets married, which I know he will, and think he ought to, besides, for the young woman is very suitable. I have bought things of her several times in order to find out what sort of person she is. If that restaurant matter is made public while you are still in the business it will ruin us all as far as society is concerned, and you have no right to bring anything of that kind upon Mr. Crisman and me, to say nothing of your wife and two young daughters. I don't want to seem hard, but I have got to speak the truth. If it is found out after you are out of the business it will be bad enough, but it will be a different affair. I know very well that in this city it doesn't matter much what a man has been, but it matters very much indeed what he is. You can either sell out to John People, or to somebody else, and take a mortgage on what he can't pay cash for, so you will still have an income from the place without having anything to do with it. And the sooner you get rid of it, the safer and better it will be for us all."

During this speech Mr. Stull had remained standing, and at two or three points his lips and face had moved as if the provocation to speak had been stronger than the resolution he had taken to hold no converse with this un-

natural daughter; but, as was usually the case with him, his resolution triumphed, and he remained sternly silent. No one but his daughter Matilda could have forced a communication of any kind upon him, but he knew well that unless he was willing to take the consequences of a very disagreeable scene,—which he was not,—he would be obliged to listen to her.

There was another reason why, in spite of the rage which boiled within him, he stood and listened to his daughter: he was keenly interested in what she was saying.

Miss Matilda continued: "As for Mr. Crisman and me, the best thing to do is to consider that matter as settled, because, having made up my mind to marry him, of course I shall do it. If you ever intend to give me any money at all, there can be no better way to do it than to let Mr. Crisman have it, and put it into his business and be made a partner. He told me that the 'Co.' is composed of persons belonging to the house who have been taken in, in that way, and he says a partnership is open to him whenever he has the money. That will not only help me to become a rich woman, but will also give me a position in society, for being the wife of a partner in a leading mercantile firm is very different from being the wife of a mere salesman. And you know that my position in society will be as much to you and all the family as it is to me. That is all I have to say, and if you have made up your mind not to speak to me for a week, I don't object to waiting for the three or four days that are left; but if it is for a longer time than that, you'd better write to me what you decide to do. And now I'll go and send somebody to see if they can clean the carpet of that ink which you didn't know you spilled when you jumped up so suddenly."

### XXXIII.

ON several occasions, moderately near each other, Mr. Stratford went to see Gay Armatt, and, together, they took up the old books and studies. But the reading and the discussing did not go on in the old way. Gay had lost her interest in her work and in her future, and seemed to have forgotten that she had had aspirations. If study did not actually tire her or bore her, at least the earnest enthusiasm with which she used to pursue it was entirely gone. Stratford was not slow to see this, and gradually, and always with a sufficient reason, he lengthened the intervals between his visits to Gay; and then, taking advantage of standing invitations from some of his old friends, he went on a visit of a few weeks to Boston and Cambridge.

He was glad to go. Not only did he tell himself that his work with Gay was done, but

she now told him, though not in words, that such work as he had been doing was done. The friends whom he visited did not find him quite the lively companion he used to be, and this proved to them that summers and autumns spent in sparsely settled mountain regions are not beneficial to the spirits of a man. One afternoon in Cambridge he was invited to attend a Thursday tea given by the young ladies of the Harvard Annex, which invitation he promptly declined. The friend who had proposed to accompany him was much surprised.

"I thought you took an interest in the higher education of girls," she said, "and would like to see what we are doing at the Annex."

"That is all very true in the past tense," he answered, "but you really cannot expect a person always to take the same interest in a thing."

Mr. Arthur Thorne, however, made it a point to visit at Mrs. Justin's house as often as he could find any reasonable excuse for so doing. He saw a good deal of Gay, and, in a measure, his society interested her. He gave her no law lessons, nor did he talk upon any subject fifteen seconds after he fancied that she had lost interest in it, striving always to find out what would best please her. He was often able to engage her attention pleasantly, and after a time she became rather glad to see him. Every day he grew more and more in love with her, but of this Gay knew nothing. Had she been any one but herself, or even had she been truly herself, she might have seen it, but just now her mental as well as her physical powers were working slowly and feebly.

Mrs. Justin perceived plainly enough that Thorne's love for Gay was becoming devotion, and this knowledge greatly troubled her. But there was nothing for her to do. She could not, with any show of reason, throw obstacles in the way of the young man's visits, for she had no right to constitute herself the guardian of Mr. Stratford's interests, and these interests formed the only possible reason why Arthur Thorne's course should in any way be obstructed. If she could have used obstacles at all, they would have been piled up in the present path of Mr. Stratford, who was wandering away from what was most desirable, just, and right, not only for himself but for Gay, and even for poor Mr. Thorne, who was blindly and ardently striving for something which she was quite certain he could never possess.

One afternoon when Mr. Thorne called he was told that Miss Armatt was not well, and was confined to her room; and the next day, and the next, and a good many days afterward, and often several times a day, he came and made inquiries, but he could not see her.

There was something the matter with Gay, believed to be malarial, which greatly prostrated her, but the disease was one in which the attending physician found very little of what might be called pronounciation. The malaria, which is so generally believed to be at the bottom of all disorders which do not assume definite and recognizable forms, declined to put forth any point which might advantageously be laid hold of. To add to this difficulty in the way of the physician, Gay would do nothing to assist him. All his appeals for coöperation on her part were totally unavailing. Food, medicine, and other agents for restoring health and strength had proved of so little service that after having lost her interest in them she seemed also to have lost interest in the effect they were designed to produce.

Mrs. Justin gave up all other pursuits of her life and devoted herself to the nursing of Gay. The relatives in Maryland were written to, and the married sister came to the city, but was obliged soon to return to her home and her family of small children. Other doctors were called in to consult with Gay's attending physician, but still that sly, cunning, and malicious malaria refused to come forth from the roots of Gay's energy and life, among which it appeared to have intertwined and entrenched itself.

Stratford came home from Boston, and on him fell not only the heavy weight of sorrow at the sad condition of his young friend, but sundry sharp stings from his own conscience and an amount of reproach and condemnation from Mrs. Justin for which he was not at all prepared. The time had passed, she believed, for ordinary censure or admonition. Stratford ought to be made to feel that on him alone depended Gay's restoration to health.

"Whatever else is the matter with Gay," she said, "I believe that her life is now ebbing away from her because she does not care for it. This world is empty to her. You made it empty, and you can fill it. Even now, if you become to her what you used to be, and give her the hopes which I am sure you once gave her, I believe she will want to live."

Stratford was much moved. "I cannot believe," he said, "that what you say is true. But even if it were true, and Gay's life depended on me, I could not save her as you propose without being false to her and false to myself."

Mrs. Justin looked almost angrily at him for a moment. "Then," she said, "you should not have taken from her the man who did love her."

Stratford walked home, his heart chilled and pained. The first thought that had come to him after Mrs. Justin's last words was that it was better that Gay should die than to be mar-

ried to such a man as Crisman. But now he asked himself: Was it better? Hard, cold reason did not deny him her support, but the support was neither cheering nor bracing. "Can it be true," the other question came to him again and again, "that I am the only one who can make her care to live?" He had believed that Arthur Thorne could be such a one; but now, when things were coming to him very bare and true and sharp, he could not say to himself that he had unreservedly hoped that Arthur Thorne, or any other man, would take Gay Armatt wholly to himself. There is a selfishness that sometimes lives within our noblest impulses without our knowing it. Some sudden burst of light may make the impulse transparent and show us the little hard stone lying at the heart of it. Some such light now broke upon Stratford, but he saw nothing plainly. All that was clear to him was that he must assert again and again: "I will be true to myself, and, thereby, true to her!"

Two days after this, when Arthur Thorne came as usual in the afternoon to Mrs. Justin's house, he met Stratford, who was just leaving.

"You cannot see Mrs. Justin," said the latter; "she has been up the greater part of the night, and is now asleep."

"How is Miss Armatt?" asked Arthur.

"They tell me she is weaker to-day than she was yesterday," answered Stratford.

"And that is what they said yesterday," said Thorne.

"Yes," said Stratford; and turning away his face, he made a step towards the door.

Arthur laid his hand upon his arm. "Tell me," he said, in words low-spoken but trembling with force, "can it be that I am never to see her again?"

Stratford turned and put his hands upon his friend's shoulders and looked for a moment in his face. Then he said, speaking slowly: "I have been to see her physician this morning, and I am convinced he has given up all hope of a rally of her strength. My dear boy, I am afraid that you will never see her again." And with that he went away, leaving Arthur standing in the hall.

The two men were not rivals: they loved each other and were now especially drawn together; but it was impossible for Stratford to talk longer with Arthur. The half-hour before, Mrs. Justin had come to him, and, putting a cold white hand in his, had said: "We must think no more about those things of which we have been talking. It is now too late." She did not say, "even for you," but there was that in her large sad eyes which carried these words straight into his heart.

Arthur Thorne stood in the hall until a maid-servant came to him; and knowing so

well who he was and why he came, she gently told him that the nurse, who was preparing some broth for Miss Gay just now, would stop on her way upstairs, and might be able to tell him something about her. And she opened the drawing-room door and left him.

Without answer, Arthur walked into the room, and, after a few steps, stopped, his eyes upon the floor. He was waiting for no one; he expected no one; he stood there without a purpose; he knew nothing in the world but that he should never see Gay again.

This young man was truly, powerfully, overwhelmingly in love. Since he had not been able to see Gay, he had loved her more than when he had been with her. His soul reached out toward her with an agony of craving that only a wildly loving heart can understand. His love was based upon no hopes, no expectations, no purposes; it had nothing to do with the future, nothing to do with the past; it was, simply, that now, this very moment, he loved her; his soul lived in her. And now he knew that never again should he hear her voice, never look into her eyes, never see her, in life again!

His blood ran fire and ice. He knew it was true that, although she was not dead, she had gone from him. He had no rights; he was nothing to her; he had never made himself anything to her. Why should any one allow him to see her again? To all intents and purposes he was an outside stranger. He would never see her again!

Suddenly his body trembled. His right hand stretched itself open, and then shut close and tight. His soul rose up in rebellion. This thing could not be. Heaven and earth might say so, but he would not admit it. It must be that he should again see Gay. She was not his Gay, but she possessed him wholly and utterly. He must see her again in life, were it only one glance at a tip of a curl of her hair.

Arthur Thorne was the most conventional of men, but down about him fell his conventionality as if it had been shaken to pieces by an earthquake.

He put his hat upon a chair; he listened; he knew exactly what he was about; every faculty rushed to the aid of the one action for which he now lived. He knew where Gay was. Mrs. Justin had told him of the large bright room at the back of the house adjoining the young girl's chamber, where, upon a lounge from which she could look out at the sky, she lay through the livelong day, thinking less, eating less, living less, as each day passed on. "It may be this is the one moment," Arthur said to himself, "in which I can see her. The nurse will come up, Mrs. Justin may awake, the relatives are expected. Now!"

With noiseless steps he passed along the hall, then up the one flight of softly carpeted stairs to a door with a portière partly drawn across it. He looked through the narrow opening into the large bright room in which of late his thoughts had so constantly dwelt. And, O Heavens! there was Gay, upon a lounge, close to the window, the sunlight falling on the soft folds of her lightly tinted dress and on the bright colors of a shawl thrown partly over her. It was Gay! He saw her!

The young girl lay perfectly motionless, her face slightly turned toward the window, her half-open eyes gazing out into the bright air but looking upon nothing. Her beautiful face was not changed in contour; all the roundness and softness and delicacy of outline were there, but the color had faded away. Her light-brown almost golden hair curled and waved, as of old, upon her forehead, and a mass of it was thrown to one side upon a cushion on which her head was resting. Her little hands were clasped together under her shawl, and they were very thin, and her form under its soft drapery was thin and weak and almost done with everything.

Gay, herself, was nearly done with everything. It was not a malady of the soul or of the affections which had prostrated this young girl, and under which her life was wasting. It was, indeed, that malignant and subtle spirit of disease for which the doctors had been seeking, and which would, long ago, have come forth, its head bowed for the death-stroke, had Gay brought up her forces against it. But she brought up none. Medicine and skill can do nothing without the assistance of vital force, and the only warfare in which Gay's young soul was able to engage seemed directed against the vital forces. All that would sustain her body or her mind had become repulsive to her. Her soul had ceased to be hungry, and the example of her soul was followed by her body.

This girl had been true to every normal impulse of her nature. She had had a purpose in life, noble, intellectual, of high aim. But this had not been all. She had loved. Thus stood her woman's nature, equipped for the battle of life. But love had been taken from her, roughly and suddenly, and the manner of its taking had been such that it had gone, absolutely and utterly. There had been nothing to take the place of this love. The warmest, truest friendship could not do it. Already a true friendship, unripened into love, had shown its powerlessness. What was left was a half-soul; and girls like Gay, with half-souls, die.

Gay was in a dream. It was a day-dream, although not one which sprang from her own volition. She was too weak for that now. Whatever came into her mind wandered there of its own accord; and the dream that now

came to her was one of earlier days, of the days when her life began to fill with purpose and meaning, and yet days that were so near they scarcely seemed to belong to the past. Into this dream came all her youth and happiness; and so came love. But it was not a vision of flowing streams and bending shades, of warm-tinted sunset skies, of the majesty of mountains, or the wide-spreading verdure of the fields. No kindred soul breathed to her words of high intent and stirring hope. She wandered in thoughtless bright content with the young Charlie she first had known and loved. The moonlight of their walks fell upon city squares and parks. They talked and laughed in the midst of walls and windows, cold ceilings and unyielding floors, but the spirit of young love made these as delicate of tint and tone, as odorous of perfume, and as soft of footfall as white clouds in the clear blue sky, the tender blossoms of the grape, and the soft grass upon the fields. This was the early, fresh, and blossom love, and as it first showed the signs of woman's life within her, so memory, wandering freely, went back to it and sat beside it, finding it purer, sweeter, more enduring than all else.

And thus the young girl lay, knowing no present and no future; lost even to all the past except that she was simply happy, and held the boy, Charlie, by the hand.

Suddenly she felt a touch upon her shoulder. A man was kneeling by her.

"I could not help it," he said. "I saw you, and I could not keep myself from coming to you. Will you not speak to me, dear Gay?"

She slowly turned her head toward him, and her large eyes opened wide, but in them was no surprise, no questioning. Just now dreams were to her like real life, and real life like a dream. She wondered not at either.

"Mr. Thorne," she said, in a voice very low and perfectly calm.

"Yes," said Arthur, his words trembling with passionate emotion which he was struggling to subdue, "it is I, and I came to tell you—Heaven has given me this chance, and I must tell you quickly. O Gay, I love you! I have loved you almost ever since I knew you! And now, dear Gay, it nearly kills me—"

The poor fellow could not speak his mind. His fine sensibilities would not suffer him to say to Gay that he could not let her die without knowing that he loved her. But this is what he meant.

Gay looked at him very steadily and quietly. Her mind was going back. "Was that the reason that you taught me law?" she said.

"It was the reason I lived," said Arthur. "It was the reason for everything I thought, and everything I did. O Gay, perhaps I

ought to have told you before, but then I did not think—and afterward came the time when there was no opportunity. But now I have this one chance. I know that you may not care anything about me, but I could not help it! I must come and tell you how I love you, love you, love you!"

As he spoke tears came into his eyes, and some of them rolled down his cheeks. Gay looked at him with more interest than she had looked at anything for days, but her manner was still very quiet and apparently untouched by any emotion.

"Do you know," said she, "that I am not going to live?"

Thorne did not answer, but the expression that came into his face showed, even to the listless mind of Gay, that he knew it.

"It is a great pity," she said, her large eyes still fixed upon him, "that you should feel this way now."

"I feel so now," he said, "and I shall feel so always. It don't make any difference what happens, I shall feel so all my life—always—forever!"

Gay still looked at him, but said nothing. Suddenly his manner changed.

"O Gay!" he exclaimed in a tone of almost wild importunity, "why will you die? It is too terrible, too dreadful! Why will you not do everything to make yourself live? They tell me you do not fight against Death. Why will you not rouse yourself up and fight against it? For the sake of everybody who loves you—for the sake of this beautiful world—for your own sake, dear Gay?"

She looked at him for a moment, a slight shade of uncertainty upon her brow. For weeks she had received from Mrs. Justin, from her doctor, from her attendants and friends, the most earnest and anxious entreaties to battle against Death, but there was nothing in Gay's nature to give response to these prayers, and day by day they fell upon her ear colder and more commonplace. But the words spoken by Arthur Thorne, coming from him, and in this way, and at this time, and with something behind them of which her mind took cognizance but did not act upon, seemed altogether different and novel.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

Arthur did not answer. The words that came to him were too many, too ordinary, too weak. His eyes fell upon a tall heavy flask, the sight of which struck a pang to his heart. He knew it well. It contained a strengthening and revivifying cordial which had been ordered by Gay's doctor, and which Arthur, at Mrs. Justin's request, had procured for her. This he had done more than a week before, and as it now stood between him and the light it told

the tale of this young girl's surrender. Its contents could scarcely have been tasted.

Arthur arose, and approached the table. He did not speak; he could scarcely shape his thoughts. The power of this remedy, upon which so much hope and reliance had been placed, had never been tried. Somewhere there was a cruel sin. He had made himself well aware of the nature of the cordial, for it concerned Gay. Pouring a small quantity of the liquid into a glass, he again knelt by the side of the young girl.

"Will you not drink this?" he said. "It will help you to fight Death. Dear Gay, do not refuse it!" And he held the glass toward her.

She looked steadily into his eyes, and upon her lips came a smile, faint and shadowy; but no fainter nor more shadowy than the interest in life and this world that awoke within her.

"If you wish it so much, I will try," she said. "But you will have to raise my head."

With the glass in one hand, Arthur passed the other beneath her head. Her soft masses of silky hair enveloped his hand, and some of it fell over his wrist. It was Gay's head that lay in his open palm, warm, round, and heavy. She could not lift it; he it was who should raise it! Every fine hair that touched him seemed to send an electric thrill throughout his soul and body; it belonged to that dear Gay whom he loved.

Slowly and gently he raised her, and placed the glass to her lips. She drank it, and then he tenderly lowered her head and drew out his hand from her hair.

Gay turned her eyes toward him with a full, earnest gaze. "Thank you," she said, "and I think you had better take some of it yourself. You are very pale."

That she should say it was enough. He rose to his feet, poured out a glassful of the cordial and drank it. Then he came back to the lounge.

"Do you feel better?" she said.

For a few moments Arthur could not speak, and, when he did, his voice was husky and slightly tremulous. That she should think of him!

"Dear Gay," he said, "will you not let them give it to you? Think of this dear world, and do not die. And now I must go. Perhaps I have staid too long. But I have seen you! I have told you!"

She drew out from under the shawl one of her thin little hands, and Arthur clasped it in both of his own. He was about to press upon it a passionate kiss, but with a sudden effort he restrained himself. He had told her; that was all; and he had no right to touch her with his lips. His eyes filled with tears, and he left the room.

When the nurse, who had experienced delay-

ing difficulties in the preparation of a delicacy with which she designed to tempt whatever lingering trace of appetite might yet remain with her young charge, heard above her the quick closing of the front door, she exclaimed: "There! that gentleman has gone! But I can't say I'm sorry. It's a harder thing to answer his questions now than it ever was before."

An hour or two afterwards she said to Mrs. Justin: "I wish that young gentleman had staid, for I know it would have pleased him wonderful to hear that Miss Armatt took three tablespoonfuls of the broth I made her. How she suddenly came to have all that appetite I can't imagine."

(To be continued.)

Gay was then sleeping, and when she awoke Mrs. Justin was sitting by her side. The eyes of the young girl instinctively moved towards the window, outside of which the air was still bright with the light of day; but suddenly she turned them on her friend.

"Dear," she said, "don't you want to give me some of that drink Mr. Thorne poured out for me?"

"Mr. Thorne!" exclaimed Mrs. Justin.

"That is it," said Gay, glancing towards the table. "He was very good, and I am glad I took it."

Frank R. Stockton.

## SNUBBIN' THROUGH JERSEY. II.

**T**HE first attempt to turn the *Cowles* at Titusville had failed dismally. At the critical moment and when the *Cowles* was within an arm's measure of turning her full length, the line had parted, blocking the whole traffic of the canal, and filling the air with the pungent objections of

the Patriarch quietly, closely examining her stern, "I could handle her."

Behind the locker in Dusenberry's private cabin aft was an ordinary 100-foot tape-line. The Patriarch took one bank of the basin and one end of the line and Scraps the other. Less than the boat's length below, careful measurement showed the canal slightly wider than where the *Cowles* lay aground. At this point the unwelcome difference of three feet was reduced to two. The Patriarch now crawled along on his knees, plunged his arm under the water, and felt carefully the muddy edge of the yielding earth bank. The profanity of the



half a score of captains, who, from chunker, skuker, and barge expressed in English, terse if not elegant or pious, their condemnation of a "passel of fools who would try to sail a grain-boat over a ten-acre lot."

"If she was three feet shorter," remarked

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impeded chunker fleet temporarily ceased, and a curious and expectant crowd of natives followed his movements with attention.

"Here we are!" he shouted, springing to his feet. "Get out another line, warp her down, and run her nose in here. The muskrats have done it. Here's a 'cave-in' as deep as a well."

Later in the evening when Dusenberry, seated on his cabin top, smoked his pipe in the moonlight, with the bow of the *Cowles* turned toward Trenton and the tow-lines coiled on deck for the morning start, he was overheard to remark to his wife between the puffs: "Marthy, queer kind of canalin' this, rootin' round in musk-rat holes. Never knowed

brought milk, another berries, and a fourth a request from a bevy of pretty girls timidly eying the awnings and flags from a bridge beyond, that they be allowed to come aboard before starting.

Will the artistic eyes gathered around the charming table in the cozy *salon*, with the sunlight sifting in through the awning overhead, ever forget the oval face with the brown eyes framed in the Gainsborough hat, and how daintily she poured tea from that old Satsuma pot covered with pink and yellow peonies, which the Scribe treasured? Were not the rugs spread on deck and the cushions piled high, and was not the Scribe's guitar handed up, and do they not often hear now in the stillness of their studios the soft voices blending with the gurgling plash of the water about the bow and the cry of the tow-boy as he urges his rested mules back to Trenton? Finally, is it not a tradition that this digression up a feeder, although not on the original programme, left behind it some of the most lasting impressions of this most eventful expedition?

But Trenton hove in sight. Before even the outlying bridges were reached there could be seen the dense smoke of its many chimneys clouding the summer sky, while the roar of constantly passing trains heard afar off bespoke its busy life.

Our tow-boy was not an engaging-looking boy to contemplate. Since his first appearance on deck the previous afternoon he had remained at the end of his tow-line and steadily cared for his team. At this distance he presented a travel-stained, bedraggled aspect. The remnant of a slouch hat clung to one ear, a shock of red hair slanted like a thatched roof over the other. His shirt, trousers, and cowhide shoes presented a series of patches as varied as a sample card. Over all these was ground and smeared and plastered the red dust of his native State.

The Scribe had regarded the patient, plodding form of the tow-boy for some hours. As he looked now and then over his book from his easy-chair under the awning in the afternoon light, he could see him a cable's length ahead, now walking, now riding, now, again, resting, stretched out full length on the near mule's back, with his head reclining on the crupper of the harness, and his feet hooked in the hames and collar, fast asleep.

"Boys," said he, after some reflection, "that tow-boy doesn't have much comfort in life. Let's invite him to dinner."

Whether it was owing to the novelty of the idea, or the old spirit of Bohemianism and good fellowship that characterized the group,—and, for that matter, all other such groups the



RAISING THE UPPER GATE.

them varmint wuz good for anything before 'cept to skin, and they ain't."

Then he leaned forward and whispered, "We might have done worse than winterin' here. Guess the pay would 'a' held out."

THE morning that broke over the pretty village of Titusville was one to be remembered. A sound sleep, a plunge in the cool basin, and a cup of coffee on deck before the sun had crept up the hill far enough to get a good look at the *Cowles*, refreshed everybody. Nor was the sun all alone in his anxiety to see the show-boat. The people turned out. One man sent down half a cartload of ice. Another

world over,—or whether their individual kindly sympathy prompted the courtesy, is not known; but it is a fact that Brushes instantly called Moses and ordered another plate at table, and that the Patriarch and Scraps proceeded at once to carry out the Scribe's idea.

He came up to the side of the boat, and looked up with an air of wonderment that was delightful. He warn't rigged for comp'ny. Chuck him a bottle of beer and a sandwich. He warn't hungry. But that didn't suit the Scribe. He must slack up his tow-line, tie that team by the willows, and come aboard now while the soup was hot.

"Well, if you crowd me," he said; "though you kin see I ain't fitten."

When, however, he descended the broad staircase into the hold and caught sight of the rich interior, with its softened light from many colored lamps and lanterns, and the luxuriousness everywhere apparent, then the dinner-table, with its refreshing linen and masses of wild flowers filling the center, he slid down upon the nearest divan with the remark: "Gosh hang! but you fellers hev slickened her up!" After that nothing could move him. He would have a pipe if there was one handy, but he didn't want no "wittles."

Whether it was the mild stimulant of the Lone Jack, or the perfect equality and good fellowship that surrounded him and was steadily maintained, which broke down his reserve,



WAITING FOR THE TOW TO MAKE UP.

is not worth deciding; but thus he it said, that the Scribe interested him at once in his profound ignorance of the genus mule. "Guess you never lived with mules," said Monahan. "When you come to have them by yer fifteen years you finds them out." Then followed some revelations based upon personal observations. To the world in general the mule is a stubborn, vicious, and unintellectual beast, not safe abaft the beam. No one credits the animal with ambition, character, or any feelings akin to human moods; but to all this the driver emphatically objected. "Kick? why, of course;

I slacked up the line to slide by. I was on the mule. First I knew, we was all five of us in the water, the four mules scared to death, and the yacht and the schooner havin' a swearin' match. I yanked the string that slips the hook in the whiffletree, set free the mules, and got 'em all out. Then I joined sides with the schooner."

It was Monahan's opinion that canaling was healthy if people would walk enough to keep well. He often made two fourteen-mile trips a day, and one day within a week had done thirty-eight miles with a light boat, starting at



ON THE BORDER OF AN OVERFLOW.

it is the way they talk, same as a dog's tail. They won't kick you if you treat them decent. I have had them white ones more 'n five years, and never a cross word out of 'em. That old wheeler knows as much as I do. When I'm asleep on his back, and we comin' to a bridge, he ups and lets drive with his heels, much as to say, 'Who's runnin' this team?' Nights I always sleep on the long stretches, 'cause I know he'll slack up and drop the line for a boat to pass when he sees a light near to. He follows me 'round like a dog."

"How did you do it?"

"Reckon he remembers how I fished him out of the drink one night. Some galoots from down river, goin' through in a small yacht, anchored and went to bed. I guess they was the first crowd ever anchored in the canal. I came along with an old schooner called the *Tempest*, full of coal, bound for New Haven.

five o'clock in the morning. The drivers were all ages, from twelve years up. They got thirty dollars a month and board through the season. They put up at any station where they happened to be, and were on call in turn. It might be that they had only time to feed the team before starting on another lift. Each driver had the entire care of his team and harnesses. His own rest and sleep must be taken in snatches. No, they didn't count much on things between meals.

The braying of one of the impatient teams put an end to the interview, and, with profuse thanks, the guest hurried to pick up the slack line. It is a short run from Trenton down to Bordentown, and for the most part devoid of particular interest from a picturesque point of view. The tow-path is splendidly kept up, and through the trees a short distance away the Delaware glimmered in the sunlight. As



ONE OF THE HOPKINSON HOUSES, BORDENTOWN.

the canal approaches Bordentown it widens out into a basin of considerable size. Several small ponds lead out of it. On their banks two or three busy shipyards, where scows are built, find their place. Along a tongue of land extending into the basin was a group of small picturesque houses, completely in character with the place. They faced on the narrow lane. At the back door of each house was a landing with one or two skiffs tied to posts, and the water lapping the lower step. Off to the right of the company's office are the stables; for this, like New Brunswick, is one end of the Raritan canal. One more deep lock and the Delaware is before the voyager.

There was every reason why the deck should be occupied by an anxious and expectant group as the *Cowles* neared Bordentown. Every square acre of this lovely village is historical ground. Here in the good old days Benjamin Franklin spent a night. Here lived Joseph Bonaparte, the elder brother of Napoleon I., sometime king of Naples and of Spain; Prince Lucien Murat; Judge Joseph Hopkinson, the author of "Hail, Columbia," and his father, Judge Francis Hopkinson, the signer; Commodore Stewart, known as "Old Ironsides"; Parnell's mother now resides there; and here lived Tom Paine, and the family of Yturvide, the Mexican emperor, who passed several months here a short time after the husband and father met his death at the hands of his own people in Padilla.

High up, overlooking the winding canal and the gently curving Delaware, is the bluff, or real-

ly promontory, near which Bonaparte built his mansion. The noble trees fringing the wood-crowned height could still be seen from where the *Cowles* was moored; but the grand old house, with its richly carved doors, ample stairway, generous library, and dining-room enriched with ornaments and bits of furniture from the Luxembourg, has long since passed out of the memory of any but the oldest inhabitants.

In the quaint streets of the old-fashioned town can now be found the sloping roof and dormer-windows of the Murat house, where Madame Murat taught school in the days of their poverty; and farther on the old Hopkinson mansion, where for the first time, to the accompaniment of the harpsichord, were heard the strains of the national anthem.

The whole-souled hospitality for which the town has been noted for more than a century was not wanting, and half an hour after the boat had been made snug and safe with her bow-line over a wharf-post and the stern-line to one of the mooring spiles, the entire party were booked for a game at tennis, a drive through the suburbs, and unlimited invitations to break bread in a dozen houses at once.

The Patriarch and Brushes, by reason of their kinship with some of the earlier settlers, felt instantly at home, and prepared to make everybody else so. Extra Chinese lanterns were unpacked and hung on deck; some rich silks and Venetian embroideries thrown over the standing easels; the cello was re-strung; an extra dozen of plates and an equal number of



CAPTAIN DUSENBERRY.

cups and saucers were purchased, that Moses might catch his breath between soup and fish; all the brass jars and pottery filled with such wild flowers and tall grasses as could be hastily gathered; smoking jackets, old pipes, well-worn slippers, and like bachelor traps and trappings tucked under divans and behind the furniture, and the whole interior, by a cunning touch here and there, was transformed into a lady's boudoir.

Moses was in his element. Ices revolved around on deck, served in after-dinner coffee saucers, followed by relays of cake (Bordentown brand) on a Delft plaque. Punch was brewed down in the salon in an Imari bowl, and ladled out in small Venetian cups of a varied and difficult pattern, but yet of a certain homogeneity of form and style when not seen too close together.

Maidens in the freshest of summer costumes reclined on the Turkish divans. Up on deck, in out-of-the-way places, far forward or aft, behind the apron of the awning and other such secluded spots, couples were tucked away and only discovered by the red spark of a cigar or the ringing laugh that told the story of the night. If the stately dames who graced the drawing-rooms of the olden time could have looked down upon the fair faces and forms of their descendants, they would not have believed in the degeneracy of the times.

During all this festivity there was one grim, solitary figure who sat like a Sphinx. He moved only once, and that when a lantern fell from a slat in the awning above, rolling its candle at his feet. Then he rose from his seat beside the useless tiller, ground the taper

under his heel, and stealthily dropped the harmless Japanese decoration overboard.

"They'll blow us up, be gosh! they will," he said. "Wish they'd take them women folks and get out and let a man sleep. Here it is after midnight. Marthy, if they don't stop this racket I'll begin swabbin' the decks, I will, be gosh! and drown some on 'em."

Dusenberry's murderous intent was, however, never carried out. It is true he swabbed the decks; but not until the gray dawn had broken into dappled gold were the sleepy inmates of the grand salon awakened by the tramp of his bare feet overhead striking the deck like a wet fish. Then the swash of his bucket scattered the water through the half-open hatches, and roused the inmates.

"Moses," came from a divan far aft, "go up on deck and tell the captain to be careful of his water. Regular mill-stream pouring down my back!" And "Moses," called out another, this time the Scribe, "bring me a bath towel, and let down the awning-apron, and put out the ladder. I'm going to have a dip overboard."

"So am I," returned the Patriarch, springing from his couch.

In less time than it takes to tell it, all four heads were bobbing about like corks in the cool water of the canal, after which they all wormed up the straight ladder, were rubbed



THE LOCK-TENDER'S ASSISTANT.

down like race-horses, and in five minutes thereafter were taking their coffee from the fragrant pot over which Moses presided. This was always on deck in the open air and sunlight, from a low table convenient to cushions and rugs, and within reach of every man's outstretched arm.

Victim of a Pullman buffet car, all dust and waiter! inhabitant of a White Star saloon cabin,

hangings curtaining off the after-part of the hold, and reappear with an easel, which he placed in a favorable light under the hatch. Then he tiptoed back and returned with a canvas and palette. He whispered to the Scribe: "Look at that girl's head—regular Titian! Tell Brushes to keep on until I get an outline of it. Please don't move, my lady; you are positively delightful."



THE DESERTED HOUSE.

with its air full of carbonic acid and its table rack-worm and empty! do you know what it is to breakfast on deck in the soft morning air, with the fleecy clouds overhead, the shimmer and plash of water among the cool of sedge and lily pads, and the green fields before you fringed and backed by dark cedars? Of course you don't, and never did. Misguided traveler! return to the ways of your ancestors! Try a canal-boat.

By nine o'clock sundry friends who had helped make the previous night merry were hailed, welcomed, and escorted up the gang-plank and down into the salon. Breakfast was served in due course without a protest from Moses, who, assisted by "Marthy," struck from this Jersey rock not only water, but other liquids and solids not referred to in the original text.

Then the music was hunted up, and Brushes drew his bow across his 'cello, and guests and hosts sank into easy-chairs or threw themselves on the divans as the symphonies of Beethoven filled the interior.

It was then that Scraps was seen to start from his seat, disappear quietly behind the silk

But she did move, only to strike a more charming pose, and so did the entire group. Then the symphony ceased, and soon two more easels bore down like a battery upon the lovely head with its arching eyebrows and golden hair, and thus the early morning hours slipped away.

HEADING a procession consisting of five or six coal-boats, two oil-boats, and a two-masted schooner, the *Cowles* pulled out in the cool hours of the next morning with all flags set to the breeze. From Bordentown up to Trenton is a steady lift. The first lock has a rise of fourteen feet, and the next two are very nearly as high. On the right bank the heavy trains puffed up the grade, and on the other, shaded by the lofty wide-spreading willows and constantly tempted by the grassy green bank, almost within reach, the patient mules plodded along in the red dust. For three miles the bank behind the tow-path is very high and compactly built, with willows thickly planted, a veritable bulwark against the Delaware, which sweeps along a short distance away. In the spring the river comes up to the very banks, and is a constant source of danger. At

such times the path-walker is on duty day and night, plugging the smallest holes with sod, filling in where the rain has started a gully, and building the bank higher where it has washed away. In ordinary times each walker has a stretch of fourteen miles to watch. He walks down the tow-path one day and back on the heel-path the next, with a shovel or pick with which to make repairs, or armed with a scythe to trim the briars, ivies, and elders. His worst enemy is the musk-rat, whose holes, running far into the bank, may at any moment make an outlet and become a dangerous break. Against these ravages the company supply a special guardian in the person of the ratter. The whole length of the canal is divided up among several men who make it their business to trap musk-rats all the year round. They use an ordinary steel trap without teeth, which they set as near as possible in the path of the main entrance or regularly used track to the rat-hole. The men are paid wages by the day, and the noses and tails are redeemed by the company at fifteen cents once a month. The pelts belong to the ratter, and are cured by him, to be sold later at an average of about eighteen cents each. Any rat trapped within a mile of the canal is a legitimate catch, and a day's work is from ten to fifteen.

"What harm can a rat do a mile away?" asked Scraps.

"He may come over here any fine morning, and if he don't, his children will. You can't count on a rat till he is skinned. I have been trapping them thirteen years, and I don't know all their ways yet. Sometimes they are too cunning to go within ten feet of a man's track, and other times they will walk into a bag and lie down."



THE BOYS FROM THE POTTERY.



A RATTER.

Then, as a special favor, he produced from the lock-house a white musk-rat caught by him and stuffed by the same hand, in an attitude which the animal never could have assumed when alive, and which was suggestive of the three-toed sloth in the museum.

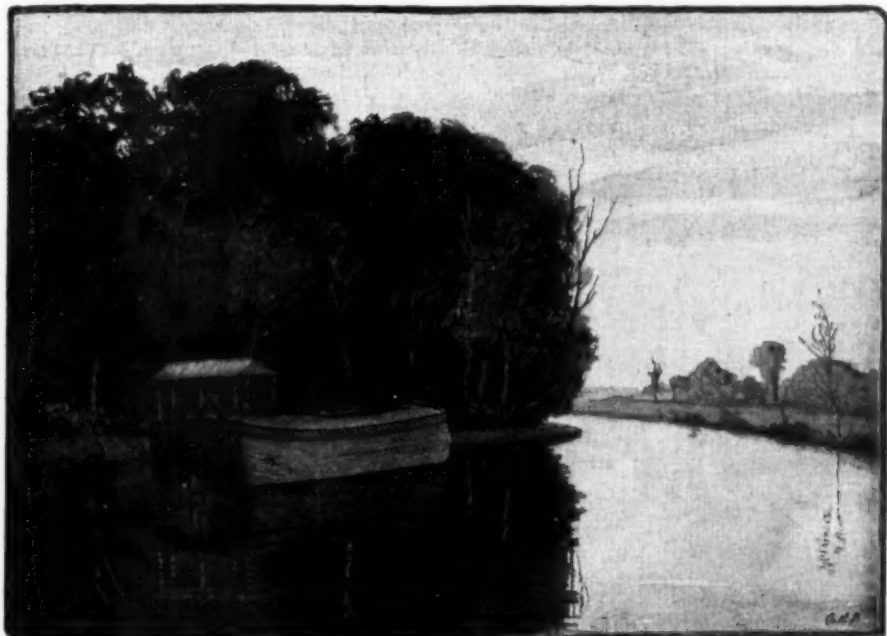
"What I don't understand," said the ratter, as he fondled a pile of pelts, "is, why any animal wastes so much backbone in tail." As no one was prompt with a solution of this, word was given to the tow-boy, and the slack line was taken up.

The canal below Trenton is considerably discolored by chemicals, mostly iron, which are poured into it from the works on the banks, but on the high level where the feeder comes in, the water is comparatively pure. The boys from the potteries which stretch along the tow-path towards Princeton make full use of their opportunities. The *Cowles* was in luck, and approached this quarter during the noon hour.

"Hey, Micky," said an urchin, as he poised on a post ready for a dive, "look at de circus!" "Tain't no circus; that's a likeness boat," said Micky. Another one offered to chip in and buy the occupants some long pants, while a companion of his, dripping with water, offered to swim out and lick the cook for four cents. Moses went below, and the opportunity passed. During this running fire the windows in the potteries were crowded with heads, and each head had something to say. The canal literally swarmed with boys of all ages, colors, and proficiency in swimming. They ran ahead of the boat, took a long dive, and came up in time to catch the tow-rope, or perhaps one would

get astride of the rudder-blade, when instantly others plunged in, made a race for him, seized him and each other by any available limb, and hung on in a bunch or strung out in the wake with the boat under full headway. But the approach of a propeller, one of the line which sends through one boat each way daily on the way to Baltimore or New York, quickly scattered the boys, and in a few minutes the

shadows deepened and the blue vanished from the sky, a procession of coal-boats, each with its green light forward, passed silently in review and disappeared around the bend. Against the dark background nothing could be seen of the mules, but in the water, reversed, were their reflections perfectly outlined. As the boats approached they seemed to take on an unusual size, and with it an air of dignity.



A NEIGHBOR NEAR KINGSTON.

*Cowles* was outside the city and fast approaching green fields and grateful shade. Long before the afternoon had gone, a halt for the night was made near a picturesque clump of willows which partly obscured a deserted house. Its storm-beaten eaves were almost overtopped by the weeds which luxuriated in a tangled garden. Atop the broken palings of the fence an ivy and a trumpet-vine found their devious paths, and along the bank which once skirted the walk blossomed a profusion of pink, black, and white hollyhocks. The team was sent ahead to the next station, with orders to call at nine the following day. Sketching-traps were fished out, and everybody was at work. The Scribe gathered the blossoms, Moses started off afield with a basket on each arm, and in twenty minutes the *Cowles* was deserted save by "Marthy" and her lord. On deck, after dinner, as the long

There was something impressive in their silent, steady advance, as one after another their lights came into view, approached, and passed. The boatmen were silent. The man at the helm, attracted by the unusual illumination on the *Cowles*, in a low tone called his mate, or spoke to his wife, and said no more. Wearied with steering all day in the hot sun, and anticipating an all-night's run with a bare chance of hitting the tow at New Brunswick the next morning, the men paid little attention to anything else than the work before them or the necessity of resting while opportunity offered. Early in the procession a detached team passed, the whiffletree chains clanking against the stones, and the tow-boy singing to himself as he rode by, seated sidewise on the rear mule, with his back to the canal.

"He's happy."

"You bet," came from the darkness, into

which the Scribe's remark had penetrated. "No more teaming to-night; I've cast two shoes on the leader and broken a trace, and there ain't no smith nearer than Kingston."

Suddenly, at a distance through the trees shone a strong, steady light somewhat higher than the others; then the first rays of the moon caught something white moving in the tree-tops, and in a moment more the tall masts of a schooner, with topsails bunched, appeared against the brightening sky. As she passed close to the *Cowles*, the Patriarch, Brushes, and the Scribe vaulted aboard, intending

Brushes, "we'll get on the next boat we meet and ride back."

Twenty minutes later a light boat approached, and as she passed, the trio, relying on their welcome, hastily transferred their persons. As the shining awning of the *Cowles* again came in sight, the Scribe pointed it out to the puzzled boatman. Then instantly it was all clear to him. "Bin down along advertising; where do you show next?" Just as the party clambered on board and bade the *Mary Ann* good-night, Dusenberry disappeared in his cabin, saying, "Marthy, these fellows been



"MANNED BY CHILDREN."

to get off at the next bridge, wherever that was, and walk back on the heel-path. It proved to be the schooner *Wave*, which had loaded with coal at Philadelphia for Bridgeport. Why did they go through the canal? It was more convenient. Running day and night, the passage is made in thirty-six hours. Wasn't it partly because they were afraid to trust the old hulk outside the capes? That had something to do with it. How far was Kingston? Five miles. How far to the next bridge? Four miles. How could the gentlemen get off? Couldn't unless they'd swim. The boat was deeply loaded and had to be kept in the middle of the canal. "All right," said

off snaking some peach orchard. There'll be 'n officer aboard here next, and we'll have to swear they was in bed. If the Lord ever gets us back to old Erie, I don't want any more side shows in mine."

Just before sunrise next morning the rumbling of a thunder-storm and the pattering of heavy drops on the deck overhead brought every one to his feet to lash the awning and make things secure. The two after-hatches were closed. The forward one was tilted in the direction of the storm, and with the flies of an old tent, an abundance of cord, and a few screw eyes, a canvas fence as high as the shoulders was built about the gangway to keep



THE BOW OF THE "TERROR."

the rain from blowing in. Dusenberry had his hands full with his own awning, his bird-cages, and Marthy in terror of the thunder. "No use leaving here to-day," said the Patriarch, as he and the Scribe prepared for their plunge in the drizzle. "This is our first gray day, and we must make the most of it. Here's a haunted house and no end of stuff within reach." There was no dissenting opinion, and Dusenberry was therefore ordered to send word by the next passing boat, countermanding the order for the team.

"We can run down in the night," added Brushes. While breakfast was being served in a sheltered spot aft, the hatches were lifted to air the salon. Marthy as usual improved the opportunity to make up the divans and put things to rights. The withered flowers were thrown away and the vases replenished with fresh ones. Moses cleaned and trimmed the lamps, took account of stock, filled the pitcher with ice-water, and then busied himself with the breakfast dishes. The forenoon was spent in watching the clouds, tinkering, writing letters, and overhauling sketches made on the trip. Scraps was busy with pen-and-ink drawings intended for reproduction. The Patriarch, suddenly alarmed lest all the glory of the unique interior should some day vanish like the flame from a candle, started an elaborate pastel, and Brushes, sharing his fear, laid in one corner of the boat in water-colors. When the rain ceased, nature was again at the mercy of the brush and pencil, and the knights made the most of it. From the deck the most picturesque of the passing boats were hastily sketched. One appeared to be manned by children. On the top of the house were two little girls, and peeping over the edge of an empty, painted box, evidently kept for the purpose, was a third. The helmsman was a boy, who ate his lunch as he swung the tiller. On another boat the helpmate was doing the family washing, in spite of the weather. The commander's pride in his craft

was evident. Everything shone in fresh paint of decided hues. The rudder-blade was deep blue and the tiller striped with yellow and brown. Across her square stern in white letters on a black ground, festooned with filigree, was painted her name, the *Terror*. Towards night the sun broke through, and the day ended in a brilliant display of cloud scenery. With the first patch of blue sky word was sent by a passing chunker to have the team up at eight o'clock that evening. While at dinner the voice of Dusenberry was heard in conversation with the tow-boy.

"You fellows going down along to-night?" came from the tow-path.

"They say they be," said Dusenberry.

"Where will you tie up?"

"Somewhere this side of York; I ain't makin' no plans."

"Ten Mile Lock?" inquired the persistent driver, anxious to know what his trip was to be.

"Give it up," said Dusenberry; "this is good enough for me."

After a brief silence the gentle ripple of the waves pushed up by the square nose of the *Cowles* indicated that she was once more under way. The landscape by night was that of a new country. Before the moon rose it required a keen eye to follow the shore, and a practiced hand to keep the boat off the bank. Steering a canal-boat seems easy, but it is sometimes harder than it looks. An empty boat, eight feet out of water, with an awning to catch



BELOW PRINCETON.



ABOVE THE LOCK AT KINGSTON.

every breath of air, will give a strong man plenty of exercise. In the darkness the lights behind on the bridges where the country roads cross the canal glowed like stars low down on the horizon. Suddenly the *Cowles* rounded a bend, and a bright light seemed to shoot from a clump of dark trees. "Blow your horn, blow your horn!" yelled the tow-boy. "How was I to know this was a bridge," grumbled Dusenberry as Marthy finished a long blast, and gathered breath for another. A moment more and a stream of yellow light from the bank illumined the whitewashed bridge as it swung upstream. The *Cowles* grazed the end, bumped heavily against the heel-path bank, and headed around for the next stretch. The rising moon solved Dusenberry's severest perplexities. A bridge a mile off was in plain sight. Under the railroad bridge at Princeton Junction, by the beautiful farms which stretch up to the collegiate town a mile or two to the left and on towards Kingston, the *Cowles* went at a good pace. The moonlight completely disguised familiar scenery, and when the tow-boy slacked up to let the boat run into the lock at Kingston, no one recognized the place. Sometime after midnight, while the Scribe, who had volunteered to relieve Marthy, was taking a trick at the helm, the low white buildings of Ten Mile Lock

appeared. The *Cowles* found a place at the crib among a number of boats heading in both directions, and made fast. The lights on deck were extinguished, the two after-hatches closed, and all was quiet for the night. Far away astern somewhere among the Roman candles and empty packing-boxes, in the direction of Dusenberry's cabin, came a sound of no uncertain meaning. "Brushes," said the Scribe, as he adjusted his mosquito-net, "his snore is worse than his war-cry." Early in the morning the lock-tender came on board with the mail, which he had thoughtfully gathered at the Bound Brook post-office, some three miles off. Moses returned to the lock-house in his company, and long before the heat of the day three hundred pounds of ice were stored in the refrigerator, and with it fresh vegetables, blueberries, chickens, and all that could be spared from a passing butcher's wagon. It was the middle of the forenoon before the team was summoned. One more run would end at New Brunswick; the next morning would dawn with the *Cowles* at New York, and the outing at an end. But there was no escape. The charter of the boat ran out the next day, and she must not only be handed over to her owners promptly, but delivered empty. Without special interest the hours passed, until about five

o'clock the high railroad bridge at New Brunswick loomed up in the distance. Had the New York tow gone? No, the huge tug was made fast to the coal-wharf and near by her boats enough to make up a tow. Nothing now remained but to await the ebb tide.

"Brushes," said the Scribe, as the great tow fell into line on its way towards New York from New Brunswick, "Dusenberry has just interviewed me as to what this expedition is all about. He says we hain't showed nowhere, nor give no concerts, nor pulled teeth, nor

eling coal don't help one's temper or one's appreciation of the Venus of Milo. Dusenberry isn't so bad as he seems. When Moses broke the Delft plaque yesterday and was about to throw the pieces overboard, Dusenberry caught them on the fly, and he and Marthy have been all the afternoon trying to stick them together with flour-paste as a decoration for her kitchen."

"Verily some good seed has fallen on apparently stony ground," mused the Patriarch, half aloud.



WILLOWS NEAR PRINCETON.

distributed no hand-bills, nor asked nobody to subscribe to no book; we hain't sold no ancient things 'cept we did it at night, and he and Marthy has watched and nothin's gone over the side, and he should like to know, now we are p'inted for home, what we started for, and whether we got it, and whether it's any fault of his'n if we hain't."

"Tell him," said the Patriarch, who was stretched out on the deck watching the sunset clouds mirrored in the still waters of the widened river, "tell him our sole object is to improve our digestive apparatus, our breathing apparatus, and our ability to sleep eight hours at a stretch, and that if he would laugh more and grumble less it would not be half so hard for him to swing his tiller, and twice as easy for him to be agreeable to his neighbors."

"Make allowance for his early training," chimed in Scraps. "Driving mules and shov-

"And that isn't all," continued Scraps. "Only to-day as I lay dozing on my divan I overheard Dusenberry tell Moses that he guessed next week the old girl (that is, the *Cowles*) would look naked enough after the stuff was h'isted out of her, and that this trip had kind o' spoiled him for canalin'."

"Oh, ye bric-à-brac gods," piously rejoined the Patriarch, intoning his voice. "Another convert."

A general comparison of notes and observations followed. Brushes said he also had remarked that Dusenberry had acquired of late a habit of assailing the wild flowers that daily came aboard, and had made one corner of Marthy's kitchen fresh and cheery with field daisies and fragrant water-lilies. The Patriarch, being pressed, admitted that he had caught him examining intently the wrong side of a Turkish rug and speculating with Marthy

as to the possibility of her duplicating it the next winter. The Scribe chimed in that it was catching, and that he had detected the tow-boy tying dandelions to his hat-band, and braiding the mule's tail. All agreed, however, that the captain was undergoing a positive change of heart. This became certain when below New Brunswick the *Cowles* was crowded out of her position and forced on the outside of the main tow to take

during the preceding three weeks were reclaimed, assorted, and packed away. A subdivision of colors and brushes and an interchange of sketches took place. Fragile lanterns and the more delicate silks and hangings were packed in convenient drawers. The great Sypher chest was filled with the extra rugs and cushions, and the smaller and more breakable bric-à-brac bestowed inside the original studio cases under the after-hatch.



THE "COWLES" IN HARBOR AT TEN MILE LOCK.

unprotected the thumping around the *Romer*. When this occurred, the deck and salon waited as usual for the sulphurous smell which generally followed any expression of Dusenberry's opinions to his fellow-boatman on occasions like this, concluding with an ardent wish for the immediate consignment of the whole load of second-hand truck to a climate warmer and more remote. Judge, then, of their surprise when this came sifting down the open hatches.

"Get out that fender. Get it out, gol darn you, and get aft with it—quick. Want to smash something, do you? What do you think we've got aboard here, anyhow,—potatoes or baled hay,—that you're kicking 'round like a loose mule? You break something and you'll find out! Why, be gosh, we've got teacups and sassers aboard here worth more'n your whole mud scow, mules and all."

THE expedition was nearing its end. This was seen everywhere. Sketches which had been tacked up for a day to dry and left permanently to decorate were slid into portfolios. The book-shelves were dismantled and each occupant claimed his own. Knickknacks, pipes, tobacco-pouches, slippers, caps, and painting-jackets which had been used indiscriminately

It was evident that the beauty of the interior still possessed the occupants like a spell; and as each man removed from its place some rare object which had gone to make up the unique salon, he felt a pang as though ashamed of the work he was engaged in.

At last the tall spire of Trinity could be seen outlined against the morning sky, and the great bank of yellow fog hanging like a cloud over the city.

The tow broke up into sections. One to Gowanus, another to Newtown Creek, and a third to Redhook. The *Cowles* under special tow glided up to her dock at East Thirty-fourth street, the home of the wharf rat and the dock tramp. As she neared her berth a man could be seen climbing a tall spile. Presently he waved his hat and shouted through his hand:

"What boat's that?"

"The *Seth G. Cowles*," returned Dusenberry.

"All right, Cap; your owner's been waiting for you for a week. You're chartered to take a load of lime to Sands Point, and you got to hustle 'round and get your truck out or you'll lose it."

Later in the day three furniture wagons toiled up the ascending grade of Thirty-first street. From their sides and ends protruded

the tops and arms of antique chairs, loose bits of rugs, brass lamps, mattresses, rolls of matting, cooking utensils, boxes, barrels, crates, pictures, canvases, easels, and awning-poles. They were followed by four individuals who seemed to act as a body-guard. Three of these

wore knickerbockers; the fourth a sombrero of unusual size. All were sunburnt to a light chocolate brown. As the procession disappeared over the brow of the hill, it left the impression on the mind of the observer that the party was homeless but had rescued its traps.

*F. Hopkinson Smith.  
J. B. Millet.*

"H. H.'S" GRAVE.

GOD, for the man who knew Him face to face  
Prepared a grave apart, a tomb unknown,  
Where dews drop tears, and only winds make moan,  
And white archangels guard the narrow space.  
God gives to His beloved sleep; the place  
Where His seer slept was set remote, for rest,  
After the forty years of desert quest,  
The Sinai terrors, and the Pisgah grace.  
So, clear-eyed priestess, sleep! remembering not  
The fiery scathe of life, nor trackless years;  
Not even Canaan's sun-kissed, flowery meads.  
God shields, within His hollowed hand, the spot  
Where brooding peace rebukes unquiet tears.  
She sleepeth well who hath wrought such noble deeds!

*M. Virginia Donaghe.*



THE GRAVE OF "H. H." (HELEN JACKSON) ON CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. L. GILLINGHAM.)

# AZALIA.

By the author of "Uncle Remus," "Little Compton," etc.



"IS THAT YOU, BUD?"

IV.

MRS. STUCKY, making her way homeward through the gathering dusk, moved as noiselessly and as swiftly as a ghost. The soft white sand beneath her feet gave forth no sound, and she seemed to be gliding forward, rather than walking, though there was a certain awkward emphasis and decision in her movements suggesting something altogether human in their suggestions. The way was lonely. There was no companionship for her in the whispering sighs of the tall pines that stood by the roadside, no friendliness in the constellations that burned and sparkled overhead, no hospitable suggestion in the lights that gleamed faintly here and there from the windows of the houses in the little settlement. To Mrs. Stucky all was commonplace. There was nothing in her surroundings as she went towards her home to lend wings even to her superstition, which was eager to assert itself on all occasions.

It was not much of a home to which she was making her way—a little log-cabin in a pine thicket, surrounded by a little clearing that served to show how aimlessly and how hopelessly the lack of thrift and energy could assert itself. The surroundings were mean enough and squalid enough at their best, but the oppressive shadows of night made them meaner and more squalid than they really were. The sun, which shines so lavishly in that region, appeared to glorify the squalor, showing wild passion-flowers clambering

along the broken-down fence of pine-poles, and a wisteria vine running helter-skelter across the roof of the little cabin. But the night hid all this completely.

A dim, vague blaze, springing from a few charred pine-knots, made the darkness visible in the one room of the cabin, and before it, with his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, sat what appeared to be a man. He wore neither coat nor shoes, and his hair was long and shaggy.

"Is that you, Bud?" said Mrs. Stucky.

"Why, who'd you reckon it wuz, maw?" replied Bud, looking up with a broad grin that was not at all concealed by his thin sandy beard. "A body'd sorter think, ef they 'uz

ter ketch you gwine on that a-way, that you 'spected ter find some great somebody er nuth-er a-roostin' in here."

Mrs. Stucky, by way of responding, stirred the pine-knots until they gave forth a more satisfactory light, hung her bonnet on the bed-post, and seated herself wearily in a rickety chair, the loose planks of the floor rattling and shaking as she moved about.

"Now, who in the nation did you reckon it wuz, maw?" persisted Bud, still grinning placidly.

"Some great somebody," replied Mrs. Stucky, brushing her gray hair out of her eyes and looking at her son. At this, Bud could contain himself no longer. He laughed almost uproariously.

"Well, the great Jemimy!" he exclaimed, and then laughed louder than ever.

"Wher've you been?" Mrs. Stucky asked, when Bud's mirth had subsided.

"Away over yander at the depot," said Bud, indicating Little Azalia. "An' I fotch you some May-pops too. I did that! I seed 'em while I wuz a-gwine 'long, an' I sez ter myself, sezee, 'You jess wait thar tell I come 'long back, an' I'll take an' take you ter maw,' says yee."

Although this fruit of the passion-flower was growing in profusion right at the door, Mrs. Stucky gave this grown man, her son, to understand that May-pops such as he brought were very desirable indeed.

"I wonder you didn't fergit 'em," she said.

"Who? me!" exclaimed Bud. "I jess like fer ter see anybody ketch me fergittin' 'em. Now I jess would. I never eat a one nuth-er not a one."

Mrs. Stucky made no response to this, and none seemed to be necessary. Bud sat and pulled his thin beard and gazed in the fire. Presently he laughed and said:

"I jess bet a hoss you couldn't guess who I seed — now I jess bet that."

Mrs. Stucky rubbed the side of her face thoughtfully and seemed to be making a tremendous effort to imagine who Bud had seen.

"'Twer'n't no man en 'twern't no Azalia folks. 'Twuz a gal."

"A gal!" exclaimed Mrs. Stucky.

"Yes'n, a gal, an' ef she wa'n't a zooner you may jess take an' knock my chunk out."

Mrs. Stucky looked at her son curiously. Her cold gray eyes glittered in the firelight as she held them steadily on his face. Bud, conscious of this inspection, moved about in his chair uneasily, shifting his feet from one side to the other.

"'Twer'n't no Sal Badger," he said, after a while, laughing sheepishly; "'twern't no Maria Matthews, 'twern't no Lou Hornsby, an' 'twern't no Martha Jane Williams, nuth-er."

She wuz a bran'-new gal, an' she went ter the tavern, *she* did."

"I've done saw 'er," said Mrs. Stucky placidly.

"You done saw 'er, maw!" exclaimed Bud. "Well, the great Jemimy! What's her name, maw?"

"They didn't call no names," said Mrs. Stucky. "They jess sot thar an' gormandized on waffles an' batter-cakes, an' didn't call no names. Hit made me dribble at the mouf the way they went on."

"Wuz she purty, maw?"

"I sot an' looked at um," Mrs. Stucky went on, "an' I 'lowed maybe the war moughter come betwixt the old un an' her good looks. The t'other one looks mighty slick, but, Lordy! She hain't nigh ez slick ez that ar Lou Hornsby; yit she's got lot's purtier motions."

"Well, I seed 'er, maw," said Bud, gazing into the depths of the fireplace. "Atter the ingine come a-snortin' by, I jumped up behind the hack whar they puts the trunks, an' I got a right good glimp' un 'er, an' ef she hain't purty then I dunner what purty is. What'd you say her name wuz, maw?"

"Lordy, jess hark ter the creetur! Hain't I jess this minute hollered an' tole you that they hain't called no names?"

"I 'lowed maybe you moughter hearn the name named an' then drapt it," said Bud, still gazing into the fire. "I tell you what, she made thet ole hack look big, *she* did!"

"You talk like you er start crazy, Bud," exclaimed Mrs. Stucky, leaning over and fixing her glittering eyes on his face. "Lordy, what's she by the side er me? Is she made out'n i'on?"

Bud's enthusiasm immediately vanished, and a weak flickering smile took possession of his face.

"No'm — no'm! that she hain't made out'n i'on. She's lots littler'n you is — lots littler. She looks like she's sorry."

"Sorry! What fer?"

"Sorry fer we all."

Mrs. Stucky looked at her son with amazement not unmixed with indignation. Then she seemed to remember something she had forgotten.

"Sorry fer we all, honey, when we er got this great big pile er tavern vittles?" she asked with a smile, and then the two fell to and made the most of Mrs. Haley's charity.

At the tavern Helen and her aunt sat long at their tea, listening to the quaint gossip of Mrs. Haley, which not only took a wide and entertaining range, but entered into details that her guests found extremely interesting. Miss Tewksbury's name reminded Mrs. Haley of a Miss Kingsberry, a Northern lady, who had

taught school in middle Georgia, and who had "writ a sure enough book," as the genial landlady expressed it. She went to the trouble of hunting up this "sure enough" book, a small school dictionary, and gave many reminiscences of her acquaintance with the author.

In the small parlor, too, the ladies found General Garwood awaiting them, and they held quite a little reception, forming the acquaintance, among others, of Miss Lou Hornsby, a fresh-looking young woman who had an exclamation of surprise or a grimace of wonder for every statement she heard and for every remark that was made. Miss Hornsby also went to the piano and played and sang "Nelly Gray" and "Lily Dale" with a dramatic fervor that could only have been acquired in a boarding-school. The Rev. Arthur Hill was also there, a little gentleman whose side-whiskers and modest deportment betokened both refinement and sensibility. He was very cordial to the two ladies from the North, and strove to demonstrate the liberality of his cloth by a certain gayety of manner that was by no means displeasing. He seemed to consider himself one of the links of sociability, as well as master of ceremonies, and he had a way of speaking for others that suggested considerable social tact and versatility. Thus, when there was a lull in the conversation, he started it again, and imparted to it a vivacity that was certainly remarkable, as Helen thought. At precisely the proper moment, he seized Miss Hornsby and bore her off home, tittering sweetly as only a young girl can, and, the others following the example thus happily set, left Helen and her aunt to themselves, and to the repose that tired travelers are supposed to be in need of. They were not long in seeking it.

"I wonder," said Helen, after she and her aunt had gone to bed, "if these people really regard us as enemies?"

This question caused Miss Tewksbury to sniff the air angrily.

"Pray, what difference does it make?" she replied.

"Oh, none at all," said Helen. "I was just thinking. The little preacher was tremendously gay. His mind seemed to be on skates. He touched on every subject but the war, and that he glided around gracefully. No doubt they have had enough of war down here."

"I should hope so," said Miss Tewksbury. "Go to sleep, child; you need rest."

Helen did not follow this timely advice at once. From her window she could see the constellations dragging their glittering procession westward, and she knew that the spirit of the night was whispering gently in the tall pines, but her thoughts were in a whirl. The

scenes through which she had passed and the people she had met were new to her, and she lay awake and thought of them until at last the slow-moving stars left her wrapped in sleep, a sleep from which she was not aroused until William shook the foundations of the tavern with his melodious bell, informing everybody that the hour for breakfast had arrived.

Shortly afterwards, William made his appearance in person, bringing an abundance of fresh, clear water. He appeared to be in excellent humor.

"What did you say your name is?" Helen asked. William chuckled, as if he thought the question was in the nature of a joke.

"I'm name' Willum, ma'm, en my mammy, she name' Sa'er Jane, en de baby, she name' Phillypeener. Miss 'Ria, she say, dat baby is de likeliest nigger baby w'at she y'ever been see sence de war, en I speck she is kaze Miss 'Ria aint been talk dat away 'bout eve'y nigger baby w'at come 'long."

"How old are you?" Miss Tewksbury inquired.

"I dunno'm," said William, placidly. "Miss 'Ria, she says I'm lots older dan w'at I looks ter be, en I speck dat's so, kaze mammy say dey got ter be a runt 'mongst all folks's famblies."

Helen laughed, and William went on:

"Mammy say ole Miss gwine come see you all. Mars Peyt' gwine bring 'er."

"Who is old Miss?" Helen asked. William gazed at her with unfeigned amazement.

"Dunner who ole Miss is? Lordy! you de fus' folks w'at aint know ole Miss. She Mars Peyt's own mammy, dat's who she is, en ef she come lak dey say she comin', hit'll be de fus' time she y'ever sot foot in dish yertavern less'n 'twuz indurance er de war. Miss 'Ria say she wish ter goodness ole Miss 'ud sen' word ef she gwine stay ter dinner so she kin fix up somepin n'er nice. I dunno whe'er Miss Hallie comin' er no, but ole Miss comin', sho, kaze I done been year um sesso."

"And who is Miss Hallie?" Helen inquired, as William still lingered.

"Miss Hallie — she — dunno'm, ceppin' she des stays dar 'long wid um. Miss 'Ria say she mighty quare, but I wish turrer folks wuz quare lak Miss Hallie."

William staid until he was called away, and at breakfast Mrs. Haley imparted the information which, in William's lingo, had sounded somewhat scrappy. It was to the effect that General Garwood's mother would call on the ladies during their stay. Mrs. Haley laid great stress on the statement.

"Such an event seems to be very interesting," Helen said rather dryly.

"Yes'm," said Mrs. Haley, with her peculiar emphasis, "it ruther took me back when

I heard the niggers talkin' about it this mornin'. If that old lady has ever darkened my door, I've done forgot it. She's mighty nice and neighborly," Mrs. Haley went on, in response to a smile which Helen gave her aunt, "but she don't go out much. Oh, she's nice and proud — Lord, if pride 'ud kill a body, that old 'oman would 'a' been dead too long ago to talk about. They're all proud — the whole kit and b'ilin'. She mayn't be too proud to come to this here tavern, but I know she aint never been here. The preacher used to say that pride drives out grace, but I don't believe it, because that 'ud strip the Garwoods of all they've got in this world; and I know they're just as good as they can be."

"I heard the little negro boy talking of Miss Hallie," said Helen. "Pray, who is she?"

Mrs. Haley closed her eyes, threw her head back, and laughed softly.

"The poor child!" she exclaimed. "I declare I feel like cryin' every time I think about her. She's the forlornest poor creetur the Lord ever let live, and one of the best. Sometimes, when I git tore up in my mind, and begin to think that everything's wrong-end foremost, I jess think of Hallie Garwood, and then I don't have no more trouble."

Both Helen and her aunt appeared to be interested, and Mrs. Haley went on:

"The poor child was a Herndon — I reckon you've heard tell of the Virginia Herndons. At the beginning of the war she was married to Ethel Garwood, and, bless your life, she hadn't been married mo'n a week before Ethel was killed. 'Twa'n't in no battle, but jess in a kind of skirmish. They fotch him home, and Hallie come along with him, and right here she's been ev'ry sence. She does mighty quare. She don't wear nothin' but black, and she don't go nowhere less'n it's somewheres where there's sickness. It makes my blood run cold to think about that poor creetur. Trouble hits some folks and glances off, and it hits some and thar it sticks. I tell you what, them that it gives the go-by ought to be monst'ous proud."

This was the beginning of many interesting experiences for Helen and her aunt. They managed to find considerable comfort in Mrs. Haley's genial gossip. It amused and instructed them, and at the same time gave them a standard, half-serious, half-comical, by which to measure their own experiences in what seemed to them a very quaint neighborhood. They managed in the course of a very few days to make themselves thoroughly at home in their new surroundings, and, while they missed much that tradition and literature had told them they would find, they found much to excite their curiosity and attract their interest.

One morning, an old-fashioned carriage, drawn by a pair of heavy-limbed horses, lumbered up to the tavern door. Helen watched it with some degree of expectancy. The curtains and upholstery were faded and worn, and the panels were dingy with age. The negro driver was old and obsequious. He jumped from his high seat, opened the door, let down a flight of steps, and then stood with his hat off, the November sun glistening on his bald head. Two ladies alighted. One was old, and one was young, but both were arrayed in deep mourning. The old lady had an abundance of gray hair that was combed straight back from her forehead, and her features gave evidence of great decision of character. The young lady had large, lustrous eyes, and the pallor of her face was in strange contrast with her somber drapery. These were the ladies from Waverly, as the Garwood place was called, and Helen and her aunt met them a few moments later.

"I am so pleased to meet you," said the old lady, with a smile that made her face beautiful. "And this is Miss Tewksbury. Really, I have heard my son speak of you so often that I seem to know you. This is my daughter Hallie. She doesn't go out often, but she insisted on coming with me to-day."

"I'm very glad you came," said Helen, sitting by the pale young woman after the greetings were over.

"I think you are lovely," said Hallie, with the tone of one who is settling a question that had previously been debated. Her clear eyes from which innocence, unconquered and undimmed by trouble, shone forth, fastened themselves on Helen's face. The admiration they expressed was unqualified and unadulterated. It was the admiration of a child, but the eyes were not those of a child. They were such as Helen had seen in old paintings, and the pathos that seemed part of their beauty belonged definitely to the past.

"I lovely?" exclaimed Helen in astonishment, blushing a little. "I have never been accused of such a thing before."

"You have such a beautiful complexion," Hallie went on placidly, her eyes still fixed on Helen's face. "I had heard — some one had told me — that you were an invalid. I was so sorry." The beautiful eyes drooped, and Hallie sighed gently.

"My invalidism is a myth," Helen replied, somewhat puzzled to account for the impression the pale young woman made on her. "It is the invention of my aunt and our family physician. They have a theory that my lungs are affected and that the air of the pine-woods will do me good."

"Oh, I hope and trust it will," exclaimed Hallie, with an earnestness that Helen could trace to no reasonable basis but affectation. "Oh, I do hope it will. You are so young — so full of life."

"My dear child," said Helen, with mock gravity, "I am older than you are — ever so much older."

The lustrous eyes closed, and for a moment the long, silken lashes rested against the pale cheek. Then the eyes opened and gazed at Helen appealingly.

"Oh, impossible! How could that be? I was sixteen in 1862."

"Then," said Helen, "you are twenty-seven, and I am twenty-five."

"I knew it — I felt it!" exclaimed Hallie, with pensive animation.

Helen was amused and somewhat interested. She admired the peculiar beauty of Hallie, but the efforts of the latter to repress her feelings, to reach, as it were, the results of self-effacement, were not at all pleasing to the Boston girl.

Mrs. Garwood and Miss Tewksbury found themselves on good terms at once. A course of novel-reading, seasoned with reflection, had led Miss Tewksbury to believe that Southern ladies of the first families possessed in a large degree the Oriental faculty of laziness. She had pictured them in her mind as languid creatures, with a retinue of servants to carry their smelling-salts, and to stir the tropical air with palm-leaf fans. Miss Tewksbury was pleased rather than disappointed to find that Mrs. Garwood did not realize her idea of a Southern woman. The large, lumbering carriage was something, and the antiquated driver threatened to lead the mind in a somewhat romantic direction, but both were shabby enough to be regarded as relics and reminders rather than as active possibilities.

Mrs. Garwood was bright and cordial, and the air of refinement about her was pronounced and unmistakable. Miss Tewksbury told her that Dr. Buxton had recommended Azalia as a sanitarium.

"Ephraim Buxton!" exclaimed Mrs. Garwood. "Why, you don't tell me that Ephraim Buxton is practicing medicine in Boston? And do you really know him? Why, Ephraim Buxton was my first sweetheart!"

Mrs. Garwood's laugh was pleasant to hear, and her blushes were worth looking at as she referred to Dr. Buxton. Miss Tewksbury laughed sympathetically but primly.

"It was quite romantic," Mrs. Garwood went on, in a half-humorous, half-confidential tone; "Ephraim was the school-teacher here, and I was his eldest scholar. He was young and green and awkward, but the best-hearted,

the most generous mortal I ever saw. I made quite a hero of him."

"Well," said Miss Tewksbury, in her matter-of-fact way, "I have never seen anything very heroic about Dr. Buxton. He comes and goes and prescribes his pills like all other doctors."

"Ah, that was forty years ago," said Mrs. Garwood, laughing. "A hero can become very commonplace in forty years. Dr. Buxton must be a dear, good man. Is he married?"

"No," said Miss Tewksbury. "He has been wise in his day and generation."

"What a pity!" exclaimed the other. "He would have made some woman happy."

Mrs. Garwood asked many questions concerning the physician who had once taught school at Azalia, and the conversation of the two ladies finally took a range that covered all New England, and, finally, the South. Each was surprised at the remarkable ignorance of the other; but their ignorance covered different fields, so that they had merely to exchange facts and information and experiences in order to entertain each other. They touched on the war delicately, though Miss Tewksbury had never cultivated the art of reserve to any great extent. At the same time there was no lack of frankness on either side.

"My son has been telling me of some of the little controversies he had with you," said Mrs. Garwood. "He says you fairly bristle with arguments."

"The general never heard half my arguments," replied Miss Tewksbury. "He never gave me an opportunity to use them."

"My son is very conservative," said Mrs. Garwood, with a smile in which could be detected a mother's fond pride. "After the war, he felt the responsibility of his position. A great many people looked up to him. For a long time after the surrender we had no law and no courts, and there was a great deal of confusion. Oh, you can't imagine! Every man was his own judge and jury."

"So I've been told," said Miss Tewksbury.

"Of course you know something about it, but you can have no conception of the real condition of things. It was a tremendous upheaval coming after a terrible struggle, and my son felt that some one should set an example of prudence. His theory was, and is, that everything was for the best, and that our people should make the best of it. I think he was right," Mrs. Garwood added with a sigh, "but I don't know."

"Why, unquestionably!" exclaimed Miss Tewksbury. She was going on to say more; she felt that here was an opening for some of her arguments, but her eyes fell on Hallie, whose pale face and somber garb formed a

curious contrast to the fresh-looking young woman who sat beside her. Miss Tewksbury paused.

"Did you lose any one in the war?" Hallie was asking softly.

"I lost a darling brother," Helen replied.

Hallie laid her hand on Helen's arm, a beautiful white hand. The movement was at once a gesture and a caress.

"Dear heart!" she said, "you must come and see me. We will talk together. I love those who are sorrowful."

Miss Tewksbury postponed her arguments, and, after some conversation, the visitors took their leave.

"Aunt Harriet," said Helen, when they were alone, "what do you make of these people? Did you see that poor girl and hear her talk? She chilled me and entranced me."

"Don't talk so, child," said Miss Tewksbury; "they are very good people, much better people than I thought we should find in this wilderness. It is a comfort to talk to them."

"But that poor girl," said Helen. "She is a mystery to me. She reminds me of a figure I have seen on the stage or read about in some old book."

When Azalia heard that the Northern ladies had been called on by the mistress of Waverly, that portion of its inhabitants which was in the habit of keeping up the forms of sociability made haste to follow her example, so that Helen and her aunt were made to feel at home in spite of themselves. General Garwood was a frequent caller, ostensibly to engage in sectional controversies with Miss Tewksbury, which he seemed to enjoy keenly; but Mrs. Haley observed that, when Helen was not visible, the general rarely prolonged his discussions with her aunt.

The Rev. Arthur Hill also called with some degree of regularity, and it was finally understood that Helen would at least temporarily take the place of Miss Lou Hornsby as organist of the little Episcopal church in the tackey settlement, as soon as Mr. Goolsby, the fat and enterprising book agent, had led the fair Louisa to the altar. This wedding occurred in due time, and was quite an event in Azalia's social history. Goolsby was stout, but gallant, and Miss Hornsby made a tolerably handsome bride, notwithstanding a tendency to giggle when her deportment should have been dignified. Helen furnished the music, General Garwood gave the bride away, and the little preacher read the ceremony quite impressively, so that, with the flowers and other favors, and the subsequent dinner, which Mrs. Haley called an "in-fair," the occasion was a very happy and successful one.

Among those who were present, not as invited guests, but by virtue of their unimportance, were Mrs. Stucky and her son Bud. They were followed and flanked by quite a number of their neighbors, who gazed on the festal scene with an impressive curiosity that cannot be described. Pale-faced, wide-eyed, statuesque, their presence, interpreted by a vivid imagination, might have been regarded as an omen of impending misfortune. They stood on the outskirts of the wedding company, gazing on the scene apparently without an emotion of sympathy or interest. They were there, it seemed, to see what new caper the townspeople had concluded to cut, to regard it solemnly, and to regret it with grave faces when the lights were out and the fantastic procession had drifted away to the village.

The organ in the little church was a fine instrument, though a small one. It had belonged to the little preacher's wife, and he had given it to the church. To his mind, the fact that she had used it sanctified it, and he had placed it in the church as a part of the sacrifice he felt called on to make in behalf of his religion. Helen played it with uncommon skill — a skill born of a passionate appreciation of music in its highest forms. The Rev. Mr. Hill listened like one entranced, but Helen played unconscious of his admiration. On the outskirts of the congregation she observed Mrs. Stucky, and by her side a young man with long sandy hair, evidently uncombed, and a thin stubble of beard. Helen saw this young man pull Mrs. Stucky by the sleeve and direct her attention to the organ. Instead of looking in Helen's direction, Mrs. Stucky fixed her eyes on the face of the young man and held them there, but he continued to stare at the organist. It was a gaze at once mournful and appealing — not different in that respect from the gaze of any of the queer people around him, but it affected Miss Eustis strangely. To her quick imagination, it suggested loneliness — despair, that was the more tragic because of its isolation. It seemed to embody the mute, pent-up distress of whole generations. Somehow Helen felt herself to be playing for the benefit of this poor creature. The echoes of the wedding-march sounded grandly in the little church, then came a softly played interlude, and finally a solemn benediction, in which solicitude seemed to be giving happiness a sweet warning. As the congregation filed out of the church, the organ sent its sonorous echoes after the departing crowd — echoes that were taken up by the whispering and sighing pines and borne far into the night.

Mrs. Stucky did not go until after the lights were out, and then she took her son by the hand, and the two went to their lonely cabin

not far away. They went in and soon had a fire kindled on the hearth. No word had passed between them, but after awhile, when Mrs. Stucky had taken a seat in the corner and lit her pipe, she exclaimed:

"Lordy! what a great big gob of a man! I dunner what on the face er the yeth Lou Hornsby could 'a' been a-dreamin' about. From the way she's been a-gigglin' aroun' I'd 'a' thought she'd 'a' sot her cap fer the giner'l."

"I say it!" said Bud, laughing loudly. "Whatter you reckon the giner'l 'ud 'a' been a-doin' all that time? I see 'er now, a-gigglin' an' a-settin' 'er cap fer the giner'l. Lordy, yes!"

"What's the matter betwixt you an' Lou?" asked Mrs. Stucky grimly. "'Taint been no time senset you wuz a-totin' water fer her ma, an' a-hangin' aroun' whilst she played the music in the church thar." Bud continued to laugh. "But, Lordy!" his mother went on, "I reckon you'll be a-totin' water an' a-runnin' er'n's fer thish yer Yankee gal what played on the organ up thar jess now."

"Well, they haint no tellin'," said Bud, rubbing his thin beard reflectively. "She's mighty spry 'long er that organ, an' she's got mighty purty han's an' mighty nimble fingers, an' ef she 'uz ter let down her ha'r, she'd be plum ready ter fly."

"She walked home wi' the giner'l," said Mrs. Stucky.

"I seed 'er," said Bud. "He sent some yuther gals home in the carriage, an' him an' the Yankee gal went a-walkin' down the road. He humped up his arm this away, an' the gal tuck it, an' off they put." Bud seemed to enjoy the recollection of the scene, for he repeated, after waiting awhile to see what his mother would have to say — "Yes, sirc! she tuck it, an' off they put."

Mrs. Stucky looked at this grown man, her son, for a long time without saying anything, and finally remarked with something very like a sigh:

"Well, honey, you neenter begrudge 'em the'r walk. Hit's a long ways through the san'."

"Lordy, yes'n!" exclaimed Bud with something like a smile; "it's a mighty long ways, but the giner'l had the gal wi' 'im. He jess humped up his arm, an' she tuck it, an' off they put."

It was even so. General Garwood and Helen walked home from the little church. The road was a long but a shining one. In the moonlight the sand shone white, save where little drifts and eddies of pine-needles had gathered. But these were no obstruction to the perspective, for the road was an avenue, broad and level, that lost itself in the distance

only because the companionable pines, interlacing their boughs, contrived to present a background both vague and somber — a background that receded on approach, and finally developed into the village of Azalia and its suburbs.

Along this level and shining highway Helen and General Garwood went. The carriages that preceded them, and the people who walked with them or followed, gave a sort of processional pomp and movement to the gallant Goolsby's wedding — so much so, that if he could have witnessed it, his manly bosom would have swelled with genuine pride.

"The music you gave us was indeed a treat," said the general.

"It was perhaps more than you bargained for," Helen replied. "I suppose everybody thought I was trying to make a display, but I quite forgot myself. I was watching its effect on one of the poor creatures near the door — do you call them tackies?"

"Yes, tackies. Well, we are all obliged to the poor creature — man or woman. No doubt the fortunate person was Bud Stucky. I saw him standing near his mother. Bud is famous for his love of music. When the organ is to be played, Bud is always at the church, and sometimes he goes to Waverly and makes Hallie play the piano for him while he sits out on the floor of the veranda near the window. Bud is quite a character."

"I am so sorry for him," said Helen gently.

"I doubt if he is to be greatly pitied," said the general. "Indeed, as the music was for him, and not for us, I think he is to be greatly envied."

"I see now," said Helen, laughing, "that I should have restrained myself."

"The suggestion is almost selfish," said the general gallantly.

"Well, your nights here are finer than music," Helen remarked, fleeing to an impersonal theme. "To walk in the moonlight, without wraps and with no sense of discomfort, in the middle of December, is a wonderful experience to me. Last night I heard a mocking-bird singing, and my aunt has been asking Mrs. Haley if watermelons are ripe."

"The mocking-birds at Waverly," said the general, "have become something of a nuisance under Hallie's management. There is a great flock of them on the place, and in the summer they sing all night. It is not a very pleasant experience to have one whistling at your window the whole night through."

"Mrs. Haley," remarked Helen, "says that there are more mocking-birds now than there were before the war, and that they sing louder and more frequently."

"I shouldn't wonder," the general assented.

"Mrs. Haley is quite an authority on such matters. Everybody quotes her opinions."

"I took the liberty the other day," Helen went on, "of asking her about the Ku Klux."

"And pray, what did she say?" the general asked with some degree of curiosity.

"Why, she said they were like the shower of stars—she had 'heard tell' of them, but she had never seen them. 'But,' said I, 'you have no doubt that the shower really occurred!'"

"Her illustration was somewhat unfortunate," the general remarked.

"Oh, by no means," Helen replied. "She looked at me with a twinkle in her eyes and said she had heard that it wasn't the stars that fell, after all."

Talking thus, with long intervals of silence, the two walked along the gleaming road until they reached the tavern, where Miss Eustis found her aunt and Mrs. Haley waiting on the broad veranda.

"I don't think he is very polite," said Helen, after her escort had bade them good-night and was out of hearing. "He offered me his arm, and then, after we had walked a little way, suggested that we could get along more comfortably by marching Indian file."

Mrs. Haley laughed loudly. "Why, bless your innocent heart, honey! that aint nothin'. The sand's too deep in the road, and the path's too narrrer for folks to be a-gwine along yarm-in-arm. Lord! don't talk about perlitiness. That man's manners is somethin' better'n perlitiness."

"Well," said Helen's aunt, "I can't imagine why he should want to make you trudge through the sand in that style."

"It is probably an output of the climate," said Helen.

"Well, now, honey," remarked Mrs. Haley, "if he ast you to walk wi' 'im', he had his reasons. I've got my own idee," she added with a chuckle. "I know one thing—I know he's monstrous fond of some of the Northron folks. Aint you never hearn how, endurin' of the war, they fotch home a Yankee soldier along wi' Hallie's husband an' buried 'em side by side? They tell me that Hallie's husband an' the Yankee was mighty nigh the same age an' had a sorter favor. If that's so," said Mrs. Haley, with emphasis, "then two mighty likely chaps was knocked over on account of the everlastin' nigger."

All this was very interesting to Helen and her aunt, and they were anxious to learn all the particulars in regard to the young Federal soldier who had found burial at Waverly.

"What his name was," said Mrs. Haley, "I'll never tell you. Old Prince, the carriage driver, can tell you lots more'n I can. He foun' 'em on the groun' an' he fotch 'em

home. Prince use to be a mighty good nigger before freedom come out, but now he aint much better'n the balance of 'em. You all'll see him when you go over thar, bekaze he's in an' out of the house constant. He'll tell you all about it if you're mighty perlite. Folks is got so they has to be mighty perlite to niggers sence the war. Vit I'll not deny that it's easy to be perlite to old Uncle Prince bekaze he's mighty perlite hisself. He's what I call a high-bred nigger." Mrs. Haley said this with an air of pride, as if she were in some measure responsible for Uncle Prince's good breeding.

# V.

It came to pass that Helen Eustis and her aunt lost the sense of loneliness which they had found so oppressive during the first weeks of their visit. In the people about them they found a never-failing fund of entertainment. They found in the climate, too, a source of health and strength. The resinous odor of the pines was always in their nostrils; the far, faint undertones of music the winds made in the trees were always in their ears. The provinciality of the people, which some of the political correspondents describe as distressing, was so genuinely American in all its forms and manifestations, that these Boston women were enabled to draw from it now and then a whiff of New England air. They recognized characteristics that made them feel thoroughly at home. Perhaps, so far as Helen was concerned, there were other reasons that reconciled her to her surroundings. At any rate, she was reconciled. More than this, she was happy. Her eyes sparkled, and the roses of health bloomed on her cheeks. All her movements were tributes to the buoyancy and energy of her nature. The little rector found out what this energy amounted to, when, on one occasion, he proposed to accompany her on one of her walks. It was a five-mile excursion, and he returned, as Mrs. Haley expressed it, "a used-up man."

One morning, just before Christmas, the Waverly carriage, driven in great state by Uncle Prince, drew up in front of the tavern, and in a few moments Helen and her aunt were given to understand that they had been sent for in furtherance of an invitation they had accepted to spend the holidays at Waverly.

"Ole Miss would 'a' come," said Uncle Prince, with a hospitable chuckle, "but she sorter ailin', en Miss Hallie, she dat busy dat she aint skacely got time fer ter tu'n 'roun'; so dey tuck'n sont after you, ma'am, des like you wuz home folks."

The preparations of the ladies had already been made, and it was not long before they

were swinging along under the green pines in the old-fashioned vehicle. Nor was it long before they passed from the pine forests and entered the grove of live oaks that shaded the walks and drives of Waverly. The house itself was a somewhat imposing structure, with a double veranda in front, supported by immense pillars, and surrounded on all sides by magnificent trees. Here, as Helen and her aunt had heard on all sides, a princely establishment had existed in the old time before the war — an establishment noted for its lavish hospitality. Here visitors used to come in their carriages from all parts of Georgia, from South Carolina, and even from Virginia — some of them remaining for weeks at a time, and giving to the otherwise dull neighborhood long seasons of riotous festivity which were at once characteristic and picturesque. The old days had gone to come no more, but there was something in the atmosphere that seemed to recall them. The stately yet simple architecture of the house, the trees with their rugged and enormous trunks, the vast extent of the grounds — everything, indeed, that came under the eye — seemed to suggest the past. A blackened and broken statue lay prone upon the ground hard by the weather-beaten basin of a fountain long since dry. Two tall granite columns that once guarded an immense gateway supported the fragmentary skeletons of two colossal lamps. There was a suggestion not only of the old days before the war, but of antiquity — a suggestion that was intensified by the great hall, the high ceilings, the wide fireplaces, and the high mantels of the house itself. These things somehow gave a weird aspect to Waverly in the eyes of the visitors, but this feeling was largely atoned for by the air of tranquillity that brooded over the place, and it was utterly dispersed by the heartiness with which they were welcomed.

"Here we is at home, ma'am," exclaimed Uncle Prince, opening the carriage door and bowing low; "en yon' come ole Miss en Miss Hallie."

The impression which Helen and her aunt received, and one which they never succeeded in shaking off during their visit, was that they were regarded as members of the family who had been away for a period, but who had now come home to stay. Just how these gentle hosts managed to impart this impression, Helen and Miss Tewksbury would have found it hard to explain, but they discovered that the art of entertaining was not a lost art even in the piney woods. Every incident, and even accidents, contributed to the enjoyment of the guests. Even the weather appeared to exert itself to please. Christmas morning was ushered in with a sharp little flurry of snow. The

scene was a very pretty one, as the soft white flakes, some of them as large as a canary's wing, fell athwart the green foliage of the live oaks and the magnolias.

"This is my hour!" exclaimed Helen enthusiastically.

"We enjoy it with you," said Hallie simply.

During the afternoon the clouds melted away, the sun came out, and the purple haze of Indian summer took possession of air and sky. In an hour the weather passed from the crisp and sparkling freshness of winter to the wistful melancholy beauty of autumn.

"This," said Hallie gently, "is my hour." She was standing on the broad veranda with Helen. For reply, the latter placed her arm around the Southern girl, and they stood thus for a long time, their thoughts rhyming to the plaintive air of a negro melody that found its way across the fields and through the woods.

Christmas at Waverly, notwithstanding the fact that the negroes were free, was not greatly different from Christmas on the Southern plantations before the war. Few of the negroes who had been slaves had left the place, and those that remained knew how a Christmas ought to be celebrated. They sang the old-time songs, danced the old-time dances, and played the old-time plays.

All this was deeply interesting to the gentlewomen from Boston; but there was one incident that left a lasting impression on both, and probably had its effect in changing the future of one of them. It occurred one evening when they were all grouped around the fire in the drawing-room. The weather had grown somewhat colder than usual, and big hickory logs were piled in the wide fireplace. At the suggestion of Hallie, the lights had been put out, and they sat in the ruddy glow of the firelight. The effect was picturesque indeed. The furniture and the polished wainscoting glinted and shone, and the shadows of the big brass andirons were thrown upon the ceiling, where they performed a witch's dance, the intricacy of which was amazing to behold.

It was an interesting group, representing the types of much that is best in the civilization of the two regions. Their talk covered a great variety of subjects, but finally drifted into reminiscences of the war — reminiscences of its incidents rather than its passions.

"I have been told," said Miss Eustis, "that a dead Union soldier was brought here during the war and buried. Was his name ever known?"

There was a long pause. General Garwood gazed steadily into the fire. His mother sighed gently. Hallie, who had been resting her head against Helen's shoulder, rose from her chair and glided from the room as swiftly as a ghost.



HALLIE PLAYING FOR BUD.

"Perhaps I have made a mistake," said Helen in dismay. "The incident was so strange——"

"No, Miss Eustis, you have made no mistake," said General Garwood, smiling a little sadly. "One moment——" He paused, as if listening for something. Presently the faint sound of music was heard. It stole softly from

the dark parlor into the warm firelight as if it came from far away.

"One moment," said General Garwood. "It is Hallie at the piano."

The music, without increasing in volume, suddenly gathered coherency, and there fell on the ears of the listening group the notes of an air so plaintive that it seemed like the break-

ing of a heart. It was as soft as an echo and as tender as the memories of love and youth.

"We have to be very particular with Hal-lie," said the general, by way of explanation. "The Union soldier in our burying-ground is intimately connected with her bereavement and ours. Hers is the one poor heart that keeps the fires of grief always burning. I think she is willing the story should be told."

"Yes," said his mother; "else she would never go to the piano."

"I feel like a criminal," said Helen. "How can I apologize?"

"It is we who ought to apologize and explain," replied General Garwood; "you shall hear the story, and then neither explanation nor apology will be necessary."

(To be continued.)

Joel Chandler Harris.



### THE AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER.

THE subtle alchemy of the hobby has never worked more interesting results than in the case of the amateur photographer. That gentle madness which has given a triteness to the phrase "enthusiastic amateur," is especially engaging in the person of one who has succumbed to the curious contagion of the camera. And there is something so communicable in this enthusiasm, that it behooves no one to regard the phenomenon with disrespectful flippancy. Who is to know that his best friend has not been taken down over night? In the street a man feels a hand upon his shoulder, and is served by Banks or Temple with a moral subpoena for a sitting.

Once acquired, the photographic passion is easily gratified. The inventive genius of the century seems to have conspired for its encouragement. The daintiest devices in wood and brass, the coyest lenses, the airiest tripods, the snuggest carrying-cases,—all seem especially endowed with that peculiar quality which tempts one who has straddled a new hobby to plant the spurs impetuously. A few years ago matters were very different. The keynote of amateur photography, the "dry-plate," has been supplied within eight or ten years, since the dry-plate process, though in use for more than a decade, was not brought to trustworthy perfection until it had undergone several seasons' trial. There were, indeed, "wet-plate amateurs," and there are to-day some who follow the example of many professionals in adhering to the older method. But amateur photography now practically means dry-plate photography. It was the amateur who welcomed the dry-plate at a time when the professional was yielding it only a cautious tolerance. Why he welcomed it may scarcely require explanation.

The principle of the wet-plate process is suggested by its name. The glass negative-plate is coated with collodion, exposed in the camera while wet, and developed at once. This implies the presence of appliances within a short distance of the place where the exposure is made. In order to make views out-of-doors the photographer was obliged to carry an outfit which in these times would look lugubriously elaborate. I have seen a "home-made" amateur wet-plate apparatus, made very ingeniously of telescoping boxes, with an eye-hole at the top, an arm-hole at each side, an orange-light window in the front (for all the tinkering with the moist plate had to be done without white, actinic light), and the whole, with its trays, baths, solutions in bottles, etc., could be reduced to a relatively small bundle.

When the dry-plate arrived it became possible to do away with all this ponderous machinery. The dry-plates, bought ready prepared, can be kept for months before use, and for months again after exposure before they are developed—a phenomenon of which the wonder is always new. Thus one may carry a camera with him through Europe, pack up the exposed plates, and, unless some custom-house official, to the amateur's unspeakable despair, insists upon opening a few of the packages to discern the meaning of their ominous weight, develop them all on his return home.

This element of portability is not the only feature of the dry-plate process which had an immediate influence upon the development of amateur photography. A capacity for rapid work was from the outset an important characteristic of the process. By continued experiment the sensitiveness of the gelatine film with which the plates are coated was from time to time increased, until now an exposure for the two-hundredth part of a second is sufficient to secure an adequate negative. The value of this achievement is wider than the field of the amateur. Within the few years during which instantaneous work has been possi-



A STREET BAND. (TAKEN FROM A THIRD-STORY WINDOW BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.)

ble, both science and art have increased their obligations to the camera. Every one remembers the burst of merriment and wonder that greeted Mr. Muybridge's pictures of the horse in motion. The motion of a sound-jarred lamp-flame, the flight of a cannon-shot, the forkings of lightning, and a thousand other phenomena have been dexterously photographed. Through this medium both the naturalist and the surgeon have gained a better knowledge of muscular action. One anatomist uses the rapid plate to settle the long-standing dispute as to whether, in the twirling of the fist, the *ulna* or the *radius* moves the more; another fastens with bee's-wax upon the line of a model's spine a row of glistening Christmas-tree balls, and then takes a dozen impressions within a second while the model is walking away from the operator. It is in this manner that instantaneous photography has made itself invaluable to students in many departments of knowledge, students who, while they are in a sense amateur photographers, make professional use of the product.

A novel result of the instantaneous process is seen in the camera without legs. "There is only one way to get along without a tripod," said a well-known New York photographer. "You must focus, and for this purpose a stick, inserted in the bottom of the camera and resting in the ground, might be used." After being assured by excellent authorities that the idea was absurd, Mr. William Schmid, of Brooklyn, N. Y., made the first of the "detective" cameras. Mr. Schmid is neither a professional photographer nor a mechanic, but a musician. Let me say behind a respectful parenthesis

that most of the improvements in modern photography have been discovered or instituted by amateurs. Working only for pleasure and attainment, the amateur thinks nothing of a risk. He indulges in most unorthodox measures, violating recognized rules of procedure, and with bewildering impunity. Then, the amateur blunders. To blunder is to discover, though it is infinitely more pleasurable to have the other fellow do the discovering. With his client waiting without to learn the result of the sitting, the professional cannot afford to discover at this price.

The "detective" solved several problems. Focusing, which is a simple matter of arithmetic, was accomplished with a lever. In order to discover the field of the lens and the situation of the image on the plate, a small camera obscura was fitted in the front of the box; and a perforated disk of black rubber made the exposure in a space of time ranging between the thirty-fifth and the one-hundred-and-thirtieth part of a second. Nothing connected with photography has proved so fascinating as this "detective" camera. Disguised in a small, inconspicuous box, which might readily be taken for a professional hand-satchel, it is indeed a "witch-machine," as it was named last summer by an astonished resident of the Tyrol, when, under its inventor's arm, it was winking its way through some of the quaintest towns of Europe. In the open air nothing is closed against the "detective." In the rigging of a tossing ocean steamer, or in a crowd on the Bowery, it is always prepared, with one eye open and the other shut. Fragments of street scenery, little *genre* bits in out-of-the-way corners, tableaux in rustic or town life, requiring instant capture, all impossible to the ordinary camera, are caught by the "detective" in their very effervescence.

In the hands of police officials the "detective" has justified its name. It has already several times figured in court proceedings, and may well be regarded with uneasiness by those whose face is not their



A "HOME-MADE" WET-PLATE OUTFIT.



MABEL. (TAKEN BY ALEXANDER BLACK.)

fortune. An English detective is described as having disguised himself as a bootblack and hidden a camera in a foot-box, with results very gratifying to the Police Department and very bewildering to the rogues.

Several varieties of the "detective," or portable, camera are in the market. Then there is the "vest camera," consisting of a false vest in which one of the false buttons forms the neck of the lens. For stealing portraits the arrangement is very ingenious, and ought to prove a valuable assistant to the caricaturist. The pictures, though small, are sometimes surprisingly good. Again, a German has secreted a camera in the hat. An ostensible ventilating aperture in the front is the eye-hole of the lens.

For larger and more serious work the portable camera is, of course, inadequate. Probably the favorite size of camera with experienced amateurs is the camera fitted for 5x8

inch plates. The size has, after all, little to do with the value of the result. Wisdom dictates the utility of a modestly small camera at the outset. In sizes larger than 5x8 inches, or 6½x8½ inches,—another useful size,—plates become somewhat expensive playthings. The discovery that negatives can be made with gelatine-coated paper, which is placed on rollers and reeled, panorama-like, at the back of the camera, has opened up interesting possibilities to the photographer.

Vastly more important than the precise size of the box is the character of the lens, upon which the quality of the photograph is wholly dependent. In his selection of a lens every shrewd amateur is careful; but as every shrewd amateur is not shrewd when he buys his first lens, it is not inadvisable to emphasize at all times the prudence, whatever the cost of the outfit, of spending at least half of the sum on

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the lens; to say two-thirds of the sum would be stating a better rule.

But out-of-door apparatus is no bugbear to the amateur. So far as the camera and its immediate appliances go, no difficulty is commonly found in getting just what is needed, provided the buyer does not stake his happiness on the first camera that is shown him, without looking over the series of later inventions.

Photography indoors and the processes of the dark-room have not so many ready-made features as picture-making in the open air. The dark-room problem must be solved

of the plates is deferred until the evening (a common practice), the precautions for excluding light will be to a great extent unnecessary.

Whether simply or elaborately treated, the dark-room is certain to remain a "matter in difference" between the photographer and the head of the domestic bureau. Whether he has an apartment dedicated to his uses, or an impromptu den evolved from the bath-room and an assortment of blankets and shawls, the amateur incurs a liability to feminine displeasure, and must find his own way of offering propitiation. In case the photographer is of the other sex (a possibility of which the chances



ON THE MIAMI CANAL. (TAKEN BY J. D. SMITH.)

at the very beginning. The photographer must find some place in the house from which all light can be excluded, and where there is, if possible, running water. "I would like photography a good deal better," said a Boston lawyer the other day, "if my attic ceiling didn't slope so suddenly." It is not so much that attics are apt to have a forty-five degree emphasis, as that the absorbed operator, working with a dim light, forgets all about the slope. A permanent dark-room is probably the exception among amateurs, who are generally able to find a room or the corner of a room which may be pressed into service during the time developing is going on. If the development

daily become interestingly greater), woman's superiority over the domestic forces upon which it is necessary to rely will come into play to her benefit.

In making pictures indoors, the illumination, instead of being managed by nature, as out-of-doors, must be managed by the photographer. In the house, unless the amateur has a roof-opening of some sort, securing the "top light" of the professional, portraits and groups must be made with only the side light of windows. This unfavorable angle of light must be overcome by the use of reflectors, which may consist of an adjustable white screen, or have the unpremeditated pictur-



ROSE OF SHARON. (TAKEN BY GEORGE B. WOOD.)

esqueness of a sheet thrown over a clothes-horse. One of the first enterprises an amateur essays is the photographing of an interior. In this way he characteristically begins at the most difficult end of the art. Nothing is more precarious than photographing an interior. The windows, which supply the light, are the source of the greatest anxiety, since they themselves generally require only the short exposure given a landscape, while the dim interior demands an exposure perhaps fifty times as long. To overcome this difficulty, windows coming within the range of the lens must be covered carefully until a sufficient exposure has been given to the rest of the room. The cap is then replaced, the window coverings removed, and a short exposure given the whole.

An interior may often be photographed to advantage by gas-light. The chief obstacle in the way of success by this method is that of keeping the source of light out of the range of the lens. Several hours may be required to make a satisfactory negative, but the result will be an ample reward. A New York publisher, who can show a handsome series of negatives, once undertook to photograph his library by gas-light. So that there might be no possibility of intrusion, he did not set his camera until ten o'clock in the evening, and concluded to leave the cap off for two hours. On that night his daughter was going to an evening party. He asked her when she would be home. "At twelve o'clock, sir," she replied with readiness. There was obviously no

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reason why the publisher should sit up; his daughter understood the cap arrangement thoroughly. "Maggie," he said, "when you come home you will find my camera set in the library. Go in and put on the cap and turn off the gas." The next day the publisher developed the plate. It was a complete failure, horribly over-exposed; scarcely an object was discernible. "Maggie!" called the publisher from the door of his den, in tones that forbade equivocation, "*what time did you get home?*" "At—three o'clock, sir," said Maggie.

Portraits and all amateur indoor pictures are liable to have this characteristic of deep shadows, so repugnant to the business photographer.

bicyclist screws a jaunty, elfin camera upon the cross-bar of his wheel; the canoeist stows one in his locker.

Transparencies and lantern slides are readily made from negatives, and are a special hobby with many amateurs. Chicago has formed a Lantern Slide Club, evidently with a view to coöperation in this particular field. We shall doubtless soon hear of Composite Clubs, since composite portraiture has completely subjugated the amateur. A thrill of excitement is occasionally caused by the announcement that some one has photographed in color; the truth being that some one has a new scheme for the photographing of color.



ON THE WAY FROM SCHOOL. (TAKEN BY WILLIAM SCHMID.)

Yet these are the strong lights and shades the artist loves. The effect is warmer, more individual, than in the so-called "well-lighted" portrait or interior. I have seen portraits that left a little too much to the imagination; there is a happy mean.

In many other respects amateur work has its own special charm. Freed from the commercial necessities which fetter the professional, the amateur need have nothing but the principles of art for guidance. In this delicious liberty he well may be, and is, envied by those who must yield something to the whim of the buyer, and who have a hard fight with the Philistines in every effort to elevate the standard of their art.

The amateur has an opportunity to infuse individuality into his products,—one is expert at portraiture; another at landscape; a third is noted for his city types and localities; a fourth takes up with natural-history subjects; a fifth with yachts and water views; the

Isochromatic, orthochromatic, or axioscopic photography, as we may agree to term it, has drawn a great deal of attention of late from all who for any reason are interested in photography. The Germans have made great progress in the *farben-empfindliche* ("color-sensitive") methods. In the United States science and art have been placed under obligations to Mr. Ives, of Philadelphia, who has completely mastered the hitherto insurmountable difficulty of gaining in a photograph the relative color values of the objects photographed.

A New York physician, the windows of whose house overlook the East River from the bluff on the east side of the city, is too busy to go after subjects, but lets his subjects, like his patients, come to him. At the window of an upper room in his house he has a camera set with a drop-shutter,—used for instantaneous work,—carefully adjusted. From his easy-chair in the consulting-room on the lower floor he can look out on the river, can see the



PORTRAIT OF A CHILD. (TAKEN BY ALEXANDER BLACK.)

plebeian river craft crawling and smoking upon the water, and every afternoon may watch the self-important Sound steamers churning their way past the indifferent small fry of the stream. When one of these autocrats of the Sound or some other floating object of importance looms within the range of the lens, the doctor may touch an electric button near his inkstand, and upstairs at the window that little shutter-guillotine bites off a square inch of light, which carries the image to the sensitive plate at the back of the camera. After office hours the doctor goes up and takes out the plate.

The curiously diverse *personnel* of amateur photography\* includes a large number of active physicians. It is worthy of note that the profession of medicine seems to foster the cultivation of hobbies. How great a debt art owes to the fact that Dr. Haden began playing with the etching needle! Some of our prominent Eastern merchants have gone into photography in a characteristically sumptuous way, fitting up luxurious sky-light rooms, and adding to the dark-room equipment every mechanical comfort money may buy. A Massachusetts parson, who loves to drive a decorously fast team, has a cluster of prints illustrating the

charming region through which he makes his Monday tours. A Brooklyn Court stenographer can reveal the vagaries of the police station and the Black Maria. It is, perhaps, not essential to the unity of this sketch that I should mention, as illustrating a phase of the subject, a hospital steward at the Sandwich Islands who took up with photography for the purpose of practicing on the leprosy patients; or the Canadian sheriff who added the tortures of an unwilling pose to the misery of a batch of prisoners who were about to be hanged!

The rapid growth of amateur photography is forcibly indicated by the number and size of the amateur photographic societies. All the large and many of the smaller cities have now one or more associations of this sort.

Many New York amateurs are associated with the Photographic Section of the American Institute. The Columbia College Amateur Photographic Society finds a leading spirit in Professor Chandler. The Society of Amateur Photographers, of New York, organized four years ago, is now a large and prosperous organization, holding annual exhibitions and awarding diplomas for the best examples of work in different fields. The Society's influence has had the effect of elevating the artistic standard not only of amateur photography, but of photographic art in general. At the semi-monthly meetings the members discuss with frankness the experiments they have made, relate their mild vicissitudes, describe their blunders and the resultant discoveries. No one is ashamed that he should have made mistakes. An amateur who had no failures would be regarded as a sort of artistic snob. As an off-set to this variety, where it exists, there is generally the humorous fellow whose plates always either "fog" or "frill," whose prints freckle, and who, when he insists on "silvering" his own paper, gets a little nitrate of silver on the end of his nose, where it promptly blushes brown on meeting the sun, and can only be removed, if it must be removed at once, with pumice-stone or sand-paper.

The "Field Day" has become an institution with the amateur societies, and woe to the sensitive who get in the path of one of these armed bodies! On these excursions the member with the "detective" usually has his best sport in practicing on the other members, who, at the moment of a photographic crisis, are not always so impressive as they themselves could wish.

What a flow of "developer" after one of these country tours! Far into the night, perhaps, the trays are rocking, and the lanterns dimly flickering; and in quarters, mayhap,

Great Britain, has acquired much expertness with the camera, and royal sanction has elsewhere, it seems, been very heartily given.

\* The Tzar is said to be one of the growing company of Russian amateurs; the Prince of Wales, President of the Amateur Photographic Association of

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that were hard to secure and duly transform. Country-side and sea-shore know the amateur photographer, his practices, and his needs. We cannot believe that the country boarding-

house, certainly not the well-regulated hotel of the future, will neglect to incorporate in its table of attractions, "Improved Dark-room for Amateur Photographers."

*Alexander Black.*

#### THE CAMERA CLUB OF CINCINNATI.

ONE evening in January, 1884, in response to a circular letter of invitation issued by Mr. Gilmore and the writer, some eight or ten amateurs met at the house of the former in Cincinnati and determined to form the Camera Club. After some discussion of the subject and a luncheon, washed down by a cool beverage which Cincinnati thinks she can make better than Milwaukee, a committee on organization was appointed, and we adjourned subject to the call of our chairman, a worthy doctor of medicine, when our committee should be ready to report. After some ineffectual efforts to ascertain what the older clubs formed for a similar purpose had done, our committee decided to "go it alone," and proceeded to draw a constitution and by-laws providing for officers, members, meetings, excursions, and lantern-exhibitions, the exclusion of professional photographers, the admission of

others, males, interested in the gentle art of light-writing, and further providing for many minor matters which have long since been forgotten by the framers of that organic law of the club. So much having been accomplished, we had a second meeting at a law office in Fountain Square, and the Camera Club there came into an actual, if not a legal, existence — it having been decided not to apply for the statutory articles of incorporation.

The constitution provided for an election of officers by ballot and upon notice, but the club at once proceeded to an election by acclamation; and although the constitution was thus shattered within a few moments of its adoption, the Camera Club has flourished and prospered and grown to a membership of some fifty persons, who meet from time to time in a well-fitted club-room, and have lantern shows and excursions whenever they see fit.



IN THE LANE AT SHORT HILL. (TAKEN BY DWIGHT W. HUNTINGTON.)

The club-room is on the top floor of a large building on Fourth street. There is no elevator, and the stairways are high—but the rent is low.\* Climbing the stairways, we enter a large room well lighted by three windows and a sky-light on its northern side. The camera, the screens, the head-rests, and the tables littered with lenses, plate-holders, and printing-frames give the room the appearance of a photographic gallery. The many pictures on the walls, however, are the pictures of amateurs. Technically they rival the best professional work, but in subject they are entirely different; for the professional must necessarily consider what is salable; the amateur need only consider what is picturesque.

The professional, traveling for a railway company, for example, will secure as many rails and telegraph-poles as possible; the amateur in going over the same ground will leave the railway out.

A large frame on the club-room wall contains the prize pictures of the field contest of 1885. Another frame contains a number of pictures of an old mill on the Kentucky River, from the same negative, but printed on different kinds of paper, showing a variety of the modern printing processes.

The dark-room adjoins the gallery and is large and spacious. It is well lighted with two windows glazed with ruby glass and screened by yellow curtains. Beneath the windows there is a long sink with several faucets flanked by small barrels of "Hypo" and alum and numerous shelves containing the necessary chemicals and many trays and glass graduates. On a table are the scales, and a gas stove with its kettles for making the "hot solutions." The dark-room is approached by means of double doors with an intervening dark lobby, so that members can go in or out without admitting a single ray of white light.

The image formed on the plate can, as we have observed, be developed at any time. The latent image is developed by pouring upon the plate any one of the number of simple chemical solutions, the receipts for which come with the plates. This must be done in the semi-darkness of the dark-room, as the plate is, of course, still sensitive to light. The actinic ray of light, it has been ascertained, is that farthest from the ray of heat, and the red ray has but little effect upon the sensitive plates. In the rosy twilight of the dark-room, the plates (which perhaps have received an image months ago in Florida or California) are placed in trays and the developing solution poured on. In a few seconds the picture begins to appear. First come the sky, the

water, and the lighter objects, and these are soon followed by the deeper shadows of the foliage. It is an interesting process and smacks, indeed, of necromancy.

In the month of February, when the Camera Club was but a month old, the great floods in the Ohio Valley came. The river at Cincinnati reached the highest point it has ever attained, and came rushing through the streets of the city, bringing ruin and destruction to many houses and families, but affording a rare opportunity for a photographic contest between the amateurs and their professional brethren. Every camera in town was at the river front, or cruising about the flooded streets; and it is but fair to state that the work of the amateurs on this occasion compared favorably with that of the professionals. The amateurs, too, being ready with their instantaneous shutters, secured the only animated picture of that remarkable event.

Since the organization of the Camera Club the regular meetings have been well attended. Almost any day at noon several members may be found in the dark-room developing plates or instructing each other in the magic of the photographic art.

Early in the summer of 1884 we had our first annual outing. A small river steamboat, the *Silver Star*, was chartered, and at eight o'clock left the wharf with a jolly and enthusiastic crowd, notwithstanding a dark and gloomy morning. As we steamed away down the placid stream which divides the North from the South, the smoke hung low upon the river; it seemed to grow darker and threatened rain. The camera-boxes and tripods remained unpacked on the cabin floor, and we sat about in groups and "talked about the weather." "Wake up, boys," said the secretary; "I never yet saw the day I couldn't make a picture."

"Yes," said his companion, "we made some good pictures of the flood while it was raining."

"The plates are so sensitive," remarked the professor, "that with a large stop I have no doubt we may get some instantaneous pictures, for the river, you know, reflects most of the light."

Then our artist claimed there was a softness about pictures made under a cloudy sky and that the sun made sharp and disagreeable contrasts, and a younger member disrespectfully remarked, in an undertone, something about sour grapes. But as the secretary was recognized as an authority, his confidence was reassuring; we accepted the situation, and were soon at work.

A passing steamboat, with its dense clouds of black smoke waving astern, caused a scrambling for the forward deck, and one camera

\* The club has since taken quarters with the Society of Natural History—the fixtures are the same.

went overboard, but was fortunately rescued. A picnic boat, with flying flags and crowded decks, was the occasion of a similar scene; but as none of her portraits have ever appeared in the club-room, it is fair to presume that the light was insufficient, the aim bad, or something happened in the hurry of the moment. The secretary, avoiding the crowded deck, erected his tripod by a cabin window, and secured an instantaneous picture of some fishing-boats as our steamboat passed them.

The artist sat upon the forward deck smoking his cigar and scanning the banks of the river for some unusually picturesque spot. A bit of country road on the Kentucky shore having caught his eye, he persuaded the committee of arrangements to make a landing, and our little craft was soon made fast among some drift-wood and willows. The artist, with his servant-model carrying his Blair box, climbed the steep river bank to the picturesque roadway. Some sought the shaded path on the hillside, others remained among the willows on the shore.

The *Silver Star* was ordered to cruise about within easy range while the secretary gave the professor some practical lessons in instantaneous photography, and nearly every drop-shutter in the ranks was let fly at her. At noon we landed at Short Hill, a fine old country-seat owned by one of the club-men, who, with his two young boys, met us at the landing. Our luncheon was served upon the lawn, and before we had finished eating, the "engineer" had a

clever group which he entitled "The Club at Work," and which, upon the screen, won the plaudits of the audience at the lantern exhibition last winter. In the afternoon we continued our cruise to the mouth of the Great Miami, and at evening returned well laden with something over a hundred exposed plates, most of which made fine negatives.

During the summer many of the club-men left the city, and all made good use of their cameras. In the autumn the travelers returned with many pictures of many places. The sec-

retary, by means of a pneumatic tube and shutter, had succeeded in including himself in most of his pictures. A fair sample of his work is his "Quail-shooting in Kansas." In this "auto-photograph" (if I may coin a word) the secretary stands in the foreground of his picture and his dogs are pointing the birds, some of which a moment later, upon the closing of the camera-shutter, fell to the guns.

The secretary declares that next year he will shoot a bird and photograph it in the air before it falls; and no doubt he will, for he has already in practice "bagged" the fragments of a clay pigeon.

"The Diver" is a clever instantaneous shot made by a club-man who went down by the sea. This picture is not only remarkable for the short time in which it was taken, but it is a beautiful bit of landscape, with some salt-grass and two boats in the middle distance and a few sloops lying at anchor just beyond, — a little out of focus perhaps, but for that reason all the more sketchy and artistic.



A MOUNTAIN RANCH. (TAKEN BY H. F. FARNY.)

The artist wandered away to the far Northwest and brought back, besides his color sketches, many photographs of Indians, cowboys and plain-men, ranches, prairie, badlands, sage-bush, and everything, in fact, which an artist could see in the wilds of Montana. One member returning from Newport brought many pictures of the sea, yachts under full sail, armed vessels of the navy, craft of all sorts, and charming marine pictures which would delight a painter. Others came from Lake George and the Adirondacks, with grand

views of lake and mountain with foregrounds full of summer friends and picturesque coaches and canoes.

In the autumn and winter others who went to the South returned with the light-writings of a Southern sun, including an occasional "drop-shutter" picture from the hotel window.

In the winter the club had its first lantern exhibition. For weeks prior to that event the club-rooms were a scene of activity, the members all being engaged in reducing their negatives to small positives on glass for exhibition on the screen. A committee of judges, having with the aid of a lantern tested the hundreds of slides offered, selected enough for an evening's entertainment, to which the friends of the club were invited, and one of the members described the pictures as they were thrown

upon the screen. All the slides exhibited were made by club-men from their own negatives.

Upon our second outing several detective cameras made their appearance, and they have become a popular and very fatal weapon, and there will probably be many persons at our next lantern show who are unaware that they have had their pictures taken.

Such is an outline of the history and more important doings of the Camera Club. Since this article was written the American Clubs have arranged for an interchange of their lantern exhibitions, and the London Club annually exchanges two hundred lantern pictures for a similar number from the Associated American Clubs.

*Dwight W. Huntington.*



THE DIVER. (TAKEN BY JOHN L. STETTINIUS.)

### NOBLESSE OBLIGE.

WHAT is diviner than the peace of foes!  
 He conquers not who does not conquer hate,  
 Or thinks the shining wheels of heaven wait  
 On his forgiving. Dimmer the laurel shows  
 On brows that darken; and war-won repose  
 Is but a truce when heroes abdicate  
 To Huns—unfabling those of elder date  
 Whose every corse a fiercer warrior rose.  
 O ye that saved the land! Ah yes, and ye  
 That bless its saving! Neither need forget  
 The price our destiny did of both demand—  
 Toil, want, wounds, prison, and the lonely sea  
 Of tears at home. Oh, look on these. And yet—  
 Before the human fail you—quick! your hand!

*Robert Underwood Johnson.*

## THE DIGESTIBILITY OF FOOD.

### THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. IV.

"We live upon, not what we eat, but what we digest."—MEINERT.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."—MACBETH.



WE have been talking of the different kinds of nutritive substances of food and the ways in which they nourish our bodies, but have thus far omitted one of the very important factors of their nutritive value, their digestibility. The value of food for nutriment depends not only upon how much of nutrients, protein and fats and the like, it contains, but also upon how much of these the body can digest and use for its support.

The question of the digestibility of foods is very complex, and I have noticed that the men who know most about the subject are generally the least ready to make definite and sweeping statements concerning it. One of the most celebrated physiologists of the time, an investigator who has, I suppose, devoted as much experimental study to this particular subject as any man now living, declares that, aside from the chemistry of the process, and the quantities of nutrients that may be digested from different foods, he is unable to affirm much of anything about it. The contrast between this and the positiveness with which many people discourse about the digestibility of this or that kind of food, is very marked and has its moral.

One source of confusion is the fact that, what people commonly call the digestibility of food includes several very different things; some of which, as the ease with which a given food-material is digested, the time required for the process, the influence of different substances and conditions upon digestion, and the effects upon comfort and health, are so dependent upon individual peculiarities of differ-

ent people, and so difficult of measurement, as to make the laying down of hard and fast rules impossible. Why it is, for instance, that some persons are made seriously ill by so wholesome a material as milk, and others find that certain kinds of meat, of vegetables, or of sweetmeats, "do not agree with them," neither chemists nor physiologists can exactly tell. Late investigations, however, suggest the possibility that the ferments in the digestive canal may, with some people, cause particular compounds to be changed into injurious and even poisonous forms, so that it may sometimes be literally true that "one man's meat is another man's poison."\*

But digestion proper, by which we understand the changes which the food undergoes in the digestive canal in order to fit the digestible portion to be taken into the blood and lymph and do its work as nutriment, is essentially a chemical process. About this a great deal has been learned within a comparatively few years, so that here again we have many important facts that have not yet got into current literature. In explaining about them perhaps it will not be out of the way to repeat some of the things we learned in studying chemistry and physiology. We will start with the facts that the first thing the body does with the food is to digest it; that the digestion is done in that long irregular shaped piece of apparatus—laboratory is perhaps a better word—which consists of mouth, œsophagus, stomach, and intestines, and which is called the alimentary canal; that it is next converted into blood; that to get into the blood it must pass through the sides, the walls, of this canal; and that it is only after the food has been digested

\* We are hearing a great deal of late about poisons in food containing protein compounds, such as the casein of milk and the myosin of lean meat and fish. The protein compounds are prone to decay, that is, to be decomposed by the action of the ferments called bacteria or microbes. In certain forms of decomposition, substances of a more or less poisonous nature, called ptomaines, are formed from protein. It appears to be in this way that poisonous compounds are formed in cheese, meats, etc. While the true digestive ferments, such as the ptyalin of saliva and pepsin of gastric juice, are very different from the ferments just spoken of, yet microbes exist in the digestive apparatus of even the

healthiest people, and within a short time past it has been found that poisonous compounds, formed probably by the action of microbes, often occur within our bodies. The natural inference—it is not positively proved, I think—is that there may be cases in which the protein of certain kinds of food is thus transformed into injurious substances while passing through the alimentary canal. Perhaps this is the reason why certain persons cannot endure milk without pain or nausea, and it is not impossible that many of the cases in which one kind of food or another causes sickness, may, in the light of future research, be attributed to such fermentations within the body.

and has worked its way into the blood and lymph that it can be distributed through the body and made into tissue, stored for future use, or burned for fuel.

I doubt if most of us realize what an amount of chemical activity the stomach and intestines must put forth, what a wonderful laboratory that must be which transforms our food into the constituents of blood. The average man swallows, say, six pounds of food and drink, meat, potatoes, bread, coffee, milk, water, and what not, per day. Every twenty-four hours, then, all the solid substance, all the protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matters of this quantity of food, except the small portion that passes through the alimentary canal undigested, must be either dissolved or divided into such minute particles as to be able to get through the microscopic passages that permeate the walls of the alimentary canal, and thus find their way to the blood.

#### THE CHEMISTRY OF DIGESTION.

PROFESSOR MALY very aptly compares food to ore, and the nutriment we digest from it to the metal extracted from the ore. In the chemical laboratory we sometimes separate a metal from the earthy matters with which it is mingled by pulverizing the ore, putting it in a flask, pouring acids upon it, and stirring the whole together. The acids dissolve the metal, leaving a residue of earthy matters undissolved. To separate the dissolved materials from the residue, we pour the whole upon a paper filter. The solution runs through the interstices of the paper into a dish below, leaving the undissolved residue in the filter.

Something analogous to this takes place in the digestion of food. Instead of the metal and earthy matters of the ore, we have the digestible and the undigestible constituents of meat, or bread, or other food. The grinding is done, not by pestle and mortar, but by the teeth; the digestive juices are the solvents; in the place of the flask the dissolving is done in the digestive apparatus, the stomach and intestine. Finally, the digested material has to pass, not through a filter, but through the porous walls of these last organs. The changes which the digestive juices cause are manifold. The saliva with its ptyalin transforms the insoluble starch of bread and potatoes into soluble sugar. The pepsin of the gastric juice supplied by the stomach and the tyrotoxin of the pancreatic juice which comes from the pancreas, convert the myosin of meat, the casein of milk, the albumen of egg, the gluten of wheat, and other protein compounds of the food into soluble peptones. The gall acts upon the oily and fatty matters,

besides doing other duties. As the food in process of digestion is gradually propelled along the intestine, still another fluid, the intestinal juice, acts upon it. In these and other ways more or less perfectly understood, the digested matters are either dissolved or otherwise altered so that they can filter into the blood (though the process is different from ordinary filtration), and be thus conveyed to all parts of the body.

IN the first of the quotations at the beginning of this article, a German student of food-economy gives terse expression to the fact that we are nourished by that part of the food which is actually digested. To judge accurately of the nutritive value of our food, then, we must know how much of each nutrient will be digested. This is a matter that can be determined more or less accurately by experiment. But a great deal of labor is needed to make the experiments accurate, the line of research is new, the methods are not yet perfectly matured, and the results thus far obtained, though interesting and valuable when taken together, are still very far from complete. The side questions, such as differences in the digestive apparatus of different persons, the effects of exercise and rest, or the mode of preparation of the food, and of the flavoring materials and beverages taken with it, tend to complicate the problem and make satisfactory results still harder to obtain. Yet even here experimental research has something to tell us.

The ways in which the experiments to test the digestibility of foods are made are very ingenious and interesting. Physiologists use the salivary glands or stomach or intestine of a living animal much as chemists do their bottles and retorts and test tubes. One easily gets into the way of regarding an animal as simply an organism manifesting certain reactions under given conditions, and in not a few European laboratories a janitor is readily induced by the price of a few months' supply of beer, or a student by his scientific ardor, to take this same altruistic view of his own physical organism. In the German laboratories, particularly, one finds not only the needed apparatus, but, what is no less important, trained assistants and servants, so that he is relieved of much of the time-consuming and disagreeable detail of experimenting, which is so much of an obstacle with us.

#### THE QUANTITIES OF DIGESTIBLE SUBSTANCES IN FOOD.

THE first of our questions may be put in this way: What proportion of each of the nutrients in different food-materials is actually

digestible? In a piece of meat, for instance, what percentages of the total protein and fats will be digested by a healthy person, and what proportion of each will escape digestion?

The proportions of food-constituents digested by domestic animals has been a matter of active investigation in the European agricultural experiment stations during the past twenty years. Briefly expressed, the method consists in weighing and analyzing both the food consumed and the intestinal excretion. Since the latter represents the amount of food undigested, if we subtract it from the whole amount taken into the body the difference will be the amount digested.

Such experiments upon human subjects, however, are rendered much more difficult by the fact that in order that the digestibility of each particular food-material may be determined with certainty, we must avoid mixing it with other materials. Hence the diet during the experiments must be so plain and simple as to make it extremely unpalatable. An ox will live contentedly on a diet of hay for an indefinite time, but for an ordinary man to subsist a week on meat or potatoes or eggs is a very different matter. No matter how palatable such a simple food may be, at first, to a man used to the ordinary diet of a well-to-do community, it will almost certainly become repugnant to him after a few days. In consequence, the digestive functions are disturbed, and the accuracy of the trial is impaired, a fact, by the way, which strikingly illustrates the importance of varied diet in civilized life.

For instance, in one of a series of experiments conducted in the physiological laboratory at Munich, by Dr. Rubner, the subject, a strong, healthy Bavarian laborer, lived for three days upon bread and water, a diet, the monotony of which was much more endurable than one of meat or fish or almost any other single food-material would have been. He was able to eat 1185 grams (about 2 lbs. and 10 oz.) of bread per day. This contained 670 grams of carbohydrates, mainly starch, of which only about 5 grams, or a little less than one per cent., escaped digestion. In this case, therefore, about 99 per cent. of the carbohydrates of the bread was digested. The bread contained 81 grams of protein, of which 13 per cent. was undigested and 87 per cent., or  $\frac{7}{10}$  of the whole protein, digested. The quantity of fatty matters in the bread was too small to permit an accurate test of their digestibility. In another series, conducted by myself in the same laboratory, the digestibility of meat in the form of beefsteak, and of fish, haddock, was tested. The subject, a medical student, consumed less than two pounds of meat per day, and though it was cooked with butter, pepper,

salt, and onions, so as to make it to his taste, "extraordinarily well flavored," it was very difficult for him to swallow it the second day, and required still greater effort the third. The digestion, however, seemed to be normal, and all but about one per cent. of the protein was digested.\* Other trials with meat have brought similar results, and it is reasonably safe to say that when a healthy person, with sound digestive organs, eats ordinary meat or fish in proper quantity, all or nearly all of the protein is digested. Some of the fats of meat, however, seem to fail of digestion.

The number of accurate experiments of this kind is still very small. Some sixty or thereabouts have been reported. Nearly all have been made within ten years past, and the majority in one laboratory, that of the University of Munich. Most of the subjects have been men with healthy digestive organs, two or three laboratory servants, a soldier, several medical students, and a few others. Several have been made, however, with children of a few families. All but a very small number have been conducted in Germany.

*Digestibility of Nutrients of Food-materials.*

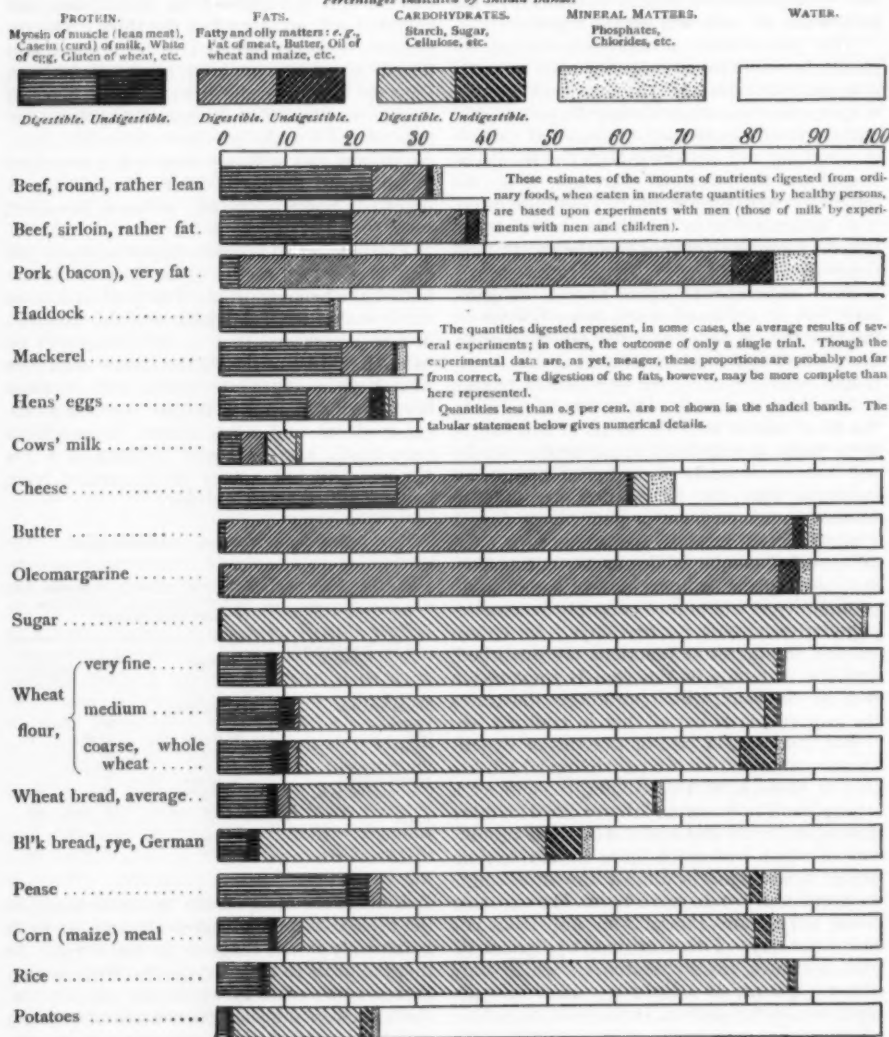
In the food-materials below.	Of the total amounts of protein, fats, and carbohydrates, the following percentages were digested:		
	Protein.	Fats.	Carbohydrates.
Meats and fish.....	Practically all	79 to 98	
Eggs.....	"	96	
Milk.....	88 to 100	93 to 98	?
Butter.....		98	
Oleomargarine.....		96	
Wheat bread.....	81 to 100	?	99
Corn (maize) meal.....	80	?	97
Rice.....	84	?	99
Pease.....	86	?	96
Potatoes.....	74	?	92
Beets.....	72	?	82

Some of the main results are summarized in the tabular statement herewith, and set forth graphically in the diagram on page 736. As there appears to be good ground for believing that in some cases in which the smaller percentages were digested the conditions were not entirely normal, I have omitted them in making the calculations for the table and diagram. Thus, in the diagram it is assumed that all of the protein of milk is digestible, though in some experiments part was left undigested. The methods of experimenting do not permit absolute accuracy, and the results with different persons and with different specimens of the same food-material vary somewhat. The greatest errors in the estimates in the table and chart are probably in the fats, which may be more completely digested than the figures imply.

\* *Zeitschrift für Biologie*, XV. and XXIV.

# PROPORTIONS OF NUTRIENTS DIGESTED AND NOT DIGESTED FROM FOOD-MATERIALS BY HEALTHY MEN.

Percentage indicated by Shaded Bands.



	PROTEIN.		FATS.		CARBOHYDRATES.		MINERAL MATTERS.	WATER.		PROTEIN.		FATS.		CARBOHYDRATES.		MINERAL MATTERS.	WATER.
	Total.	Undigested.	Total.	Undigested.	Total.	Undigested.				Total.	Undigested.	Total.	Undigested.	Total.	Undigested.		
Beef, round.....	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	Wheat	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.	per ct.
Beef, sirloin.....	23.0	0.0	9.0	0.0	0.0	0.0	1.3	66.7	very fine.....	8.9	1.3	1.0	.....	75.2	0.8	0.3	14.6
Pork, very fat.....	20.0	0.0	19.0	2.0	0.0	0.0	1.0	60.0	medium.....	11.0	3.1	0.8	.....	72.0	1.3	0.4	15.0
Haddock.....	17.1	0.0	0.3	.....	0.0	0.0	1.2	81.4	coarse, whole	10.9	3.7	1.8	.....	71.7	5.3	1.9	14.4
Mackerel.....	18.8	0.0	0.8	0.8	0.0	0.0	1.4	71.5	Wheat bread, average	8.9	1.3	1.9	.....	73.5	0.8	1.0	38.7
Hens' eggs.....	13.4	0.0	11.8	0.4	0.7	0.0	1.0	73.1	Black bread	6.1	1.6	.....	.....	68.0	5.3	1.5	43.8
Cows' milk.....	3.4	.....	3.7	0.3	4.8	0.0	0.7	87.4	Pease.....	20.9	3.9	1.5	.....	77.6	8.1	2.5	15.0
Cheese, whole milk.....	27.1	0.0	35.5	0.9	2.3	0.0	3.0	31.2	Corn (maize) meal.....	9.4	1.2	3.8	.....	71.0	9.3	1.0	14.5
Butter.....	1.0	.....	17.5	1.7	0.5	.....	2.0	9.0	Rice.....	7.4	1.2	0.4	.....	79.4	0.7	0.4	12.4
Oleomargarine.....	0.4	.....	87.3	3.3	0.0	.....	2.1	10.3	Potatoes.....	8.0	0.5	0.0	.....	81.3	1.6	1.0	73.5
Sugar.....	0.3	.....	.....	.....	96.7	0.0	0.8	2.8	Turnips.....	1.0	0.3	0.2	.....	6.9	1.3	0.7	91.8

Though the experimental data are as yet very meager, so much so that no account is taken of the digestibility of the food-materials in the estimates for potential energy in the previous article, nor for estimates of dietaries in succeeding ones, the figures here given are probably not far out of the way as indicating the proportions digested by healthy persons.

The amounts of fat in the vegetable foods are so small that the experiments do not tell exactly what proportions are digested. The meats and fish contain practically no carbohydrates. The digestibility of the carbohydrates (sugar) of milk was not determined, those of the vegetable foods, except the beets, were almost completely digested. That the protein of cows' milk should be so much less completely digested than that of meat seems a little strange. Children have been found to digest a little more than adults, though the difference is not large. Thus Dr. Camerer, a German experimenter, found his boys and girls, of from 2 to 12 years of age, digested from 91 to 97 per cent. of the protein of cows' milk, while grown men in experiments by Dr. Rubner digested from 88 to 94 per cent. But in experiments in which milk and cheese were eaten together by a man, the laboratory servant of Dr. Rubner's experiments, all or nearly all of the protein of both was digested. Dr. Rubner suggests an explanation of the more nearly complete digestion of the milk when taken with cheese than when taken by itself alone. When taken into the stomach without anything else, cows' milk is apt to coagulate in large lumps which resist the action of the digestive juices. The particles of cheese, if finely chewed and mixed with the milk, would prevent the formation of such large lumps, and it would thus be more readily and completely digested. This seems very reasonable. The percentage of fats of milk digested was practically the same with adults as with children. It is worth noting that in these experiments both children and adults digested only about half of the mineral salts of the milk. Why so much of the fats of the meat, from a twelfth to a fifth, should have failed to be digested, it is not easy to say.

Much has been said and written about the relative digestibility of butter and oleomargarine. The only actual comparative tests on record are a series made with a man and boy by Professor Mayer, in Holland. In these from 97.7 to 98.4 per cent. of the fat of the butter and from 96.1 to 96.3 per cent. of the fat of the oleomargarine were digested. The average difference was 1.6 per cent. in favor of the butter. Certain possible sources of error in such experiments make it a question whether the digestion was not in fact more nearly complete than even these figures make it.

An interesting series of experiments in artificial digestion conducted by Dr. R. D. Clark, in behalf of the New York Dairy Commission, though of course not affording a definite measure of the process as it actually goes on in the body, accords with the very natural supposition that, in ease, and perhaps in completeness of digestion, oleomargarine would rank between butter and the fat of ordinary meat.

In chemical composition oleomargarine stands between meat-fat and butter. It will be remembered that oleomargarine is made from beef-fat and lard by removing from them part of the stearin, which counts as the least digestible ingredient, and adding a little butter and sometimes oil, as cotton-seed oil. The bulk of all these fatty substances, meat-fat, butter, and oil, consists of the same or nearly the same kinds of fat, the meat-fat having the more stearin. The butter, however, contains small quantities, seven per cent. or thereabouts, of peculiar fats, butyryl, caproin, etc., which give it its flavor and which are thought by some to make it more easily digestible, especially by persons whose digestion is enfeebled by lack of digestive juices or otherwise.

In the excitement over oleomargarine legislation, the discussion of the relative digestibility of butter and butter substitutes has been made very active by the importance of its bearing upon their comparative values for nutriment, and many statements have been made as to the effect of the chemical composition of the peculiar butter-fats and the consequent chemical changes in the process of digestion and assimilation in the body. It is interesting to compare the very positive inferences which some writers upon the subject draw from experimental investigations, with the very guarded expressions of opinion made by the authors of the same investigations in their writings and in personal conversation. The facts at hand and the general impression of special students of these subjects, so far as I have observed, are to the effect that probably, for healthy persons, the difference between butter and oleomargarine in ease and in completeness of digestion would be at most very slight, but that for people with enfeebled digestion and for infants, butter may, perhaps, at times, have the advantage.

When we consider that the quantity of butter which one would naturally use on a slice of bread would, roughly speaking, be about as large as that of the fat which would remain in a corresponding slice of lean, juicy beef after the larger particles of fat had been trimmed off, it is hard to believe that the difference in digestibility or nutritive value between the butter and the same quantity of oleomargarine could be of very great moment.

Some of the food-materials referred to in the table on page 735 and in the diagram as meat, bread, and milk, have been tested, each by several experiments with more than one person. With others, as eggs, corn-meal, rice, pease, and potatoes, only a single trial has been made. Doubtless, extended series of tests would give averages differing more or less from these figures. Another thing that makes the results a little uncertain is that some of the food-materials may perhaps be more completely digested when taken in small quantities with other materials, in the ordinary way, than when so much of them is eaten and without any other food. These and other sources of slight error make more extended experiments very desirable. I should add that the figures for mackerel, in the diagram, are only estimates, based upon experiments with haddock (the only kind of fish that has been tested experimentally), and with meats.

#### EFFECTS OF DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES UPON THE DIGESTION OF FOOD.

THE estimates in the table and diagram apply to the quantities of nutrients digested, from wholesome and properly cooked and masticated food, by healthy persons. But the ease and time of digestion and the fitness of the digested matters for the user, are likewise very important considerations, and these as well as the proportions digested are more or less affected by the preparation of the food, the quantity consumed, and the materials eaten and drunk with it; by exercise and sleep; and by the bodily condition or peculiarities of digestive function of the person.

The effect of the preparation of food, especially of its cooking, is one of the many topics about which one can write with a freedom and fluency inversely proportional to his understanding of the known facts. The chief underlying principle is the same as in the dissolving of the ore of which I spoke above. If the particles of ore are large, the acid will act upon them very slowly. Stirring would hasten the solution of the soluble materials. Time would be needed for those that were slow to dissolve. So in the digestion of food, we cut our meat into small pieces and chew it into still finer ones; and the grains of wheat, which we cannot well chew, are first ground in the mill. Milk requires neither cooking nor chewing. Its nutrients are either already in solution or in very minute particles, it has no starch to be changed into sugar by the ptyalin or saliva, its only carbohydrate, milk sugar, being already a sugar and soluble; and we accordingly drink it raw. Ordinary meats are found by experiment to be digested as readily or even more readily when

taken raw than when cooked, provided they are properly masticated, *i. e.*, finely chewed. But we like their taste better, and hence are more inclined to masticate them properly, when well cooked.

Some interesting experiments on the rapidity of digestion of meats cooked and uncooked, and of milk, have been lately conducted by Herr Jensen, in the laboratory of the University of Tübingen. To test the effect of cooking, he took lean beef, chopped it fine, and separated the tendons and other connective tissue as completely as he could. A portion was left raw, other portions were boiled, and still others were roasted. Of the boiled and roasted portions, some were rare, or, as Herr Jensen called them, "half done," and others well done. The raw, half done, and well done portions were tested by artificial digestion with pepsin, by experiments in the stomach of a dog, and by experiments in the stomach of a healthy man.

In the experiments by artificial digestion Herr Jensen put the meat in glass tubes, poured a solution containing pepsin upon it, and kept the tubes with their contents in a warm place, at about the temperature of the body, for twenty-four hours, stirring the mixtures from time to time, thus imitating the operation that goes on in the stomach. The dog with which the experiments were made had metal tubes permanently inserted through the skin into the stomach, which could be opened or kept closed with a stopper at will. (I may remark in passing that a dog thus provided with a stomachic fistule is regarded as a very convenient item in the list of appliances of a physiological laboratory, and my limited observation of the behavior of the animals has left with me the decided impression that such ways of being useful to the world in their day and generation are much less distasteful to them than many anti-vivisectionists would have us think.) The meat was inclosed in a cloth, inserted through the tube, and removed after the desired time. In the experiments with the man, a laboratory servant, the food was taken into the stomach when the latter was empty, and, after digestion for the desired time, withdrawn by a stomach-pump.

The experiments all told nearly the same story. The raw meat was digested more readily than the cooked. In the trial by artificial digestion the residues unaltered by the pepsin were smallest with the raw meat and largest with that which had been most thoroughly cooked by boiling or roasting. In those with the man, the digestion was completed in different lengths of time, as set forth in the figures herewith, which I translate from Jensen's report.

The beef	was digested in
Raw	8 hours.
Boiled, "half done"	2½ "
Boiled, "well done"	3 "
Roasted, "half done"	3 "
Roasted, "well done"	4 "

In like manner, boiled milk required a somewhat longer time for digestion than milk not boiled.

These results and those of other experiments, though not to be taken as an exact measure of the digestibilities of the substances in a healthy stomach, are still the more worthy of confidence because they accord with the chemistry of the subject. But we must remember that they apply only to what takes place in the stomach; while the normal process of digestion goes on in the intestine after the food has left the stomach.

Some kinds of meat are very tough when raw and are made more tender by cooking. This is due, in part at least, to changes in the so-called connective tissue. The connective tissue of bone, tendons ("gristle"), hoofs, etc., is disintegrated and changed into gelatine or glue by steaming or boiling. In like manner, the minute portions of this material that are distributed through the meat, are softened and lose their tenacity, and thus tough meat is often made tender. But to do this, and to cook meat sufficiently, requires less heat and less outlay for fuel than many people suppose. A great saving can often be made by use of proper devices for cooking, as I hope to explain at another time.

Vegetable foods often require cooking to fit them for use. This is especially true of starchy foods, such as grains, wheat, corn, etc.; beans and pease; and potatoes. The starch is contained in cells. The outer covering of the cell is cellulose (woody-fiber), the material which constitutes the fiber of cotton and linen and which is used to make cloth and paper. If the particles of ore above referred to were incased with material which the acids could not easily penetrate, they would be very slow to dissolve. The digestive juices of the human body act very slowly upon cellulose, and for this reason the starch of raw potatoes or uncooked grain would be difficult of digestion. But in cooking, the little sacs of starch are burst open and the starch itself undergoes more or less chemical change, so that the ptyalin and other agents convert it much more readily into sugar or other digestible forms. But to get at the matter of the changes of food in cooking requires more discussion of the chemical principles involved than would be proper here.

In brief, so far as animal foods are concerned,

cooking is mainly a device to gratify the palate, but many vegetable foods require heating, with or without water, to fit them for use by man.

As to the effect of the quantity of food upon the proportion digested, the experiments at hand seem to point to the interesting conclusion that when a moderate amount is taken, it is digested more completely than a very large or, at times, even a very small quantity. So, likewise, a moderate amount of water seems favorable, while too much has been found to interfere with digestion.

A great deal is said and written about the effect exerted upon the digestion of food by food-adjuncts, such as spice, mustard, and other flavoring materials; beef-tea and meat-extract; tea, coffee, chocolate, and similar beverages; and alcoholic drinks. Instead of venturing an opinion upon the subject which is rather physiological than chemical, I may more appropriately quote one of the latest authoritative utterances upon the subject. Professor Forster, a well-known experimenter, in speaking of what the Germans call *Genussmittel*—appetizers is perhaps the nearest corresponding word we have—the materials which we take with our food either for their own agreeable flavor or to improve the flavor of the food, and which are often supposed to help the digestion,—says in substance as follows:\*

"There is no doubt that the human digestive apparatus can be excited to activity in various ways with *Genussmittel*, including such as are used by man in a refined civilization, at the beginning and end of his meals, e.g., meat broth, salt and salt condiments like caviar, cheese, etc. . . . We know that when brought into contact with the mucus membrane of the stomach and intestines of a living animal, they cause the filling of the blood-vessels and secretion of the digestive juices. Sugar and salt are hardly brought into the mouth before they excite abundant effusion of saliva. Indeed, the same effect is produced even by the sight or smell of savory foods, and some of the well-tasting substances may act upon the digestive apparatus and its glands by simply being taken into the blood circulation. Thus I have observed experimentally a rich secretion of gall after an injection of a solution of sugar into a vein (*vena mesenterica*).

. . . It is very natural to infer from this that the work of digestion will go on better with the aid of such condiments than without them, in two ways: either more nutriment might be digested from the same food, or, if there were no increase in the amount digested, it might be digested more quickly with their help, which would likewise be a gain. . . . But, important as this may seem to physiologists, it is of minor consequence with healthy persons. Thus, in experiments made with a man under my direction, meat which had been treated with water [to remove the 'extractives' which give meat its flavor and which are the chief constituents of beef-tea and meat-extract] and was so tasteless as to be eaten in any considerable quantity only with difficulty, the quantity digested and observed to pass into

\* In the volume on "Ernährung und Nahrungsmittel," of Pettenkofer and Ziemssen's "Handbuch der Hygiene," the latest standard German work on these subjects.

the circulation was as large as with the same weight of meat roasted in the ordinary way; and both Bischoff and Hofmann have found that meat-extract taken with bread or with a mixed diet did not materially affect the digestion. And in experiments by Flüge with a mixed diet so tasteless as to make it, when continued some time, extremely repugnant, so that great effort was required to eat it, the digestion seemed to be unaffected thereby.

"For the sick and convalescent, on the other hand, the effect of these appetizers upon the digestion is of great importance, especially where the digestive apparatus has been for a time more or less inactive and requires stimulating. Thus the observations of Kemmerich show the usefulness of bouillon and meat-extract in case of enfeebled digestion."

In the case of the ore there must be plenty of acids or it cannot dissolve. If the supply of digestive juices is insufficient, the food cannot digest. The chief use of these food adjuncts would seem to be to stimulate the production of digestive juices. The results of later experimental research and the teachings of the physiologists whose opinions are most valued among their fellow-specialists seem, so far as I can gather, to be in the same line with the statements here quoted. It would thus appear that, while the materials which we call appetizers may often be very helpful where digestion is enfeebled, they are, for healthy people, superfluous and without special effect upon the utilization of food in the body. As regards the stronger stimulants, especially alcohol, the same class of physiologists, so far as I can gather from their writings and from personal conversation, are, in general, rather cautious in speaking of its effect upon digestion, but are nevertheless inclined to believe that it does under some circumstances help the digestion of food. There are experiments which indicate that alcohol, taken into the stomach in considerable quantities, may retard gastric digestion while it remains there, but that, on the other hand, it has a stimulating action upon the secretion of the digestive juices, so that it may materially aid digestion. Indeed, just as I write, a German journal brings account of late experiments by Gluzinski which accord with this view. That, when taken in moderate quantities, alcohol should thus help weak digestion, would, unless I err, be quite in accord with the best experimental testimony and with a common opinion of experimenters. Some of our strong temperance friends would

hardly second Paul's advice to Timothy to "use a little wine for thy stomach's sake," but the experimental physiologists seem to side with Paul. But, decidedly as thoughtful specialists may reject the extreme statements of some temperance agitators, many of them are very emphatic in their declarations concerning the danger of excessive use of alcohol and the evil which results from it.

Regarding the effect of moderate exercise just after eating, observations differ, some experiments indicating that muscular labor retards digestion, others that it does not. During sleep digestion has been found to be diminished. To consider the connection between the mental and physical condition and digestion would take us too far from our present purpose.

To recapitulate. In considering the digestibility of food we have to take into account (1) the quantity digested, and (2) the ease and time of digestion. As regards the quantities digested from reasonable amounts of ordinary food-materials by healthy people, the best experimental evidence indicates that:

*First.* The protein of our ordinary meats and fish is very readily and completely digestible.

*Second.* The protein of vegetable foods is much less digestible than that of animal foods. Of that of potatoes and beets, for instance, a third or more may escape digestion and thus be useless for nourishment.

*Third.* Much of the fat of animal food may at times fail of digestion.

*Fourth.* The carbohydrates, starch, sugar, etc., which make up the larger part of vegetable foods, are very digestible.

*Fifth.* The animal foods have in general the advantage of the vegetable foods, that they contain more protein, and that their protein is more digestible.

*Sixth.* The quantities digested appear to be less affected by flavor, flavoring materials, and food-adjuncts than is commonly supposed.

Concerning the ease and time of digestion, and consequent comfort and health, the lack of accurate experimental data renders it more difficult to make concise statements. Cooking and other conditions are very important. Very much depends upon the individual peculiarities of different people.

W. O. Atwater.

## WOMAN AND ARTIST.

I THOUGHT to win me a name  
Should ring in the ear of the world! —  
How can I work with small pink fists  
About my fingers curled?

Then adieu to name and to fame!  
They scarce are worth at the best  
One touch of this wet little, warm little mouth  
With its lips against my breast.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

## HELEN.



ASKED Helen if I could speak to her one moment. This was on Monday. Helen was in the hall—fastening a string around a bundle of magazines. Close by stood Elisabeth Stubbs, our parlor-maid,

with a basket. The basket contained a complete military suit and the very miscellaneous costume in which I attended to our furnace fire.

"No, Harry," said Helen, hurriedly, "I'm late now."

The house jarred with the closing of the street door. Helen was not a violent person. She was gentle as a lamb; but a lamb with seven magazines to distribute, and belated for a dress-rehearsal, cannot be compared to a lamb under ordinary circumstances.

Tuesday afternoon I made a second attempt. "Helen," I said, very decidedly, "I wish to ask you a question." We were again in the hall. Helen still wore the bonnet. I do not think she slept in it, although she always appeared with it on her head at breakfast. A bundle of German plays, very much out of the binding, replaced the magazines. That afternoon the military dress, my furnace suit, and Mildred Smith's brother's dress-coat were to figure among other costumes before the Tuesday German Club. Elisabeth Stubbs acted as dressing-maid in the green-room, and graciously told me later that my furnace suit looked awful funny on Miss Mildred Smith, who was some kind of a soap-man, and that the most beautiful part of the play was almost spoiled by young Mr. Smith, who came home and wanted his coat because he was going away in the train, and if it hadn't been for his mother he would have gone right on to the stage and asked for it, and that he was just horrid because he had to go off without it, and that Miss Helen told Miss Mildred that her brother Harry wouldn't have made any fuss at all.

Naturally Helen paid less attention to me this afternoon than the day before. In fact she did not seem to notice my presence, but repeated her rôle as she put on her gloves, and went out of the house saying, "Ich habe nur das eine Wort, ich liebe Sie." Wednesday I chose the hour of 7 P. M., judging that would be a moment of respite between the engagements of the day and the evening. I opened the parlor door and said—not very pleasantly—

"Helen! I wish you'd stop long enough to tell me ——" In the room sat a circle of ladies; one of them was saying, "I think each of the eight vice-presidents should pledge herself to twelve suits." Helen, with a book and a pencil in her hand, quietly shut the door in my face.

"What's in the parlor, Jane?" I asked the cook.

"Don't yerknow, Mister Harry?" said Jane. "Sure it's the Injins as comes the first Wednesday in every month." Aunt Charlotte, warming her feet by the kitchen-range, explained, "It is the Indian meeting, Harry; something Helen has an interest in. I believe she is one of the vice-presidents, and chairman of the Press Committee."

"I told yer as how it was the Injins," came from the sink; "yer country aint treated thim well; there's a whole pile of *illigant* little pink papers about 'em up in Miss Helen's room. Fine names these chieftains got!—some of 'em much as three and four inches long."

"You didn't want the parlor just now, did you, Harry dear?" continued Aunt Charlotte. "I think you had better look at the furnace; the ladies used to meet in the church vestry, but it was too cold and damp; you know it's half under ground, Harry."

"Yes," I said.

"The sexton never built the fire until just before the meeting began, and I know it must have been colder there than in any Indian wigwam—that is why we thought the ladies had better meet here. You don't want your sister to take cold, Harry dear?"

"No; I did not want any of them to take cold."

Thursday I went down early to breakfast, determined to have my question answered. Elisabeth Stubbs, wearing an injured expression, stopped her work to inquire if Miss Helen were a Nihilist. It appeared that the postman had made this suggestion to our maid-servant.

My sister sat at the breakfast-table—her bonnet on. The pile of letters before her gave me a clew to the postman's attempted joke. Envelopes long, square, narrow, broad, white, blue, brown, buff; postmarks indicating remote towns in the United States; postmarks from Canada, England, France, Japan; a journal from Heidelberg, and a postal from Constantinople. Helen held communications with all parts of the world; she knew people everywhere; she belonged to several

societies whose work was carried on entirely through correspondence; she also wrote for various periodicals—the manuscripts were often returned, thereby largely increasing her mail. They were not returned, be it understood, from lack of merit; even Aunt Charlotte and I considered them good, and we were no exception to the rule of unappreciative families.

My sister looked at me absently—told me to order a barrel of flour sent that morning to the St. Margaret Orphan Asylum, asked Aunt Charlotte if she had slept well, and then hurriedly ran over a page of her note-book:

"Nine to ten, French reading; ten to eleven, see about Soldiers' Monument; eleven to twelve, buy gingham for asylum; twelve to one, Diet mission; two to four, read paper at club; then see sick woman, tell people about change of place, and collect Magazine-club fees."

Here I will explain that Helen was secretary of a club called "The Bohemians." There were one hundred members, men and women, clever, charming, delightful people. They read "papers," and talked on various art topics, and it was a great honor to be of them. One of their Bohemian ways was an occasional uncertainty as to the next place of meeting, and upon Helen rested the responsibility of informing one hundred people where this next place would be. This explains the brief little memorandum of "Tell people about change of place."

"Six to seven, dinner; seven to eight, look over early history of the Jews in Venice; eight to eleven, Shakspeare Club; eleven to twelve, find play for reform school;—and oh, Harry," concluded my sister, "do you know of any play suitable for boys—something bright and interesting, with no love-making?"

I did not.

"Helen," said Aunt Charlotte mildly, "I notice you never leave any time between your hours. I mean, time to go from one place to another. I am afraid you walk very fast on the street. I was watching you the other day, and it seemed to me as if your head were a long distance in front of your feet. It is very inelegant for a woman to get a bad gait."

I did not dare ask my question that day, neither did I Friday nor Saturday,—the last of the week being always very crowded,—and as for Sunday, there was morning and evening service, and Sunday-school, and the organ to play at the Old Ladies' Home, and several sick people to visit. No city pastor with a number of outlying mission parishes could be more occupied. Aunt Charlotte suggested that if I were very anxious to ask Helen anything, I should join her Sunday-school class, that being composed of boys of all ages, whom Helen encouraged in conversation.

Three months brought no answer to my question. We lived in a perfect jumble of ideas: door-bell always ringing, parlor always full of strange people, all kinds of clubs meeting in the library, all kinds of things given in the house—bazaars, readings, concerts, charades, operettas, cooking-class, Sunday-school teachers' meetings, art exhibitions, loan exhibitions, auctions of club-books, and comedies and tragedies in foreign tongues. The maids in the kitchen joined in this intellectual dissipation. Aunt Charlotte, teaching Elisabeth Stubbs a few geographical notions, was told three times in one evening that Cape Horn was the capital of Brazil. By way of explanation, Elisabeth added that her mind was on her Sunday-school lesson, that she had the whole book of Daniel to learn, and that next week she should have all of Corinthians and *Axes!* Jane did not aspire to books, but, having lost a distant relative, indulged in the elegance of a black crape bonnet, without which she would not even venture as far as the corner letter-box. Neither would she use her Christmas present, a nice brown silk umbrella. Being in mourning, how could she? To keep things pleasant, we gave her a black silk one.

Aunt Charlotte and I, in our narrow sphere, grew dizzy and tired and worried. One day at lunch came the beginning of a crisis; something queer about Helen's head caught my attention. Either her bonnet was growing smaller, or her head bigger, or both. Aunt Charlotte also noticed it; she put on her glasses, and said, "Helen, some one has certainly cut off the front of your bonnet; it is the smallest thing I ever saw on a woman's head."

Helen replied that her bonnet was just the same as it always had been, and if we were coming to the Japanese tea, we had better come between five and six, as then the lanterns would be lighted, and that was the pleasantest time for meeting people.

By means of Japanese screens, umbrellas, rugs, divans, fans, and fancies, the first floor of an old-fashioned mansion was transformed into a Japanese tea-house. It was a place of fascinating color, brilliant with lanterns, and mysterious with hidden perfume. A Japanese page opened the door, Japanese maidens received the American money, and the bewildered guest passed from sunlight into lantern-light. More fair maidens in beautiful Japanese dress greeted him; Japanese tea was served in Japanese cups on Japanese trays, accompanied by sugar in Japanese bowls, and, to make the charm greater, the wearers of the rich foreign dresses moved and talked and smiled with irresistible American grace. Aunt Charlotte and I, very much impressed, came home to a more substantial tea by our New

England fireside. Helen was always careful to give us something particularly nice on those occasions when she could not give us her society. Of late she had been so much occupied that her little surprises had taken the form of canned goods. This evening we had canned apricots; a pot of white primroses stood on the table. Elisabeth Stubbs remarked, "Miss Helen said if I forgot everything else I was to remember the flowers, it being Mr. Harry's birthday." There was also a very shining brass lion in repoussé work on the mantel, with a card bearing "Many happy returns of the day."

"It's very effective, don't you think so, dear?" said my aunt, "only I do not approve of Helen's doing such things. It seems as if hammering must hurt the head. She hasn't the proper kind of hammer, I believe. It is certainly very noisy work, though she always hammers down cellar. Don't you think it rather hard work for a woman, Harry?"

I said it seemed to me about as hard as hammering a board fence together.

"I know you think Helen does too many things," said Aunt Charlotte, "but you need not speak in that tone, especially after she has been so thoughtful about your birthday. And she has so much on her mind, poor child! She has everything on her mind. I can't help worrying about her. How much do you think a woman can bear?"

I said, judging from Helen, I should suppose a woman's power of endurance was limitless.

Aunt Charlotte gave me a look of reproach. "Harry," she said, "don't you think that Sisters of Charity live a good life?"

This was an unexpected turn of conversation. I said I did not see the connection; that I thought they were foolish women.

"They are not considered so in the Roman Catholic Church," replied my aunt with dignity, "and I am sure your sister leads a far more self-sacrificing and higher life than even a Carmelite nun."

I said I hoped she did—which comment my aunt left unnoticed, and continued, musingly: "The nuns do everything by the hour—two hours' meditation, two hours' prayer, two hours' lying on a wooden bed, two hours' this, and two hours' that—and all for the salvation of their own souls; whereas your sister also does everything by the hour, but she works for the whole world."

"Excluding the family," I said, and I fear I said it in a very unpleasant way. The brass lion looked ready to tear off my head, and my aunt seemed so deeply distressed that I reconsidered and modified my judgment. Elisabeth Stubbs came in for the dishes, Aunt Charlotte took out her silk rug, and I opened my books.

"Do you belong to any men's clubs, where they write papers?" asked my aunt.

I said I did not belong to anything but the church choir.

"Then you don't know what men write about. I notice, in Helen's club, the ladies always write about things that happened several thousand years before Christ. It seems a long time ago."

The fire blazed merrily on the hearth, the brass lion took on a more friendly expression, our little family altercation had left us feeling perhaps more at peace with each other than an amiable dish of family sweetmeats. In my heart I thought there never was a sweeter, dearer girl than my sister Helen. The primroses smiled on the table. "I believe the German name for primrose means Key of Heaven," said my aunt, and she snipped an old black neck-ribbon into inch pieces.

It was at this peaceful moment that a sound came through the house—a sound that can mean so much, and so little,—life, death, a fortune, a valentine, or a beggar,—the ringing of the street bell.

"If you please, Mr. Harry," said Elisabeth, coming in very much out of breath, "it's Miss Helen come home, and something has happened to her."

On the hall sofa lay a figure in a blue crape dressembroidered with huge silver storks. From her hair hung silver bells and silver fans. The long flowing sleeves of crape swept the carpet. This was Helen. By her side stood a figure in crimson, woven with wonderful golden flowers; golden flowers and fans nodded in her hair. This was Mildred Smith. At a respectful distance stood the cabman, looking as mystified as if he had been driving in his black and earthly carriage two white-winged heavenly angels.

"I will go for the doctor, sir," he said in a subdued tone; and I gave him the address.

Aunt Charlotte came trembling behind me.

"You remember I told you her head looked large at lunch, Harry!"

"It is not her head, Aunt Charlotte," said Mildred, "it is the way her hair is arranged. You know we had to wear a good deal of hair for the dress. We were in the carriage coming home, and suddenly Helen said, 'I can't think! I don't know where I am!' and then she fell back and wouldn't speak, and when we got here she couldn't move."

"I am sure her head is larger than usual," said Aunt Charlotte; "it looks all distorted."

"It's the hair," said Mildred.

"I haven't any head," said Helen, opening her eyes; "I have a large block of wood on my shoulders—it is a square block —"

She closed her eyes, and I carried her up stairs.

THE world did not end. I think it limped a little for a time. In the back hall stood a half-packed barrel of clothing intended for the Navajo Indians. I finished packing it, putting in a few extra things that fell in my way, and started it for Mexico. I engaged a colored boy by the day to carry notes. I filled out one hundred "Bohemian" postals, thereby notifying the club concerning the next place of meeting. I met the managers of the St. Margaret Orphan Asylum, of the Old Ladies' Home, and of several minor associations, and made over to them small accumulations of money found in as many envelopes labeled and locked in Helen's desk. I sent a message to Elisabeth Stubbs's Sunday-school teacher, begging her to excuse our maid from preparing elaborate lessons, as we needed all her mind at home. In the meantime Aunt Charlotte fell ill from anxiety, and in search of a nurse I went from Morning street to Vesper street. At the last house on Vesper street I found a Mrs. Newman, an accommodating woman, who did not object to sitting behind a screen when Aunt Charlotte was not feeling strong enough to see her in the room. As for Helen, she remained during several days in a stupor, thereby giving us an opportunity to arrange her affairs; then she opened her eyes and said she wished to have a sentence fixed on her forehead, this being, she explained, the custom of the dwellers on the Euphrates before the fall of Babylon. She wished Mildred Smith to print it with charcoal on brown wrapping-paper.

Mildred Smith began to cry when I asked her to do this, and said she couldn't print, her hand trembled so, and that she didn't know what sort of a sentence I wanted, and that perhaps Helen was going to die.

Aunt Charlotte thought we might find something in Helen's note-books. Mrs. Newman, behind the screen, suggested timidly a verse of Scripture. "Print something," I said, going back to Mildred; "it doesn't much matter what." Mildred printed in trembling letters the word "Helen," and we fastened it upon her forehead.

"Helen"—many a time we looked at that name, wondering if the Helen we knew would ever come back out of the multitudinous forms and fancies which seemed to replace her. Throughout all those strange weeks my sister would not allow the removal of this bit of brown paper. It was as if she wished to preserve some clew to her own identity. As Aunt Charlotte said, "Poor Helen was always taking notes, and now she had taken a note on herself." Aside from the one continual feeling that her head was a square block of wood, my sister seemed to suffer no pain, and her tem-

perature and pulse were unaffected. She talked incessantly—not wildly—but in a quite low tone, as if she were reciting.

Sometimes she described herself as a Chinese pagoda, with bells on every story; sometimes she was a large paper bag, containing ounce-packages and pound-packages; then she would suddenly become a bass-viol or a Polish exile; and I remember at this stage she told me that she wished to play Chopin well, and therefore she must be filled with the sufferings of his country!

Helen had taken a tremendous overdose of mental food, which the brain, in self-defense, was gradually throwing off. As long as she continued to talk, we had only to wait patiently; but there would come a moment when this great supply of thought would be so diminished as to leave a great emptiness, and this emptiness must be at once tenderly treated and judiciously fed, or the difference between extreme high pressure and want of pressure would be fatal.

The delicate question was, of what should this mental gruel consist. It must be simple, soothing, and not likely to excite any train of deep thought.

One day there came a sudden silence in the room. Helen had ceased talking. Her eyes were fastened upon me with a hungry, eager look. I sat down by the bed, and said quietly and gently, in a matter-of-course way, and feeling very sure of myself:

"Sing a Song of Sixpence, a pocket full of rye,  
Four-and-twenty blackbirds baked in a pie—  
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing."

It was an unfortunate selection. Helen, to my amazement, instead of being gradually lulled to sleep, interrupted me in a startled way, with a touching weakness in her voice, as if its strength were spent.

"The pie represents the earth; the top of the pie is the sky; when the pie was opened, means the break of day, and then the birds begin to sing; the king is the sun—" And thus she rambled on from Mother Goose rhymes, by way of German fairyland and Norse legends, to the mysteries of ancient mythology.

The doctors came and went. Mildred, Aunt Charlotte, and I sat helpless in Helen's bright little sitting-room. Mrs. Newman waited behind the screen. That strange atmosphere which creeps over a house in supreme moments crept into ours. The light that fell shyly in through the half-closed blinds did not seem like light; the children's voices coming up from the street were not like children's voices; we were in a far-away, shut-off place of suspense and dread. We seemed unknown to ourselves. Mildred sat pale and motionless.

I looked at her, and wondered would she also have this strange affliction? Would all of Helen's set have it? Must they also pay this terrible price for their love of humanity and human advancement?

Was it love, pure and simple? Was it not a folly, a fashion? A verse ran through my mind, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." What did that mean? Had it any connection with the philanthropic women of the day? Helen had worked with all her might. She had lived two days in one. I do not think she did it from ambition or from fashion; she did it from a sort of necessity. She was in the whirl of the time and the customs of the time. It would have been useless to stop her, for she could not stop.

I went back in my thoughts to the days when good Queen Bertha spun among her maidens. Was that a wiser and better time when women spun, when women gathered at the village fountain, morning and evening? Were they happier than the women who gather to-day around centers of art and of science? Physically they were stronger. Was not that time of quiet, simple life a time of physical development, as to-day is a time of mental development? Might there not be a period coming later in history when both developments would be united and perfected? or was something wrong? was it all wrong, or was nothing wrong?

From Helen's room came disconnectedly the words — pre-Adamite — realism — high art — symbolisms — unities. Then the dreaded silence. We looked at each other. "Quick, Mildred," I said nervously, "give me something to say — something to repeat over and over."

"I cannot think of anything," said Mildred, helplessly. Aunt Charlotte was even more helpless. Mrs. Newman came out from her screen, and with an evident professional feeling that she must come to our aid, whispered, "There's that lovely hymn, 'Sister, thou wert mild and lovely.'"

"Something monotonous — something like counting," I said to Mildred, appealingly; and Mildred, opening a cookery-book, pointed out "one-two-three-four cake."

"Helen used to make it," she said with a sob; "I don't believe it will excite her." We took turns for two days in repeating at Helen's bedside, "One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs."

There was sense enough in the words to connect them, they touched on no dangerous topic, their monotony was perfect, and under their ceaseless repetition Helen fell asleep, quietly asleep, like a child.

I walked wearily out to the sitting-room, and, taking Mildred's hand, began to pass my own slowly over it — as I had been doing for Helen, and I began, "One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs." Mildred, gently withdrawing her hand, said:

"How tired you are!"

They darkened the room, made me lie down, and left me. I dropped asleep, still repeating, "One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, four eggs."

THE world gained rather than lost by my sister's illness. She awoke from the sleep into which we at last lulled her with fresh energies and a mind ready to plan new methods for benefiting mankind, and while waiting strength to execute these plans her fingers fashioned an elaborate silk quilt, which brought a fabulous price at a charity-fair.

Aunt Charlotte and I looked on in awe and wonder and admiration.

"There is one comfort," said my aunt; "she isn't the kind to have things twice, so she will not have *that* sickness again. She never had the mumps or the measles but once; you know some children have them several times. I've been thinking, Harry dear, perhaps the Lord meant for women like her *never* to stop; perhaps they are needed just now to hold up the world. They seem to me like the early martyrs; only, instead of being burned at the stake, they are being consumed in life's fire; but they are too exalted to notice what is happening to them," — Aunt Charlotte's eyes shone, — "there's something grand about it, Harry dear!"

As I had not considered Helen or any of her friends in the light of the early martyrs, I looked at Aunt Charlotte anxiously and said I feared her imagination was growing exalted. "Well, I don't know," said my aunt, "I can't help thinking about the other world. I suppose it is wicked; but there's been so much said lately about 'going right on' studying languages and giving concerts and sketching and helping people, just the same as here. It wouldn't be my heaven, but it might be Helen's — only I do want her to have a quiet place to rest in first!" Then, as if shocked by this familiar handling of a sacred subject, my aunt hastily opened a hymn-book, and said she knew it wasn't right to say such things; and I, watching her, wondered vaguely if Helen would ever find time to answer the question I tried to ask so long ago — for the question still waits its answer.

Harriet Lewis Bradley.

## THE FRAMERS AND THE FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION.



ON the 11th of June, 1776, the Continental Congress, then sitting at Philadelphia, chose two committees to perform two pieces of important work. One was to draw a declaration of independence; the other was to frame articles of perpetual union. The Committee on the Declaration finished their work and gave it to the world on July 4th, 1776; the Committee on Articles of Confederation reported a plan four days later; but it was not till March 1st, 1781, that the articles were finally adopted.

The government that went into effect on that day was bad from beginning to end. There was no executive, no judiciary, and only the likeness of a legislature. Congress consisted of one house presided over by a president chosen each year by the delegates from among their number. The delegates could not be more than seven nor less than two from any State, were elected yearly, and could serve but three years in any term of six. On the floor of Congress all voting was done by States, and the assent of nine was necessary to declare war, to make peace, to coin money, to pass any ordinance of the least importance. To such trivial questions as came up from day to day,—when should the house rise; who should be geographer for the next year?—the assent of the majority of the States was enough, and it was a white day whereon six did not make a majority.

To this body the States had given a few powers, and had given them grudgingly as of necessity. Congress had power to declare war, make peace, issue bills of credit, keep up a navy and army, contract debts, enter into treaties of commerce and alliance, and settle disputes between the members of the confederation. But it could not enforce a treaty nor a law when made, nor impose any restriction on commerce, nor lay a tax of any kind for the purpose of raising a revenue. Bad as the articles were, they were made worse yet by the provision that to amend them required the consent of each one of the thirteen members of the Union.

The evils of this system were not slow to appear. Acting on States, and not on individuals, Congress never secured a hold on the people, was always looked on as a revolutionary body, and was treated, first with indifference, and then with contempt.

The large vote needed to pass a weighty measure often made it impossible to legislate at all. Two States, Georgia and Rhode Island, were seldom represented. Of the eleven others more than eight were rarely present, and Congress was thus forced to adjourn again and again for want of a quorum. Repeatedly these adjournments covered a space of thirteen consecutive days. As nine of the eleven States had but two delegates each, the powers of Congress passed into the hands of three men, who, by their negative votes, could defeat any measure requiring the assent of nine.

Lacking power to enforce its acts, Congress made treaties which the States set at naught, called for money which the States never paid, and saw article after article of the confederation broken in the most defiant way. The States were forbidden to wage war and make treaties. Yet Georgia waged war and made a treaty with the Creeks. The States were forbidden to keep troops in time of peace. Yet Pennsylvania sent troops that drove the Connecticut settlers from the valley of Wyoming; Massachusetts raised an army and put down Shay's rebellion. The States were forbidden to enter into compacts. Yet Maryland and Virginia made a compact; Pennsylvania and New Jersey set bounds to Delaware. Indeed, Congress itself was more than once driven to exercise powers to which, by the articles, it had no right whatever.

Having no power to manage trade, Congress could not, by commercial restrictions, force Great Britain to enter into a trade treaty. British goods came over in immense quantities, the balance of trade turned against us, and, to settle the balance, the coin of the country went over to England in boxes and barrels. The States, deprived of a circulating medium, put out paper money; with paper money came tender laws and force acts, and in Massachusetts open rebellion against the commonwealth.

Many of these evils had long been felt. Indeed, the Articles of Confederation were not in force before it was proposed to amend them. The Hartford Convention of 1780 urged the States to suffer Congress to tax them according to population and spend the revenue so raised in paying the interest on the public debt. Congress accordingly asked for such an amendment, and twelve States consented. But Rhode Island would not, and it failed. Again a little while and Congress asked for specific duties and a permanent revenue, and again

twelve States consented. But this time New York stood out, and the second proposed amendment was a failure. At last, made desperate, Congress asked for power to regulate trade for twenty-five years. Once more twelve States consented. Once more New York refused. Once more the attempt to amend the articles was a failure. Then, every other means having been tried, Congress approved the call already sent out for a convention of the States at Philadelphia.

Such a convention had twice been asked for. New York wanted one in 1782; Massachusetts was equally eager in 1785. But the origin of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 goes back to the action of a joint commission which sat at Mount Vernon in March, 1785. There were then no concerted regulations between Maryland and Virginia touching the jurisdiction and navigation of the Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac River. Trouble had arisen in consequence, and the commission had been chosen to frame a compact that would serve as a remedy. But they had not been very long at work when they saw that common duties and common principles for explaining the meaning of commercial laws and settling disputes about the currency were just as necessary as well-defined rights on the river and bay. With these things, however, the commissioners had no right to meddle. Yet they ventured to draw up a supplementary report setting forth the need of legislation on the currency, the duties, and commerce in general, and urging the appointment each year of two commissioners to arrange such matters for the next year.

Maryland readily accepted the report, and asked Delaware and Pennsylvania to come into the scheme. But Virginia went further, and asked all the States to a trade convention at Annapolis in September, 1786. New York and New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Virginia alone attended, spent two days in discussing the low state of trade and commerce, in lamenting their want of powers, and then called a new convention, to meet at Philadelphia in May, 1787. This was the call that Congress approved in February, 1787; and it was high time, for seven States had already chosen delegates.

Virginia was first to act, and sent up her seven most noted citizens. Jefferson was then minister to France; Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee would not serve; but in their places came George Washington and James Madison, Edmund Randolph, the governor, George Mason, George Wythe, John Blair, and James McClurg, a professor in William and Mary College.

New Jersey came next, and on November 23d

chose William Livingston, eleven times her governor; William Paterson, ten times her attorney-general; David Brearley, her chief-justice, and William Houston, her delegate to Congress. Houston fell sick, and Jonathan Dayton took his place. Scarce a month went by but the name of some State was added to the list. In December came Pennsylvania; in January came North Carolina; in February came Delaware, Massachusetts, and New York. South Carolina and Georgia came in April, and Connecticut in May. New Hampshire would gladly have acted promptly, but her treasury was empty, her delegates could not bear the cost of the journey themselves, and the convention was half through its work when John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman appeared in her behalf. Rhode Island alone refused to attend.

The day chosen for the meeting of the convention was the second Monday in May, which, in that year, fell on the 14th of the month. But so tardy were the delegates in setting out, and so great were the hindrances met on the way, that the 25th of May came before seven States were present in the State-house. This made a quorum. The convention at once called Washington to the chair, chose William Jackson secretary, appointed a committee to prepare rules, and adjourned, to meet again on the 28th. Nine States then answered to their names. The doors were then closed, a solemn pledge of secrecy was laid on the members, and thenceforth for many years what took place in the convention was never fully known.

The delegates thus bound to secrecy were assuredly a most remarkable body of men. Hardly one among them but had sat in some famous assembly, had signed some famous document, had filled some high place, or had made himself conspicuous for learning, for scholarship, or for signal services rendered in the cause of liberty. One had framed the Albany plan of union; some had been members of the Stamp Act Congress of 1765; some had signed the Declaration of Rights in 1774; the names of others appear at the foot of the Declaration of Independence, and at the foot of the Articles of Confederation; two had been presidents of Congress; seven had been, or were then, governors of States; twenty-eight had been members of Congress; one had commanded the armies of the United States; another had been Superintendent of Finance; a third had repeatedly been sent on important missions to England and had long been minister to France.

Nor were the future careers of many of them to be less interesting than their past. Washington and Madison became Presidents of the

United States; Elbridge Gerry became Vice-President; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Rufus King became candidates for the presidency, and Jared Ingersoll, Rufus King, and John Langdon candidates for the vice-presidency; Hamilton became Secretary of the Treasury; Madison, Secretary of State; Randolph, Attorney-General and Secretary of State, and James McHenry, a Secretary of War; Ellsworth and Rutledge became Chief-Justices; Wilson and John Blair rose to the supreme bench; Gouverneur Morris, and Ellsworth, and Charles C. Pinckney, and Gerry, and William Davie became ministers abroad. Others less fortunate closed their careers in misery or in shame. Hamilton went down before the pistol of Aaron Burr; Robert Morris, after languishing in a debtor's prison, died in poverty; James Wilson died a broken-hearted fugitive from justice; Edmund Randolph left the cabinet of Washington in disgrace; William Blount was driven from the Senate of the United States.

Blount sat for North Carolina, and with him were Alexander Martin, a soldier of the Revolution, Richard Dobbs Spaight, a native of Ireland, Hugh Williamson, and William Davie. South Carolina sent Pierce Butler, John Rutledge, and the two cousins, Charles and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney. Butler was an Irishman, was descended from the Dukes of Ormond, and, when the Revolution opened, was a major in the 29th Regiment of Foot. The 29th was one of the regiments stationed at Boston and furnished the soldiers who did the shooting in the famous Boston massacre. Disgusted at the treatment of the colonists, and convinced that justice was on their side, he threw up his commission when the war opened, joined the continental army, fought through the war, and then settled in South Carolina. Another man of Scotch-Irish ancestry was John Rutledge. He too had been educated abroad, had studied law at the Temple, and had been sent at the age of twenty-six to the Stamp Act Congress of 1765. Nine years later he sat in the first Continental Congress, and was pronounced by Patrick Henry the most eloquent speaker in that body. Fearless, resolute, a man of fine parts, he was unquestionably the foremost man South Carolina produced till she produced Calhoun.

Georgia sent up William Houston, William Pierce, a Virginian, William Few, and Abraham Baldwin, a Connecticut man. The Connecticut delegation was, as a whole, the ablest on the floor. Save Benjamin Franklin, no man who came to the convention had made for himself so instructive and so useful a career as Roger Sherman. He was a man of the people. Born near Boston, he got his education

at the common school, and was early apprenticed to a shoemaker. His apprenticeship over, he set out on foot, with his tools on his back, for New Milford in Connecticut. There he kept store and read law till he was admitted to the bar, when he moved to New Haven. At New Haven he rose rapidly in the estimation of his townsmen, was made treasurer of Yale College, represented the town in the legislature, and when New Haven became a city, was chosen first mayor, and remained mayor for the rest of his life. He was fourteen times sent to the legislature. He was twenty-three years a judge. Connecticut elected him to the Congress of 1774, and reelected him repeatedly till he died. He signed the Declaration of Rights in 1774; the Declaration of Independence, which he was one of the committee to write; and the Articles of Confederation, which he helped to frame.

With him came William Samuel Johnson and Oliver Ellsworth. Johnson had been a judge and a member of Congress; but he enjoyed a distinction rarer still, for he was a scholar of high rank. Indeed, the fame of his learning reached England, where Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws, and the Royal Society a member.

Massachusetts sent up Caleb Strong, Nathaniel Gorham, a rich Boston merchant, Elbridge Gerry, a signer and a member of Congress, and Rufus King, a congressman and a fierce hater of slavery. Alexander Hamilton, John Lansing, and Robert Yates represented New York. Yates and Lansing were men of ability; but they held the narrow and selfish views then so prevalent in New York State, became mere obstructionists in the convention, and when they could not succeed in setting up State-rights government, left the convention and went home. The departure of Yates is much to be lamented, for, while he staid, he was busy taking notes of the debates and proceedings. Five men came from Delaware,—Gunning Bedford, Jr., Richard Bassett, Jacob Broome, George Read, who signed the Declaration, and John Dickinson, who would not. The largest delegation was that from Pennsylvania. On her list are the names of Jared Ingersoll, who led the bar, and whose father had been driven from New England for trying to serve as Stamp agent in 1765, George Clymer, another signer, Thomas Fitz Simons, a great merchant, Robert and Gouverneur Morris, Thomas Mifflin, a general of the Revolution, a member of Congress, and once a member of the infamous Conway Cabal, James Wilson, a Scotchman and the best-read lawyer in the convention, and Benjamin Franklin. Maryland sent up Daniel of St. Thomas Jenifer, Daniel Carroll of Carrollton, John Mercer, Luther Martin, and James McHenry.

It is a sure sign of the high respect in which this famous body of men was held, that not one word was uttered by the people against their secret sessions. Profound secrecy, it was said, could not be kept by men who quarreled. Secrecy was kept, and this meant that the delegates were of one mind on all Federal measures. Had the world, it was asked, ever beheld such a sight? When before had a people without strife and without bloodshed deputed a band of patriots, that would have adorned the best days of Greece and Rome, to cure the evils of its government? That evils existed was lamentable; but they were unavoidable. The Confederacy was like a hut or a tent put up in time of war and fit for the needs of war. But peace was come, and it was now time to build a suitable and durable dwelling, with tight roof, substantial bolts, and strong bars, to shield the States from every kind of harm.

The simile of a house and a roof was a favorite, and was used again and again. The United States was like an old man and his wife who with thirteen sons landed in America. There they built a spacious dwelling and lived happily for several years. But the sons grew weary of the company of their parents, and each put up a cabin for himself near their old home. At once trouble began. One had implements of husbandry stolen; another lost a crop; a third had his sheep eaten by the wolves; a fourth nearly died of cold from the roof of his cabin being blown away; a fifth saw his flock swept off by floods. At last twelve of the brothers met on a plain and resolved to ask their father to take them back. He did so gladly, and the old house, mended and enlarged, was made more beautiful than ever. The thirteenth son stood out, and, after three years, hanged himself by his garters in the woods.

This son was Rhode Island. His flocks, in the language of the simile, were indeed being eaten by wolves. Wholly given over to the party of Shays, the party of legal-tender acts, of force acts, of paper money, the State had sent no delegates to Philadelphia and was not at any time represented in the convention. This contempt for the wishes of the country was warmly resented. She was denounced as the cause of the failure of the impost. To her charge was laid the suffering of the soldiers in the Revolutionary War, the heavy taxes, the bankrupt treasury, the poverty of the whole nation. Let her, it was said, never again be suffered to defeat a Federal measure. Drop her from the Union. Turn her out from the company of States. Or, better still, apportion her to Massachusetts and Connecticut. Vermont would more than take her place. As the 4th of July drew near, the governor of New Jersey was said to have expressly ordered that no

more than twelve cannon be fired, and no more than twelve toasts drunk. At Trenton and a few places elsewhere this was done. The convention, it was asserted, was determined that Rhode Island should be considered out of the Union. The government about to be set up would hold her responsible for a fair share of the Federal debt, and would first seek by gentle means to collect it. But, if these failed, the sum would be taken from her by force.

As to what this new and vigorous government would be, the people made all manner of guesses. Many plans, it was thought, had been talked of. One was said to keep the form but not the spirit of democracy; another parted the States into three republics; another gave a strong executive power without even the semblance of a popular constitution. The convention was accused by some of having a plan to set up a king. A constitution, the knowing ones asserted, had been made, titles, orders, and social distinctions established, and a commission would soon be sent to offer the crown to the Bishop of Osnaburgh, the second son of King George. This idle tale was more than half believed, and each post brought letters to the delegates begging to know if it were true. The answer invariably was, "While we cannot affirmatively tell you what we are doing, we can negatively tell you what we are not doing; we never once thought of a king."

For our knowledge of what they did think of doing we are indebted to the journals of the convention, to the notes taken down by Yates and Madison, and to the "Genuine Information" of Luther Martin. From these sources it appears that the serious work of the convention was opened by Randolph on the morning of Tuesday, the 29th of May. In a speech of great force he summed up the weak points of the Articles of Confederation, showed how unsuited they were to the needs of the country, and urged all present to join in setting up a strong national government. As a plan of such a government, he read fifteen resolutions which the Virginia delegate had framed while waiting for the convention to assemble.

This, which came in time to be known as the Virginia plan, provided that there should be a national executive, a national legislature, a national judiciary and council of revision; that the executive should be chosen by the legislature and be ineligible a second time; that the legislature should consist of two branches, with power to coerce refractory States and veto all State laws contrary to the Articles of Union; that the people should choose the members of the first branch; that the first branch should choose the members of the second from men nominated by the legisla-

tures of the States; that the representation of each State should be proportioned to the inhabitants on its soil or to the share it bore of the national expenses; that the judiciary should be elected by the national legislature; that the executive and the judges should form a council to revise all laws before they went into force; that provisions should be made for admitting new States, for amending the Articles of Union, for assuring to each State a republican form of government and a right to its soil.

The resolutions read and explained, Randolph moved a committee of the whole on the state of the Union, and to the committee the Virginia plan was sent. No sooner was this done than Charles Pinckney of South Carolina presented a second plan for a constitutional government. This too went to the committee, was never heard of again, and is now hopelessly lost.

Next day the Virginia plan came formally before the committee, and during two weeks was carefully debated. Each resolution was taken up. Some were amended, some were dropped, and others put in their stead. But the feeling of the delegates seemed to be that there should be an executive, legislative, and judicial branch of government; that the legislature should consist of two houses; and that the members of one should be elected by the people. When the number of the executive and the way of choosing came up, there were almost as many opinions as States on the floor. Some wanted an executive of three, one from each part of the country; some were for a single executive with a council of revision; some for a single executive without a council of revision. He was to be elected directly by the people. He was to be chosen by electors, or by State legislatures; by the State governors; by one branch of the national legislature; by both branches on a joint ballot; by both branches on a concurrent vote; he was to be chosen by lot. For three days no other business was done. It was then determined that the executive should be chosen as the national legislature decided, should hold office seven years, and should not be reelected.

This decision was reached on Monday, the 4th of June. The debates up to this time had been most amicable. But, before the week ended, the delegates began to wrangle, sectional spirit began to appear, and those lines which again and again divided the convention before it rose became plainly visible. There were parties made up of individuals and parties made up of States. There were men who wished for a Federal government not much unlike that they were trying to better, and there were men who did not want a confederacy at all. There were men eager to see a

centralized government set up, and men insisting that State sovereignty should be carefully maintained. There were the Southern States against the Northern States, the commercial States against the agricultural States; and what proved far more serious still, there were the great States against the small.

Out of these party divisions came in time the three compromises of the Constitution. The fear in which the little States stood of the great secured the compromise giving representation to States. The hatred felt by the slave States for the free caused the second compromise, giving representation to slaves. The jealousy between States agricultural and States commercial brought about the third compromise, on the slave-trade and commerce.

The great States were Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Virginia; New York, New Jersey, and Delaware were the small. The great States were for a strong national government on the Virginia plan; the little States were for the old confederation mended and improved, and made their first firm stand on Saturday, the 9th of June. The second resolution of the Virginia plan, that suffrage in the national legislature ought to be in proportion to wealth or free inhabitants, had been postponed, and this, on motion of Paterson, of New Jersey, was now taken up.

The convention, he said, had no power to make a national government. Congress had assembled them to amend the Articles of Confederation. The articles were, therefore, the proper basis for all proceeding. Bad as they might be in some ways, they were excellent in others. They acknowledged the sovereignty of the States, treated them all alike, and gave to each the same vote and the same weight when assembled in Congress. On no other plan could a confederacy of States be maintained. Representation as proposed, representation in proportion to wealth or numbers, looked fair in the face; but it was unfair and unjust at heart. Suppose it adopted, suppose the States to send delegates to the first branch according to the sums of money they paid to the Board of Treasury, and see what would happen. Virginia would have sixteen votes and Georgia one. Was this just? Was it safe? Did any one think New Jersey would risk her independence, her sovereignty, her well-being in a Congress in which she had but five votes while Virginia had sixteen? There was no more reason for giving a State paying a large quota more votes than a State paying a small quota, than there was for giving a rich man more votes at the polls than a poor man. New Jersey would never confederate on such a plan. She would be swallowed up. She would rather submit to a despot than to such a fate.

The great States took a different view. It was true, they admitted, that each State was sovereign, and that all were therefore equal. It was also true that each man is naturally a sovereign over himself, and that therefore all men are naturally equal. But could he keep this sovereignty when he became a member of a civil government? He could not. Neither could a State keep her sovereignty when she became a member of a Federal government. All government came from the people. Equal numbers of people ought therefore to have an equal number of representatives, and different numbers of people a different number of representatives. The people, not the States, were to be represented. And did any one think that 150 Pennsylvanians should have no more representation than 50 Jerseymen? Six States thought not, and voted that in the first branch representation should be according to some equitable ratio. An equitable ratio was next decided to be the rule by which, in April, 1783, Congress fixed the quotas of the States. This rule was that quotas should be laid according to the whole number of free white inhabitants of both sexes, of every age, occupation, and condition, and three-fifths of all other persons save Indians not taxed.

The small States had lost the day. But they were not discouraged, and, led on by Connecticut, made a stout fight for an equal vote in the Senate. Again they were defeated, again population was made the basis of representation, and, this done, the committee hurried on to the consideration of the remaining resolutions of the Virginia plan. By the 13th of June they had all been passed; the committee had reported them to the House, and the House was about to name a day for considering the report, when Paterson rose and asked leave to bring in a totally different plan. Alarmed at the strong display of national feeling, the delegates from Connecticut and New Jersey, Delaware and New York, with Luther Martin of Maryland, had framed a plan and chosen Paterson to lay it before the convention; a plan which Hamilton well described as "pork still, with a little change of the sauce." Congress was to consist of a single House, with power to regulate trade and commerce, and raise a revenue by duties on imports, postage on letter and newspaper, and stamps on paper and vellum. There was to be an executive of several persons not eligible to a second term and removable by Congress at the request of a majority of the governors of the States. There was to be a supreme court, uniform laws of naturalization, and, when necessary, requisitions on the States for money, according to the rule of April, 1783; officers were to be sworn to support the constitution, and the constitution

and its laws and treaties were to be "the supreme law of the land."

This plan, it was said, had two great merits,—it fully agreed with the powers of the convention; it would be gladly accepted by the people. These were important; for the duty of the convention was not to frame such a government as might be best in theory, but such as the people expected and would approve. If the Confederation was really so bad, let the convention say so, go home, and get power to make such a government as they wished. But to assume such power was not to be justified on any ground. If, as some held, the Confederation had fallen to pieces, if no general government really existed, then the States were once more independent sovereignties, and should stand on the footing of equal sovereignties. All then must agree or none could be bound. If the Confederation did exist, then by the terms of the articles no change could be made without the consent of all. This was the nature of all treaties. What had been unanimously done must be unanimously undone. It was said that the great States consented to this equality, not because it was just, but because, at the time, it was expedient. Be it so. Could they, therefore, take back that assent? Could a donor resume his gift without the leave of the donee?

It was now the turn of the great States to make an attack, and they did so vigorously. Wilson drew a long comparison between the Virginia plan and the Jersey plan. By the Virginia plan there were to be three branches of government; by the Jersey plan but one. By the Virginia plan the people were to be represented; by the Jersey plan the States. By the one a majority of the people would rule; by the other a minority. The Virginia plan provided for a single executive; the Jersey plan for an executive of many. The Virginia plan provided for a negative on the laws of the States; the Jersey plan for the coercion of the States.

Madison demanded to know in what respect the Jersey plan was better than the old articles. It could not prevent violations of the laws of nations, nor of treaties, nor prevent encroachments on the Federal authority, nor trespasses of the States on each other, nor secure internal tranquillity, nor give good governments to the States, nor guard the Union from the influence of foreign powers. It could cure none of the evils that had long grown intolerable.

Hamilton, who liked neither of the plans, now read to the committee his own thoughts on the best form of republican government. The supreme legislature, as he called it, was to consist of two branches,—the Assembly and the Senate. Members of the Assembly were to be chosen by the people for three years.

Members of the Senate were to be elected by electors chosen by the people and serve as long as they behaved well. The executive was to be one man chosen by electors for good behavior. He was to have a veto on all laws about to be passed, was to conduct war when once begun, make treaties with the leave of the Senate, and appoint the heads of the departments of war, finance, and foreign affairs without consulting any one. There was to be a supreme judiciary, and in each State there were to be courts to try all matters of general concern. State laws contrary to the laws and Constitution of the United States were to be void. To prevent, if possible, such being passed, the general government was to appoint the governors of the States.

The committee had now before them the Virginia plan, the South Carolina plan, the New Jersey plan, and the thoughts of Hamilton on government, which he distinctly declared were thoughts, and nothing more. But they gave no heed to any schemes save those sent in by Virginia and New Jersey. The question, therefore, at once became which of the two should be reported. We must, said the State-rights party, report the Jersey plan. Our powers are limited, and this is the only plan that comes within them. Our powers, said the Virginia party, extend to everything or to nothing. We are free to support any plan and to reject any plan. The people are bowed down under intolerable burdens. They look up to this convention with fond hopes, and expect from it a government that will cure the ills of which they complain. A strong national government alone can do so, and such a government the Virginia plan will give them. The committee heartily agreed to this, voted the Jersey plan inadmissible, rose, and reported the Virginia plan to the convention.

This much settled, the debating went smoothly on for a week. Put in good humor by the adoption of their plan, the great States now began to make some idle concessions to the small. The word "national" occurred twenty-six times in the resolutions, was hateful to the little States, and was therefore graciously dropped. But the questions that took up the time of the convention till the last of June were: Should the legislature consist of one branch or two? Should there be one executive or three? Should the members of the first branch be twenty-five years old or thirty? Should the members of the second branch serve for nine years, for seven years, for five years, during good behavior? Then was reached that question which never once came up for discussion without provoking a violent display of sectional feeling and a long and rancorous debate. The question was,

Should suffrage in the legislature be according to the rule established by the Articles of Confederation, or according to some other?

Defenders of the State-rights theory asserted that the general government ought to act on States, and not on individuals. The States were sovereign. Being sovereign, they were equal, and being equal, they ought to have equal votes. If the large States did indeed have the same interests as the small, there could be no harm in giving equal suffrage to all. If the great States did not have the same interests as the small, then unequal suffrage would be dangerous to the last degree. Once given votes in proportion to population or to wealth, it would be all the same whether the delegates were chosen by the people or by the legislatures. The great States would combine; the little States would be enslaved.

The defenders of the Virginia plan pronounced these fears and reasons absurd. It was the great States that fell out and the small ones that combined. This had always been the case in the Old World, and it would be so in the New. Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Virginia could never combine. They were far apart. Their manners, customs, religions, were unlike. They had nothing common even in trade. They were, however, rich, populous, and would surely be called on to bear the largest part of the cost and burdens of the government about to be set up. If, therefore, they consented to equality of suffrage, they would be outvoted, and their money and their property would be completely at the mercy of the little States.

Between these two contending parties now appeared for the first time a party of compromisers, made up chiefly of Connecticut men. Both the State-rights and the Virginia party went, they held, too far. One looked on the States as so many separate political societies; the other looked on the people as one great political society of which the States were merely districts of people. The truth was the States did exist as political beings, and a government to be good and lasting must be formed for them in their political capacity as well as for the individuals composing them. The well-being of each was to be considered. The true plan was, therefore, to give the people representation in the one branch and the States representation in the other. New York, New Jersey, and Delaware were in no mood for a compromise and would hear nothing of such a plan. But the great States had their way, and voted that in the first branch representation ought to bear some proportion to the population of the States. This was final. Thenceforth no attempt was ever made to set it aside.

Greatly elated, the compromisers now redoubled their efforts, and insisted that, in the

second branch, the voting should be by States. But the defenders of the Virginia plan again flew into a passion, another rancorous debate took up two days, and when the vote was finally reached, the ballot stood five to five. Never before had the members been so angry, nor the speeches so personal and bitter. Reflections, recrimination, taunts, threats of secession, were heard on every side. In this pass, at the suggestion of Cotesworth Pinckney, the whole matter of representation was sent to a grand committee, and the convention adjourned for three days.

But the debates in the committee of eleven were as stormy as the debates in the committee of the whole. Again a compromise was offered and again it was refused. You propose, said the State-rights party to the Virginia party, to consent to an equal representation in the second branch of the legislature, if we will consent to an unequal representation in the first. We will not. This is merely offering, after a bitter struggle to put both your feet on our necks, to take one off if we will quietly suffer the other foot to remain. But we know well that you cannot keep even one foot on unless we are willing, and we know well that, having one firmly planted, you will be able to put on the second when you please. Riches will come to you; population will come to you, and with them power. Will you not then force from us that equality of representation in the second branch which you now deny to be our right, and yield only from necessity? You tell us that you will enter into a solemn compact with us not to do so. But did you not years ago enter into a solemn compact with us, and are you not now treating it with the utmost contempt? Do you think that while we see you wantonly violate one, we will meekly enter into another?

Franklin most happily was a member of the committee, and brought his colleagues in time to a better mind and persuaded them to agree to a report. This recommended that each State should be given one representative in the first branch of the legislature for every forty thousand inhabitants, and that in the second branch each State should have an equal vote. As the price of the concession by the great States, it was insisted that all money bills should originate in the first branch and not be amended in the second, and that no money should be drawn from the treasury except by bills originating in the first branch.

Thus was the first compromise ended. The report, indeed, did not pass the convention for two weeks, and then by a close vote. But it was not again disputed that in the second branch the States should have an equal vote.

Meanwhile, the committee of the whole took up the report in detail. The clause fixing

representation at one to forty thousand was recommitted, and reported back with the provision that in the first House of Representatives there should be fifty-six members, and that for the future representation should be based on wealth and population. The provision of one representative for forty thousand inhabitants was dropped as too unsafe. It would enable the West in time to outvote the East. By making a general and not a specific rule, the East would keep the government in its own hands, take care of its own interests, and deal out representation in safe proportion to the West.

But wealth and population were ever changing, and to find this change Randolph proposed an estimate and a census. The idea seemed a good one. There were, however, below the Mason and Dixon line thousands of human beings who might with equal justice be considered as population or as wealth. They could be bought and sold, leased and mortgaged, given away, or bequeathed by will. They held no property, acquired no estates, and to the delegates from the North and East seemed to be of no more account in the South than a black horse or a black ox in New England. They insisted, therefore, that slaves should be looked on as property. By the delegates from the South, however, a slave was held to be a man, for by doing so they hoped to increase their representation. No sooner, then, was it moved to take a census, than Williamson moved that the census should be of all free whites and three-fifths of all others.

Instantly the old division of great States and little States disappeared, and the convention was parted on the new basis of North and South. On the one hand were Delaware, South Carolina, and Georgia, demanding that slaves should have an equal representation with the whites; on the other hand were Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, demanding that slaves should not be represented at all. Between the two, but leaning more towards the North, were Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina. New York was no longer represented. Yates and Lansing, enraged at the passage of the Connecticut compromise, had gone home in a huff. Hamilton could no longer vote, and New York ceased to be considered a member of the convention.

The labor of slaves, such was the argument of delegates from the South, is as productive and as valuable in South Carolina as the labor of freemen in Massachusetts. They put up the value of land; they increase the amount of imports and exports; they may, in emergency, be turned into soldiers and used for defense; they ought, therefore, in a government set up chiefly for the protection of property and to be

supported by property, to have equal representation with the whites.

What, said their opponents, is the principle of representation? It is an expedient by which an assembly of certain men chosen by the people is put in place of the inconvenient meeting of all the people. Suppose such a meeting to take place in the South, would slaves have a vote? They would not. Why, then, should they be represented? Had a master in Virginia a number of votes in proportion to the number of his slaves? He had not. Why, then, if there is no slave representation in the States legislature, should there be slave representation in the national legislature? What, in plain language, did it mean? It meant that the man from South Carolina who went to the coast of Africa, and in defiance of the most sacred laws of humanity dragged away his fellow-creatures from their dearest connections and damned them to the most cruel bondage, should have more votes, in a government formed for the protection of the rights of man, than a citizen of Pennsylvania or New Jersey who viewed such a nefarious practice with horror.

Between the two was a third party, made up of men holding a variety of views. One could not consider the negro equal to the white; yet the negro was a man, was a part of the whole population, and ought to have some representation. Another thought the Continental rule of three-fifths about right. A third was for giving slaves representation in the second branch but not in the first. They could do nothing, however, in the way of compromise, and, when a vote on the resolution for a census was taken, every State present answered *No*.

Matters were now just where they were when the report of the committee was presented. But they did not long remain so. Gouverneur Morris, in an evil hour, moved that taxation should be in proportion to representation. In the form of direct taxation the motion passed. Upon this a Southern member cried out that an attempt was being made to deprive the South of all representation of her blacks, and warned the convention that North Carolina would never confederate unless she had at least a three-fifths representation for her slaves.

The threat was indeed formidable. Whatever form of government the convention might frame would, it was well known, have to be submitted to the States for approval. It had long seemed doubtful whether enough would approve to enable any plan to go into operation. Rhode Island had refused to join the convention. The delegates from New York had gone home disgruntled. Massachusetts

was not to be counted on. Were North Carolina added to the number, the convention might as well break up, for their labors could accomplish nothing.

To appease her, therefore, the lost resolution for a census of whites and three-fifths of the blacks was again moved, and the whole matter of slavery was once more before the convention. How it should be settled was for the South to say, for of the ten States present the North could command but four. The South decided on a compromise, and the compromise offered was, to proportion representation according to direct taxation, and both representation and direct taxes according to population, counting as population all free whites and three-fifths of the negroes. When the ballot was taken North Carolina and Georgia voted yea; South Carolina was divided, and the second compromise was accepted.

On the 16th of July the report of the committee containing the two compromises came before the convention. The day was a great one, for on the vote then taken hung the fate of the Constitution. On one part of the report the States had been divided into the great against the small. On another part they had taken sides as the slaves against the free. But the vote was now on the whole report, and the States were forced to take their stand accordingly. The four little States supported it because of the compromise giving equal representation in Senate. Two of the large States opposed it for the same reason, and were joined by South Carolina and Georgia, who still insisted on a full representation of slaves. Massachusetts was divided, for King and Gorham stoutly refused to support any plan of government that gave recognition and encouragement to slavery. Everything therefore turned on the vote of North Carolina, who, to save the Constitution, deserted the great States, joined with the small, and the report passed by five votes to four.

Now each party grew very angry. Randolph was for an adjournment, that the great States might have time to decide what steps to take next, and that the small States might arrange some plan of conciliation. He was sharply answered by Paterson that it was high time to adjourn, and to adjourn *sine die*. The rule of secrecy ought to be taken off and the people consulted. As for conciliation, the small States would never conciliate except on the basis of equality of representation.

The indignation of the members from the great States at this was extreme, and early the next morning a number of them met to consider what to do. It was clear that the little States were fixed in their opposition. They had again and again asserted that they would

never give way, and they were still showing a front as determined as ever. Since, then, this partition of the convention into two fixed and opposite opinions seemed inevitable, the duty of the great States was, some said, quite plain. They represented the majority of the people of the United States. Let them, then, make ready a plan of government of their own. If the small States agreed to it, well and good. If not, so much the worse for them. Others were for yielding, though, by so doing, they did give way to a minority rule. But the conference came to nothing, and when the hour for the meeting of the convention arrived the members went to their seats in no amiable frame of mind.

The next ten days were spent in distributing power between the States and the general government; in determining how the judges should be appointed; where impeachments should be tried; what jurisdiction the Supreme Court should have; how many senators should be given to each State; whether a man must own land before he could be eligible to Congress, to the Supreme Bench, to the executive office; in what manner the Constitution should be ratified. This done, the Jersey plan, the South Carolina plan, and the twenty-three resolutions of the convention on a national government, were sent on July 26th to a committee with instructions to report a constitution. The convention then adjourned for two weeks.

On the committee were Gorham, Ellsworth, James Wilson, Randolph, and John Rutledge. Of their doings nothing is known save that, when the convention assembled on the morning of Monday, August 6th, each member was given a copy of a draft of the Constitution, neatly printed on a broadside. The type was large. The spaces between the lines were wide, that interlineations might be made, and the margin broad for noting amendments. A few of these broadsides have been preserved and, when compared with the Constitution, show that the amendments were many and important. The draft provided that the President should be chosen by Congress, should hold office during seven years, and should never, in the whole course of his life, have more than one term; the Constitution intends the President shall be chosen by a body of electors, and puts no limit to the number of his terms. By the draft he was given a title and was to be called "His Excellency"; the Constitution provides for nothing of this kind. By the draft he could be impeached by the House of Representatives, but must be tried before the Supreme Court; by the Constitution he must, when impeached, be tried before the Senate. By the one he need not be

a native of the United States; by the other he must. The one made no provision for a Vice-President; the other does. The one provided that members of Congress should be paid by the States that sent them; the other provides that they shall be paid out of the national treasury. In the draft, senators were forbidden to hold office under the authority of the United States till they had been one year out of the Senate; the Constitution makes no such requirement. By the draft, Congress was to have power to emit bills of credit, to elect a treasurer of the United States by ballot, to fix the property qualifications of its members, to pass navigation acts, and to admit new States if two-thirds of the members present in each House were willing; none of these powers are known to the Constitution. The draft provided but one way of making amendments; the Constitution provides two. Nothing was said in the draft about the passage of *ex post facto* laws, about the suspension of the habeas corpus, about granting patents to inventors and copyrights to authors, about presidential electors, or about exclusive jurisdiction over an area ten miles square. Provision was made for a clumsy way of settling quarrels between States concerning jurisdiction and domain.

As soon as the delegates had read their broadsides the work of the revision began. To the government was now given the name, "United States of America." The legislature was called "The Congress,"—the first branch the "House of Representatives," and the second branch the "Senate." The executive was named the "President." Power to emit bills of credit was stricken out. An attempt to limit representation to free inhabitants failed. An attempt to secure the return of fugitive slaves succeeded. A long series of resolutions giving Congress power to regulate affairs with the Indians; set up temporary governments for new States; grant charters of incorporation; establish a university; give a copyright to authors; encourage discoveries; advance the useful arts; have exclusive jurisdiction over the seat of government; provide for departments of war, marine, finance, commerce, domestic affairs, foreign affairs, and State; assure the payment of the public debts; guarantee the right of habeas corpus and the liberty of the press; prevent the quartering of troops on the people in time of peace; and give a privy council to the President, were readily agreed to. Indeed, but little debate was provoked till the fourth and sixth sections of the seventh article were reached.

These sections forbade Congress to lay a tax on articles exported from any State, or to tax slaves imported, or to hinder the importa-

tion of slaves in any way whatever, or pass a navigation act, unless two-thirds of the members present in each house were willing. So much as related to a tax on exports was quickly disposed of. Southern members, indeed, protested. They declared that if the power to tax exports was not given to the general government it would remain with the States; that if it remained with the States, those agricultural would be at the mercy of those commercial; that the whole South would be made tributary to the North. But their fears were pronounced unreasonable, the power was not given to Congress, and another relic of the political economy of the ancients was swept away forever. So much as related to taxing and hindering the importation of slaves had been put in to please South Carolina and Georgia. Except these two, every State was willing and eager to stop the importation of slaves. But the convention was reminded that the staples of South Carolina and Georgia were indigo and rice; that these could not be raised without slave labor; that the toil in the rice swamp and the indigo field was more than even the brawniest negro could long endure; that, if they could not bring in negroes from abroad, their industry and their property were gone; and that, sooner than submit to this, they would quit the Union.

The moment, therefore, that Luther Martin moved that the fourth section be so changed that the importation of slaves could be taxed, South Carolina declared that she would never agree to it. If the men from other States thought she would, they were greatly mistaken; they were, indeed, simply standing in their own light. Let the South have more slaves, and more rice, more indigo, more pitch and tar would be produced, and the more produced, the more for the ships of the New England men to carry. In this demand for the free importation of slaves, South Carolina was joined by Connecticut. Ellsworth and Sherman both declared that the clause ought to be left as it was. The old Confederation had not meddled with slavery, and they did not see any reason why the new one should. What enriched a part of the Union, enriched the whole, and as to what enriched them, the States were the best judges.

That slavery could enrich any land was flatly denied. Wherever it existed, Gouverneur Morris asserted, the arts languished and industry fell into decay. Compare New England, it was said, with Georgia; compare the rich farms and prosperous villages of Pennsylvania with the barren and desolate wastes of Maryland and Virginia, and see what a difference it made whether a land was cultivated by freemen or by slaves. The wealth, the

strength, the prosperity of the country depended on the labor of whites, and there could be no white labor where slavery existed.

Convinced of this truth, Maryland and Virginia had forbidden slaves to be carried to their ports. North Carolina had done almost as much. But all this would be useless if South Carolina and Georgia were free to bring in as many as they chose. Already the settlers in the growing West were clamorous for slaves to till their new lands, and would fill that country with negroes if they could be had through South Carolina. But did any one suppose they would stop when every farmer had a full supply? Were not slaves to be represented? Were not five negroes to be counted as three whites? Would not the political power of the South increase with the increase of her slaves? Here, then, was a new incentive for a free importation, a new encouragement to the traffic. More than, this, slavery corrupted manners, turned masters into petty tyrants, and was utterly inconsistent with the principles of the American Revolution and dishonorable to the American character.

All this, it was admitted, might be so. But honor, religion, humanity, had nothing to do with the question. The question was, Shall or shall not the Southern States be parties to the Union? With the slave-trade prohibited, South Carolina, for one, never would. To this it was answered, If two States will not take the Constitution, if the importation of slaves is taxed, there are other States that will not take the Constitution if the importation of slaves is not taxed. The exemption of slaves from duty when every other import is taxed, is an inequality to which the commercial States of the North and East will not submit.

At this point Gouverneur Morris proposed that the taxation of exports, of slaves imported, and the question of a navigation act, should be sent to a committee. They were, he said, fit subjects for "a bargain among the Northern and Southern States." Sherman, and Randolph, and Pinckney, and Ellsworth, and a dozen more thought so too, and the fourth and fifth sections went to a committee of five.

The sixth section soon followed them. This provided that no navigation act should be passed without the assent of two-thirds of the members present in each house, and was as hateful to the East as a restriction on the importation of slaves was to the South. The committee, therefore, had not been long in session before it was apparent that the New England States, despite the sentiments they held on slavery, were ready to make just such a bargain as Morris proposed. If the South would consent to strike out the sixth section and give Congress power to pass navigation

acts, the East would consent to the importation of slaves for a limited time. The South did consent. The bargain was struck, and the committee advised that the sixth section should be stricken out; that the fifth should be left as it was, and that the fourth should be so changed that the importation of slaves should not be forbidden before 1800.

Having obtained so much, the South wanted more, and insisted that the time should be extended till 1808. The East readily agreed, and so made good their parts of the bargain. It now remained for the South to do likewise; but the South began to object. Much was said about being in the minority, about being bound hand and foot, about having Southern trade at the mercy of the ship-owning States. If a majority of Congress could pass a navigation act, the New Englanders would shut out foreign ships, get all the carrying-trade of the country for themselves, and then demand ruinous prices for carrying tobacco, rice, and indigo to Europe. Congress ought not to have any power over trade. The most, therefore, that the South would yield was that a two-thirds vote should be necessary for the exercise of this power.

The Eastern States protested that the restriction must be taken off; that it would ruin them not to be able to defend themselves against foreign regulations. If the new government were to be so fettered as to be unable to relieve the commerce of the Eastern States, what motive could there be for them to join it? Disunion was to be lamented; but, if it came, the South would be the chief sufferer.

The majority of the Southern members had been put in good humor by the two concessions of the East, that exports should not be taxed and that slaves should be imported till 1808, and by their influence the third compromise was carried.

The convention then went on for a week striking out words here, putting in resolutions there, and bringing the draught nearer and nearer the Constitution as we now have it. On the last day of August the postponed sections and the parts of committee reports not acted on were sent to a committee of eleven. This committee reported from time to time till September 8th, when all that had been done was sent to a committee on arrangement and style. Saturday, the 15th, their work was accepted and ordered to be engrossed. On that day, as the question was about to be put for the last time, the delegates who disliked the Constitution began to make excuses for withholding their support. Mason lamented that a bare majority of Congress could pass a navigation act, and moved that no such act should be passed prior to 1808. But nothing came of it.

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Randolph asked that the State conventions to which the Constitution was to be submitted might submit amendments to a second Federal convention. Mason approved this. The Constitution, he said, had been formed without the knowledge of the people. It was not right to say to them, Take this or nothing. A second convention would know their wishes. Gerry named nine features which he especially disliked.

Alarmed at this opposition, Franklin spent Sunday in preparing a little speech to be read to the dissenters. But, when Monday came, when the members were in their seats, and the Constitution, ready for signature, lay upon the table, he found himself too weak, and James Wilson read the paper for him. He was, he said, an old man, and had often, in the course of a long life, been forced to change opinions he was once sure were right. As he grew older, therefore, he had learned to doubt his own judgment and to pay more respect to the judgments of others. Steele in one of his dedications told Pope that the only difference between the Church of England and the Church of Rome in their opinion on the certainty of their doctrine was this: The Church of Rome was infallible; the Church of England was never in the wrong. He had heard of a certain French lady who, in a quarrel with her sister, said: "I do not know how it is, sister, but I meet with nobody but myself that is always in the right." Doubting his own opinion, he agreed to the Constitution with all its faults, if it had any. He had expected no better, and he was not sure that it was not the best. He hoped that each member who still had objections would do likewise, doubt a little of his own infallibility and sign the document. As a good form he would propose, "Done in convention by the unanimous consent of the States present, etc." Gouverneur Morris drew up this form, in hopes that men who would not sign as individuals would sign as State delegates. He gave it to Franklin to bring before the convention, thinking that, supported by him, it would have great weight.

As soon as Wilson had finished reading, Gorham rose and moved that the ratio of representation be changed from one for every forty thousand to one for every thirty thousand. No debate followed, and as Washington was about to put the question, he expressed a hope that the change would be made. The smallness of the proportion of representatives had always seemed to him an objectionable part of the plan.

The change was made, the form of ratification proposed by Morris was carried, the journals and papers deposited in the hands of the President, and towards evening the members

began to sign. Sixteen refused. Luther Martin had followed the examples of Yates and Lansing, had quit the convention and gone home to Maryland in disgust. Gerry feared a civil war; Randolph was convinced the consent of nine States could never be obtained; Mason was sure they were about to set up a monarchy or a tyranny, he did not know which, and none of them would sign. The rest of the sixteen carefully kept out of the room.

Washington was first to sign. When he had done so, the other delegates went up one after another in the geographical order of their States, beginning with the East. Hamilton alone signed for New York. As the Southern members were affixing their names, Franklin, looking towards the President's chair, on the back of which was cut a sun, said to those about him that painters had found it difficult to distinguish a rising from a setting sun. "I have," said he, "often and often in the course of the session, and the solicitude of my hopes and fears as to its issue, looked at that behind the President without being able to tell whether it was rising or setting. But now at length I know that it is a rising and not a setting sun."

When the convention rose that evening, it rose never to sit again.

As early as possible on the 18th of September, Major Jackson, the Secretary, set out for New York to lay the Constitution, the accompanying resolutions of the convention, and the letter of Washington before Congress. But that body was not to be the first to receive it. The legislature of Pennsylvania was in session, and to it the Constitution was read on the morning of the 18th. Copies were at once given to the printers in the city, and on the 19th, long before Major Jackson reached New York, the people of Philadelphia were reading it in the "Packet," the "Journal," and the "Gazetteer." September 20th, the documents were laid before Congress and the next day were published in the newspapers at New York.

Meanwhile such delegates to the convention as were members of Congress were hurrying back to New York; and well they might, for in Congress the enemies of the Constitution were many and strong. The delegation from New York opposed it to a man; and with them were joined Nathan Dane, William Grayson of Virginia, and R. H. Lee. Congress, they held, could give no countenance to the Constitution. That document was a plan for a new government. A new government could not be set up till the old Confederation had been pulled down, and to pull down the Confederation was not in the power of Congress, for that body could not destroy the government by whose authority it owed

existence. The answer was that Congress had sanctioned the convention, and that, if it could sanction the call for the convention it could sanction the work the convention did. But Lee and his followers would not listen to argument, and on September 26th he moved that a bill of rights and a long list of amendments should be added to the Constitution. He would have no Vice-President, more congressmen, more than a majority to pass an act regulating commerce, and a council of state to be joined with the President in making all appointments. Congress, however, would not seriously consider his amendments, and the next day it was moved that the Constitution be sent to the executives of the States, to be by them submitted to their respective legislatures. Instantly it was moved to add the words, "in order to be by them submitted to a convention of delegates to be chosen agreeably to the said resolution of the convention," and the motion was carried. It was now quite clear that neither party could have all that it wanted. The Federalists wished to send the Constitution to the States by the unanimous vote of Congress; but this they could not do so long as the delegates from New York held out. The anti-Federalists wished to send it to the States without one word of approval; but this they could not do unless the Federalists consented. When, therefore, Congress met on the 28th, each party gave up something. The anti-Federalists agreed to unanimity; the Federalists agreed to withhold all marks of approval. The amendments offered by Lee on the 26th, and the vote on the 27th, were then expunged from the journal, and the Constitution, the letter of Washington, and the resolution of the convention, were sent to the States. Twenty hours later the legislature of Pennsylvania called a State convention to consider the Constitution.

By the provisions of that instrument the ratification by nine States was to put it in force. Before the year closed Delaware and Pennsylvania and New Jersey had done so. Georgia and Connecticut followed in January, 1788. In February came Massachusetts with nine amendments. In April came Maryland, and in May South Carolina with four amendments. In June New Hampshire ratified with twelve amendments, and the list of nine States was complete. "The Good Ship Constitution," as the Federalists delighted to call that instrument, was now fairly launched. "The New Roof" was up, finished, and firmly supported by nine stout pillars, and, while the rejoicings over its completion were still going on, news came that it was to be upheld by two pillars more. Virginia and New York had ratified. Virginia offered twenty amendments

and a bill of rights; the amendments offered by New York numbered thirty-two.

Nowhere else had the contest been so long and so bitter. In some States the people disliked the Constitution because the liberty of the press was not secured, because there was to be no trial by jury in civil cases, because the name of God was not to be found in it, because there was to be no more rotation in office, because there was no bill of rights, because there was no religious qualification for office, because there were to be slave representation and the importation of slaves for one-and-twenty years. But in New York the Constitution was hated from beginning to end. Nor would the convention ratify it till the Federal members solemnly agreed that the States should be invited to a new Federal convention, to which it should be submitted for amendment. Clinton accordingly issued the call. But the States most happily did not favorably respond. Some malcontents of Pennsylvania did, indeed, hold a convention at Harrisburg in September, 1788, and there drew up some amendments which they referred to the convention called by New York. But of this action, also, nothing came. September 13th, 1788, Congress fixed upon the first Wednesday in January, 1789, as the day for choosing presidential electors, the first Wednesday in February for the meeting of the electors, and the first Wednesday in March as the day the Constitution was to become law. Five weeks later the Congress of the Confederation expired ignominiously for want of a quorum.

As yet the Constitution was without amendments. But the first session had not closed when Virginia sent in a petition begging Congress not to rise till action had been taken on those offered by the States. Madison accordingly drew up and presented to the House nine amendments, which are almost identically the nine suggested by the minority of the Pennsylvania convention in an address to their constituents. Of these in time the House made seventeen. Of the seventeen the Senate made twelve, and of the twelve, the States adopted ten, which were declared in force December 15th, 1791. Another was added in 1798, and still another in 1804; after which, though many were offered, none were accepted till the close of the Civil War.

The amendments proposed by the first Congress removed, in great part, the objections of the anti-Federalists, and the two States that were still refractory began to show signs of giving way. In November, 1789, North Carolina consented to join the Union. But six months passed, and Rhode Island held out. Then, when the United States was about to treat her as a foreign power, when the revenue laws were about to be enforced against her, when it seemed likely that a great exodus of her most worthy citizens would take place, the Federalists carried the ratification of the Constitution by a vote of 34 to 32. But the victory was not with them alone, for their opponents added a long bill of rights and twenty amendments, which, it was jeeringly said elsewhere, was more than one for each town in the State.

*John Bach McMaster.*

### SUB PONDERE CRESCIT.

CAN this be he whose morning footprint trod  
O'er the green earth as in a regal home?  
Whose voice rang out beneath the sky's blue dome  
Like the high utterance of a youthful god?  
Now with wan looks and glance that seeks the sod  
Across the twilight fields I see him roam  
With sad face, lusterless as ocean-foam,  
And shoulders bowed, as shrinking from the rod.  
O, lift the old-time light within thine eyes!  
Let loose the pristine passion from thy tongue!  
Strength grows with burdens; make an end of sighs;  
Let thy thoughts soar again, their mates among;  
And as yon oriole's eager matins rise  
Abroad once more be thy strong anthem flung!

*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*



UNION PICKET POST IN FRONT OF FORT BEDFORD AND FACING FORT MANGROVE.

## THE TRAGEDY OF THE CRATER.

**P**ROBABLY at no other time during the war was there a better opportunity for a successful operation than at the springing of the mine in front of Petersburg, July 30th, 1864. While many think that the failure on that occasion was attributable to the weakness of General Ledlie and his division, it would appear, when all the circumstances are considered, that all the blame cannot be laid at their door.

The first attempt to capture Petersburg was made on June 10th, a few days after the repulse at Cold Harbor. General Butler, who confronted Beauregard at Bermuda Hundred, on the previous day sent General Gillmore with 3000 infantry, and General Kautz with 1500 cavalry, to surprise General Wise, who held the Petersburg defenses with his brigade and a small force of militia. Early on June 10th Gillmore found the intrenchments east of the town fully manned and withdrew. Kautz approached Petersburg from the south-east, flanked the intrenchments at the Jerusalem plank-road, and advanced to the city reservoir (see map, page 765) where a show of force was made which decided General Kautz to withdraw. During the day Wise was reinforced by Dearing's brigade of cavalry.

On the evening of June 12th began Meade's movement from Cold Harbor to the James. The Fifth Corps, crossing the Chickahominy at Long Bridge, took a position to cover the White Oak Bridge and the roads from Richmond, between White Oak Swamp and Malvern Hill. On the 13th the Second Corps

passed through Charles City Court House and reached the James below Wilcox's Landing. The Sixth and Ninth corps arrived there on the 14th. The Second Corps crossed in boats from Wilcox's Landing during the night of June 14th, the day that the Fifth reached Charles City Court House. On the 15th and 16th the three other corps crossed by a ponton-bridge, touching the south bank 2 miles north of Fort Powhatan, where the river was 2100 feet wide.

General W. F. Smith embarked the Eighteenth Corps at White House, June 13th, and arrived at Point of Rocks during the night of the 14th. The next morning General Smith advanced on Petersburg with 16,000 men. Late on the 15th he assaulted the outer line of works and carried them from redans 5 to 11 (see map, page 765). During the night Lee reinforced Wise with Hoke's division and a part of Edward Johnson's division. Early the same evening Hancock's Second Corps came to the assistance of General Smith. On the 16th the Ninth Corps arrived and took position on the left of the Second Corps. Early on that day Egan's brigade captured redan 12; later, the Second Corps, assisted by two brigades of the Eighteenth Corps on the right and a similar force of the Ninth on the left, captured redans 4, 13, and 14. At dawn on the 17th General Potter's division of the Ninth Corps carried the enemy's line for a mile south of redan 14. During the night Beauregard withdrew to a new line, which was immediately intrenched, and reinforcements from General Lee began to pour in. On the 18th assaults were made by the Second, Ninth, and Fifth corps, in that order counting from the Hare house, afterward Fort Stedman, toward the left.

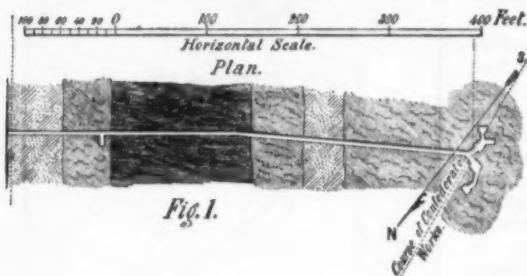


of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done—that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations, and could not be; that I would either get the men smothered, for want of air, or crushed by the falling of the earth; or the enemy would find it out and it would amount to nothing. I could get no boards or lumber supplied to me for my operations. I had to get a pass and send two companies of my own regiment, with wagons, outside of our lines to rebel saw-mills, and get lumber in that way, after having pre-

the powder on the 23d of July, 1864. With proper tools and instruments it could have been done in one-third or one-fourth of the time. The greatest delay was occasioned by taking the material out, which had to be carried the whole length of the gallery. Every night the pioneers of Colonel Pleasants' regiment had to cut bushes to cover the fresh dirt at the mouth of the gallery; otherwise the enemy could have observed it from trees inside his own lines.

The main gallery was 510  $\frac{5}{10}$  feet in length. The left lateral gallery was 37 feet in length and the right lateral 38 feet. The magazines, 8 in number, were placed in the lateral galleries—2 at each end a few feet apart in branches at nearly right angles to the side galleries, and 2 more in each of the side galleries similarly placed by pairs, situated equidistant from each other and the end of the galleries.

It had been the intention of General Grant to make an assault on the



DETAILS OF THE MINE.

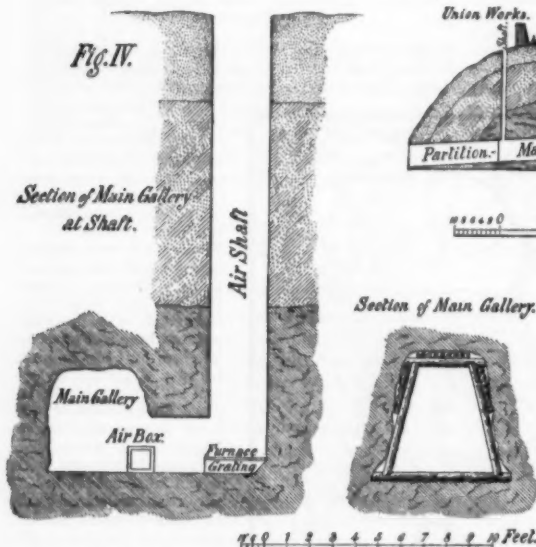


Fig. II.

Profile.

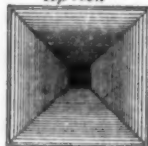


Vertical Scale. 0 10 20 30 40 50 Feet.

Section of Main Gallery.



Top View



Section



Fig. III.

Top View



Magazines.



viously got what lumber I could by tearing down an old bridge. I had no mining picks furnished me, but had to take common army picks and have them straightened for my mining picks. . . . The only officers of high rank, so far as I learned, that favored the enterprise was General Burnside, the corps commander, and General Potter, the division commander."

Notwithstanding the adverse circumstances at the outset, Colonel Pleasants had the whole mine, lateral galleries and all, ready to put in

enemy's works in the early part of July; but the movement was deferred in consequence of the work on the mine, the completion of which was impatiently awaited. As a diversion Hancock's corps and two divisions of cavalry had crossed to the north side of the James at Deep Bottom and had threatened Richmond. A part of Lee's army was sent from Petersburg to checkmate this move, and when the mine was

ready to be sprung Hancock was recalled in haste to Petersburg. When the mine was ready for the explosives General Meade requested General Burnside to submit a plan of attack. This was done in a letter dated July 26th, 1864, in which General Burnside said:

"... It is altogether probable that the enemy are cognizant of the fact that we are mining, because it is mentioned in their papers, and they have been heard at work on what are supposed to be shafts in close proximity to our galleries. But the rain of night before last has, no doubt, much retarded their work. We have heard no sound of workmen in them either yesterday or to-day; and nothing is heard by us in the mine but the ordinary sounds of work on the surface above. This morning we had some apprehension that the left lateral gallery was in danger of caving in from the weight of the batteries above it and the shock of their firing. But all possible precautions have been taken to strengthen it, and we hope to preserve it intact. The placing of the charges in the mine will not involve the necessity of making a noise. It is therefore probable that we will escape discovery if the mine is to be used within two or three days. It is, nevertheless, highly important, in my opinion, that the mine should be exploded at the earliest possible moment consistent with the general interests of the campaign. I state to you the facts, as nearly as I can, and in the absence of any knowledge as to the meditated movements of the army, I must leave you to judge the proper time to make use of the mine. But it may not be improper for me to say that the advantages reaped from the work would be but small if it were exploded without any coöperative movement.

"My plan would be to explode the mine just before daylight in the morning or at about five o'clock in the afternoon. Mass the two brigades of the colored division in rear of my first line, in columns of division,—double-columns closed in mass,—the head of each brigade resting on the front line, and as soon as the explosion has taken place, move them forward, with instructions for the division to take half distance, and as soon as the leading regiments of the two brigades pass through the gap in the enemy's line, the leading regiment of the right brigade to come into line perpendicular

lar to the enemy's line by the 'right companies on the right into line, wheel,' the left companies on the right into line, and proceed at once down the line of the enemy's works as rapidly as possible; and the leading regiment of the left brigade to execute

the reverse movement to the left, moving up the enemy's line. The remainder of the columns to move directly towards the crest in front as rapidly as possible, diverging in such a way as to enable them to deploy into column of regiments, the right column making as nearly as possible for Cemetery Hill; these columns to be followed by the other divisions of the corps as soon as they can be thrown in. This would involve the necessity of relieving these divisions by other troops before the movement, and of holding columns of other troops in readiness to take our place on the crest, in case we gain it, and sweep down it. It would, in my opinion, be advisable, if we succeed in gaining the crest, to throw the colored division right into the town. There is a necessity for the coöperation at least in the way of artillery, by the troops on our right and left. Of the extent of this you will necessarily be the judge. I think our chances of success, in a plan of this kind, are more than even. . . . I propose to put in each of the eight magazines from twelve hundred to fourteen hundred pounds of powder; the magazines to be connected by a trough of powder instead of a fuse. I would suggest that the powder train be parked in a woods near our ammunition train, about a mile in rear of this place. Lieutenant-Colonel Pierce, chief quartermaster, will furnish Captain Strang with a guide to the place. I beg also to request that General Benham be instructed to send us at once eight thousand sand-bags, to be used for tamping and other purposes."

With a view of making the attack, the division of colored troops, under General Edward Ferrero, had been drilling for several weeks, General Burnside thinking that they were in better condition to head a charge than either of the white divisions. They had not been in any very active service. On the other hand, the white divisions had performed very arduous duties since the beginning of the campaign,\* and before Petersburg had been in colonel led the brigade, and there was no other field-officer present, the last major having been killed in the charge of June 17th; only two of the twelve captains remained. Other regiments of the division were correspondingly weak.—EDITOR.

Section of Crater.

Fig. V.

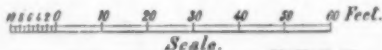


DIAGRAM OF THE CRATER.

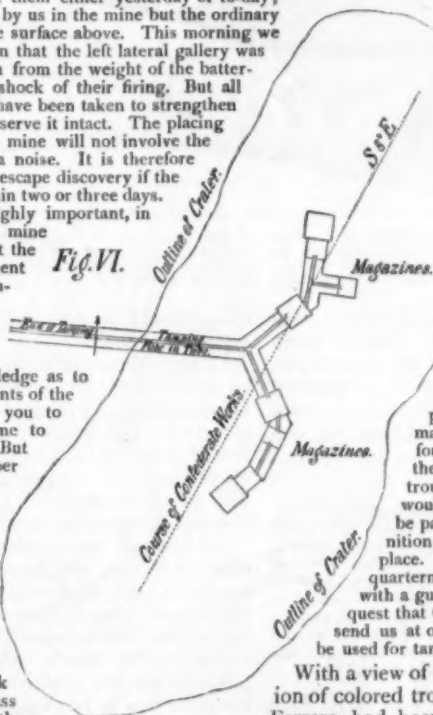


Fig. VI.

\* The Fourteenth New York Heavy Artillery (serving as infantry) which led the assault had little over three hundred duty men present. It had entered the campaign at the Wilderness 1800 strong. It was divided into three battalions led by five field-officers and twelve captains. The morning of the explosion its

such proximity to the enemy that no man could raise his head above the parapets without being fired at. They had been in the habit of using every possible means of covering themselves from the enemy's fire.

General Meade objected to the use of the colored troops, on the ground, as he stated, that they were a new division, and had never

while there the message was received from General Meade that General Grant disapproved of that plan, and that General Burnside must detail one of his white divisions to take the place of the colored division. This was the first break in the original plan. There was then scarcely twelve hours, and half of that at night, in which to make this change—and no possible time in which the white



RESERVOIR HILL, WHERE KAUTE'S ADVANCE WAS STOPPED, JUNE 10TH. (SEE PAGE 760, AND MAP, PAGE 755.)

The spires of Petersburg are seen to the left of the reservoir. In front of the reservoir is the ravine of Lieutenant's Creek that encircles the eastern outskirts of the city and afforded the Confederates a concealed and convenient way by which either wing

of their lines could be reinforced by troops from the other. Mahone's troops followed it when they were called in haste from the lines on the Confederate right to assist in repelling the Union assault at the crater.—EDITOR.

been under fire, while this was an operation requiring the very best troops. General Burnside, however, insisted upon his programme, and the question was referred to General Grant, who confirmed General Meade's views, although he subsequently said in his evidence before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"General Burnside wanted to put his colored division in front, and I believe if he had done so it would have been a success. Still I agreed with General Meade as to his objections to that plan. General Meade said that if we put the colored troops in front (we had only one division) and it should prove a failure, it would then be said, and very properly, that we were shoving these people ahead to get killed because we did not care anything about them. But that could not be said if we put white troops in front."

The mine was charged with only 8000 pounds of powder, instead of 14,000 as asked for, the amount having been reduced by order of General Meade; and while awaiting the decision of General Grant on the question of the colored troops, precise orders for making and supporting the attack were issued by General Meade.

In the afternoon of the 29th of July, Generals Potter and Willcox met together at General Burnside's headquarters, to talk over the plans of the attack, based upon the idea that the colored troops would lead the charge, and

troops could be familiarized with the duties expected of them.

General Burnside was greatly disappointed by this change; but he immediately sent for General Ledlie, who had been in command of the First Division only about six weeks, and upon his arrival each of the three commanders of the white divisions presented reasons why his division should *not* lead the assault. General Burnside determined that they should "pull straws," and Ledlie was the (to him) unlucky victim. He, however, took it good-naturedly, and, after receiving special instructions from General Burnside, proceeded with his brigade commanders to ascertain the way to the point of attack. This was not accomplished until after dark on the evening before the mine was to be exploded.

The order of attack, as proposed by General Burnside, was also changed by direction of General Meade, with the approval of General Grant. Instead of moving down to the right and left of the crater of the mine, for the purpose of driving the enemy from their intrenchments, and removing to that extent the danger of flank attacks, General Meade directed that the troops should push at once for the crest of Cemetery Hill.

The approaches to the Union line of intrenchments at this particular point were so



FAC-SIMILE ENLARGEMENT OF A PART OF THE OFFICIAL MAP OF THE PETERSBURG CAMPAIGN.

Union works are indicated by the letter U, and by Roman numerals, VIII, IX, etc.; Confederate works by the letter C, and the redoubts of the first Confederate line by Arabic numerals, 5, 6, etc.



PROFILE OF THE GROUND BETWEEN THE CRATER AND THE MOUTH OF THE MINE.—1. (FROM A RECENT SKETCH.)

well covered by the fire of the enemy that they were cut up into a network of covered ways almost as puzzling to the uninitiated as the catacombs of Rome.\*

Upon General Ledlie's return from the front orders were issued, and the division was formed at midnight. Shortly afterwards it advanced through the covered ways, and was in position sometime before daybreak, behind the Union breastworks, and immediately in front of the enemy's fort, which was to be blown up. The orders were that Ledlie's division should advance first, pass over the enemy's works, and charge to Cemetery Hill, four hundred yards to the right, and approached by a slope comparatively free from obstacles; the next division (Willcox's), as soon as the First Division should leave the works, was to advance to the left of Cemetery Hill, so as to protect the left flank of the First Division; and the next division (Potter's) was to move in the same way to the right of Cemetery Hill. The Ninth Corps being out of the way, it was intended that the Fifth and the Eighteenth corps should pass through and follow up the movement.

At 3:30 A. M. Ledlie's division was in position, the Second Brigade, Colonel E. G. Marshall in front, and that of General W. F.

Bartlett behind it, the men and officers in a feverish state of expectancy, the majority of them having been awake all night. Daylight slowly came, and still they stood with every nerve strained prepared to move forward the instant an order should be given. Four o'clock arrived, officers and men began to get nervous, having been on their feet four hours; still the mine had not been exploded. It was at this time that General Ledlie directed me to go to General Burnside and report to him that the command had been in readiness to move since 3:30 A. M., and to inquire the cause of the delay of the explosion. I found General Burnside in rear of the Fourteen-gun battery, delivered my message, and received in reply from the general that there was some trouble with the fuse dying out, but that an officer had gone into the gallery to ignite it again, and the explosion would soon take place.†

I returned immediately, and just as I arrived in rear of the First Division the mine was sprung. It was a magnificent spectacle, and as the mass of earth went up into the air, carrying with it men, guns, carriages, and timbers, and spread out like an immense cloud as it reached its altitude, so close were the Union

\* The writer of this article was serving as Judge-Advocate of Ledlie's division, and also performed the duties of aide-de-camp to General Ledlie at the time of the explosion. When the orders were published for the movement, he and Lieutenant George M. Randall, also of the regular army and aide-de-camp to General Ledlie, were informed that they must accompany the advance troops in the attack, but that the volunteer

staff would remain with General Ledlie, all of whom did so, during the entire engagement, in or near a bomb-proof within the Union lines.—W. H. P.

† Sergeant Henry Rees entered the mine and found that the fuse had died out at the first splicing. He cut the fuse above the charred portion; on his way out for materials he met Lieutenant Jacob Douly, who assisted in making a fresh splice, which was a success.—EDITOR.



PROFILE OF THE APPROACH TO THE CRATER, AS SEEN FROM A POINT SOUTH-EAST OF THE MOUTH OF THE MINE. (FROM A RECENT SKETCH.)

UNION BREASTWORKS.



MOUTH OF THE MINE.

PROFILE OF THE GROUND BETWEEN THE CRATER AND THE MOUTH OF THE MINE.—II.

lines that the mass appeared as if it would descend immediately upon the troops waiting to make the charge. This caused them to break and scatter to the rear, and about ten minutes were consumed in re-forming for the attack.\* Not much was lost by this delay, however, as it took nearly that time for the cloud of dust to pass off. The order was then given for the advance. As no part of the Union line of breastworks had been removed (which would have been an arduous as well as hazardous undertaking), the troops clambered over them as best they could. This in itself broke the ranks, and they did not stop to re-form, but pushed ahead towards the crater, about one hundred and thirty yards distant, the debris from the explosion having covered up the abatis and *chevaux-de-frise* in front of the enemy's works.

Little did those men anticipate what they would see upon arriving there: an enormous hole in the ground about 30 feet deep, 60 feet wide, and 170 feet long, filled with dust, great blocks of clay, guns, broken carriages, projecting timbers, and men buried in various ways—some up to their necks, others to their waists, and some with only their feet and legs protruding from the earth. One of these near me was pulled out, and he proved to be a second lieutenant of the battery which had been blown up. The fresh air revived him, and he was soon able to walk and talk. He was very grateful and said that he was asleep when the explosion took place, and only awoke to find himself wriggling up in the air; then a few seconds afterwards he felt himself descending, and soon lost consciousness.

The whole scene of the explosion struck every one dumb with astonishment as we arrived at the crest of the debris. It was impossible for the troops of the Second Brigade to move forward in line, as they had advanced;

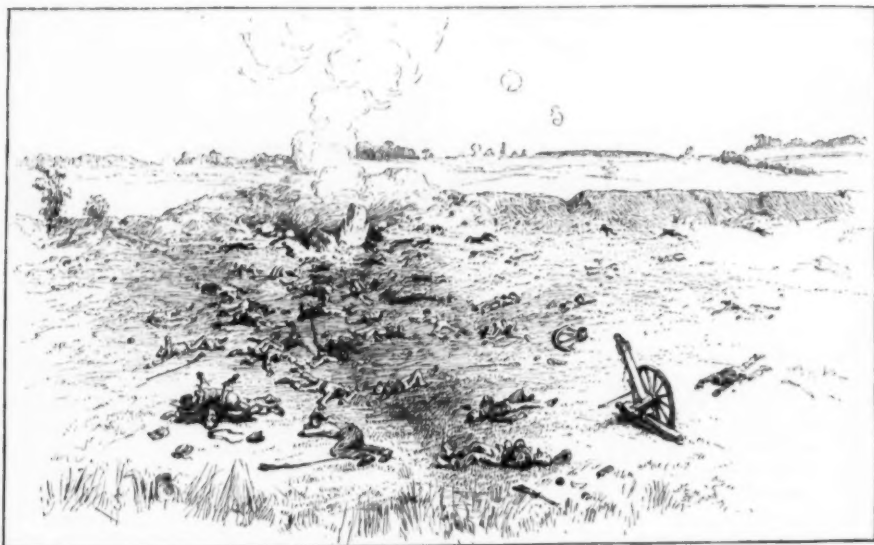
and, owing to the broken state they were in, every man crowding up to look into the hole, and being pressed by the First Brigade, which was immediately in rear, it was equally impossible to move by the flank, by any command, around the crater. Before the brigade commanders could realize the situation, the two brigades became inextricably mixed, in the desire to look into the hole.

However, Colonel Marshall yelled to the Second Brigade to move forward, and the men did so, jumping, sliding, and tumbling into the hole, over the debris of material, and dead and dying men, and huge blocks of solid clay. They were followed by General Bartlett's brigade. Up on the other side of the crater they climbed, and while a detachment stopped to place two of the dismounted guns of the battery in posi-



MAJOR-GENERAL ROBERT B. POTTER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

\* Immediately following the explosion the heavy guns all along the line opened a severe artillery fire.



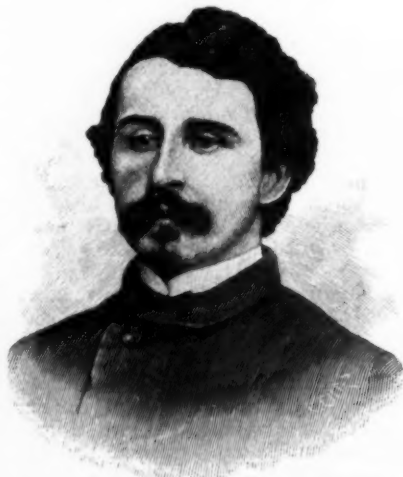
THE CRATER, AS SEEN FROM THE CONFEDERATE SIDE. (FROM A SKETCH MADE BY A CONFEDERATE ARTILLERY OFFICER ON THE MORNING OF THE EXPLOSION, AND BEFORE THE CONFEDERATE COUNTER ASSAULT.)

tion on the enemy's side of the crest of the crater, a portion of the leading brigade passed over the crest and attempted to re-form. It was at this period that they found they were being killed by musket-shots from the rear, fired by the Confederates who were still occupying the traverses and intrenchments to the right and left of the crater. These men had been awakened by the noise and shock of the explosion, and during the interval before the attack had recovered their equanimity, and when the Union troops attempted to re-form on the enemy's side of the crater, they had faced about and delivered a fire into the backs of our men. This coming so unexpectedly caused the forming line to fall back into the crater.

Had General Burnside's original plan, providing that two regiments should sweep down inside the enemy's line to the right and left of the crater, been sanctioned, the brigades of Colonel Marshall and General Bartlett could and would have re-formed and moved on to Cemetery Hill before the enemy realized fully what was intended; but the occupation of the trenches to the right and left by the enemy prevented re-formation, and there being no division, corps, or army commander present to give orders to other troops to clear the trenches, a formation under fire from the rear was something no troops could accomplish.

After falling back into the crater a partial formation was made by General Bartlett and

Colonel Marshall with some of their troops, but owing to the precipitous walls the men could find no footing except by facing inwards, digging their heels into the earth, and throwing their backs against the side of the crater, or squatting in a half-sitting, half-standing posture, and some of the men were shot even there by the fire from the enemy in the traverses. It was at this juncture that Colonel



COLONEL HENRY PLEASANTS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

Marshall requested me to go to General Ledlie and explain the condition of affairs, which he knew that I had seen and understood perfectly well. This I did immediately.

While the above was taking place the enemy had not been idle. He had brought a battery from his left to bear upon the position, and as I started on my errand, the crest of the crater was being swept with canister. Special

ing no person present with authority to change the programme to meet the circumstances. Had a prompt attack of the troops to the right and left of the crater been made as soon as the leading brigade had passed into the crater, or even fifteen minutes afterwards, clearing the trenches and diverting the fire of the enemy, a success was inevitable, and particularly would this have been the case on the left of the cra-



THE CONFEDERATE LINE AS RECONSTRUCTED AT THE CRATER. (FROM A DRAWING MADE BY LIEUTENANT HENDERSON AFTER THE BATTLE.)

attention was given to this battery by our artillery, but for some reason or other the enemy's guns could not be silenced. Passing to the Union lines under this storm of canister, I found General Ledlie and a part of his staff ensconced in a protected angle of the works. I gave him Colonel Marshall's message, explained to him the situation, and Colonel Marshall's reasons for not being able to move forward. General Ledlie then directed me to return at once, and say to Colonel Marshall and General Bartlett that it was General Burnside's order for them to move forward immediately. This message was delivered. But the firing on the crater now was incessant, and it was as heavy a fire of canister as was ever poured continuously upon a single objective point. It was as utterly impracticable to re-form a brigade in that crater as it would be to marshal bees into line after upsetting the hive; and equally as impracticable to re-form outside of the crater, under the severe fire in front and rear, as it would be to hold a dress parade in front of a charging enemy. Here, then, was the second point of advantage lost by there be-

ing no person present with authority to change the programme to meet the circumstances. Had a prompt attack of the troops to the right and left of the crater been made as soon as the leading brigade had passed into the crater, or even fifteen minutes afterwards, clearing the trenches and diverting the fire of the enemy, a success was inevitable, and particularly would this have been the case on the left of the cra-

Whether General Ledlie informed General Burnside of the condition of affairs as reported by me I do not know; but I think it likely, as it was not long after I had returned to the crater, that a brigade of the Second Division (Potter's) under the command of Brigadier-General S. G. Griffin advanced its skirmishers and followed them immediately, directing its course to the right of the crater. General Griffin's line, however, overlapped the crater on the left, where two or three of his regiments sought shelter in the crater. Those on the right passed over the trenches, but owing to the peculiar character of the enemy's works, which were not single, but complex and invioluted and filled with pits, traverses, and bomb-proofs, forming a labyrinth as difficult of passage as the crater itself. This broke up the brigade, which, meeting the severe fire of canister, also fell back into the crater, which



VIEW OF THE GROUND ON THE CONFEDERATE SIDE OF THE CRATER. (FROM A RECENT SKETCH MADE FROM THE ROAD BACK OF THE CRATER, AND NEARLY HALF-WAY TO THE CEMETERY CREST.)

was then full to suffocation. Every organization melted away, as soon as it entered this hole in the ground, into a mass of human beings clinging by toes and heels to the almost perpendicular sides. If a man was shot on the crest he fell and rolled to the bottom of the pit.

From the actions of the enemy, even at this time, as could be seen by his moving columns in front, he was not exactly certain as to the intentions of the Union commander; he appeared to think that possibly the mine explosion was but a feint and that the main attack would come from some other quarter. He, however, massed some of his troops in a hollow in front of the crater, and held them in that position.

Meantime General Potter, who was in rear of the Union line of intrenchments, being convinced that something ought to be done to create a diversion and distract the enemy's attention from this point, ordered Colonel Zenas R. Bliss, commanding his First Brigade, to send two of his regiments to support General Griffin, and with the remainder to make an attack on the right. Subsequently it was arranged that the two regiments going to the support of General Griffin should pass into the crater, turn to the right and sweep down the enemy's lines. Colonel Bliss was partly successful, and obtained possession of some two or three hundred yards of the line, and one of the regiments advanced to within twenty or thirty yards of the battery whose fire was so severe on the troops; but it could make no further headway for lack of support—its progress being impeded by slashed timber, while an unceasing fire of canister was poured into the men. They therefore fell back to the enemy's traverses and intrenchments.

At the time of ordering forward Colonel Bliss's command General Potter wrote a dispatch to General Burnside, stating that it was his opinion, from what he had seen, and from the reports he had received from subordinate officers, that too many men were being forced in at this one point; that the troops there being in confusion, it was absolutely necessary that an attack should be made from some other point of the line, in order to divert the enemy's attention and give time to straighten out our line. To that dispatch he never received an answer. Orders were, however, being constantly sent to the three division commanders of the white troops to push the men forward as fast as could be done, and this was, in substance, about all the orders that were received by them during the day up to the time of the order for the withdrawal.

When General Willcox came with the Third Division to support the First, he found the latter and three regiments of his own, together with the regiments of Potter's Second Division which had gone in on the right, so completely filling up the crater that no more troops could be gotten in there, and he therefore ordered an attack with the remainder of his division on the works of the enemy to the left of the crater. This attack was successful, so far as to carry the intrenchments for about one hundred and fifty yards; but they held them only a short time.

Previous to this last movement I had again left the crater and gone to General Ledlie, and had urged him to try to have something done to the right and left of the crater—saying that every man who got into the trenches to the right or left of it used them as a means of escape to the crater, and the enemy was reoccupying them as fast as our men left. All the satisfaction I received was an order to go back and

tell the brigade commanders to get their men out and press forward to Cemetery Hill. This talk and these orders, coming from a commander sitting in a bomb-proof inside the Union lines, were disgusting. I returned again to the crater and delivered the orders, which I knew beforehand could not possibly be obeyed; and I told General Ledlie so before I left him. Upon my return to the crater, I devoted my attentions to the movements of the enemy, who was evidently making dispositions for an assault.

About two hours after the explosion of the mine (7 o'clock) and after I had returned to the crater for the third time, General Ferrero, commanding the colored division of the Ninth Corps, received an order to advance his division, pass the white troops which had halted, and move on to carry the crest of Cemetery Hill at all hazards. General Ferrero did not think it advisable to move his division in, as there were three divisions of white troops already huddled together, so he reported to Colonel Charles G. Loring, of General Burnside's staff, who requested Ferrero to wait until he could report to General Burnside. General Ferrero declined to wait, and then Colonel Loring gave him an order, in General Burnside's name, to halt without passing over the Union works, which order he obeyed. Colonel Loring went off to report to General Burnside, came back, and reported that the order was peremptory for the colored division to advance at all hazards.

The division then started in, moved by the left flank, under a most galling fire, passed around the crater on the crest of the debris, and all but one regiment passed beyond the crater. The fire upon them was incessant and severe, and many acts of personal heroism were done here by officers and men. Their drill for this object had been unquestionably of great benefit to them, and had they led the attack, fifteen or twenty minutes from the time the debris of the explosion had settled would have found them at Cemetery Hill, before the enemy could have brought a gun to bear on them.

But the leading brigade struck the enemy

which I had previously reported as massed in front of the crater, and in a sharp little action the colored troops captured some two hundred prisoners and a stand of colors and recaptured a stand of colors belonging to a white regiment of the Ninth Corps. In this almost hand-to-hand conflict, the colored troops became somewhat disorganized, and some twenty minutes were consumed in re-forming; then they made the attempt to move forward again. But, unsupported, subjected to a galling fire from batteries on the flanks and from infantry fire in front and partly on the flank, they broke up in disorder and fell back to the crater, the majority passing on to the Union line of defenses, carrying with them a number of the white troops who were in the crater and in the enemy's intrenchments.\*

Had any one in authority been present when the colored troops made their charge, and had they been supported, even at that late hour in the day there would have been a possibility of success; but when they fell back and broke up in disorder, it was the closing scene of the tragedy. The rout of the colored troops was followed up by a feeble attack from the enemy, more in the way of a reconnaissance than a charge; but the attack was repulsed by the troops in the crater and the intrenchments connected therewith, and the Confederates retired.

It was now evident that the enemy did not fear a demonstration from any other quarter, as they began to collect their troops for a decisive assault. On observing this, I left the crater and reported to General Ledlie, whom I found seated in a bomb-proof with General Ferrero, that some means ought to be devised for withdrawing the mass of men from the crater without exposing them to the terrific fire which was kept up by the enemy; that if some shovels and picks could be found, the men in an hour could open a covered way by which they could be withdrawn; that the enemy was making every preparation for a determined assault on the crater, and, disorganized as the troops were, they could make no permanent resistance. Not an implement of any kind could be found, indeed the prop-

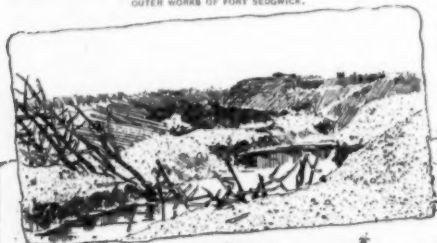
\* A field-officer of one of the colored regiments [Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross] seized a stand of United States colors as he saw his men faltering when they first met the withering fire of the enemy, and mounting the very highest portion of the crest of the crater, waved the colors zealously amid the storm of shot and canister. The gallant fellow was soon struck to the earth.

While this was taking place, an amusing occurrence happened in the crater. As the colored column was moving by the left flank around the edge of the crater to the right, the file-closers, on account of the narrowness of the way, were compelled to pass through the mass of white men inside the crater. One of these file-

closers was a massively built, powerful, and well-formed sergeant, stripped to the waist—his coal-black skin shining like polished ebony in the strong sunlight. As he was passing up the slope to emerge on the enemy's side of the crest, he came across one of his own black fellows who was lagging behind his company, evidently with the intention of remaining inside the crater, out of the way of the bullets. He was accosted by the sergeant with "None ob yo' d—n skulkin,' now," with which remark he seized the culprit with one hand, and, lifting him up in his powerful grasp by the waistband of his trousers, carried him to the crest of the crater, threw him over on the enemy's side, and quickly followed.—W. H. P.

osition was received with disfavor. Matters remained *in statu quo* until about 2 P. M., when the enemy's anticipated assault was made.

OUTER WORKS OF FORT SEDGWICK.



FORT SEDGWICK, KNOWN AS "FORT HELL," OPPOSITE THE CONFEDERATE FORT MAHONE, KNOWN AS "FORT DAMNATION." (FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.)

About 9:30 A. M. General Meade had given positive orders to have the troops withdrawn from the crater. To have done so, under the severe fire of the enemy, would have produced a stampede, which would have endangered the Union lines, and might possibly have communicated itself to the troops that were massed in rear of the Ninth Corps. General Burnside thought, for these and other reasons, that it was possible to leave his command there until nightfall, and then withdraw it. There was no means of getting food or water to them, for which they were suffering. The midsummer sun shone upon their heads until waves of moisture produced by the exhalation from this mass slowly arose in perceptible horizontal layers; wounded men died there begging piteously for a drink of water—a drop of which was not to be had, for the men had long since drained their canteens. Soldiers extended their tongues to dampen their parched lips until they seemed to hang from their mouths like those of thirsty dogs, and yet they were kept waiting in this almost boiling cauldron, suffering with thirst and worn out with their all-

night preparations and their fearful morning's work.

While the hours were thus wasted in the time and means necessary to extricate the human mass from its now perilous position, the enemy, having taken advantage of our inactivity to mass his troops, was seen to emerge from the bushes which grew in the swale between the hill on which the crater was situ-



INTERIOR OF THE CRATER, FORT SEDGWICK.

ated and that of the cemetery. On account of this depression they could not be seen by our artillery, and hence no guns were brought to bear upon them. The only place where they could be observed was from the crater. But there was no serviceable artillery there, and no sufficiently organized infantry force to offer resistance when the enemy's column pressed forward. All in the crater who could possibly hang on by their elbows and toes lay flat against its conical wall and delivered their fire; but not more than a hundred men at a time could get into position, and these were only armed with muzzle-loading guns, and in order to re-load, they were compelled to face about and place their backs against the wall.

The enemy's guns suddenly ceased their long-continued and uninterrupted fire on the crater, and the advancing column charged in the face of feeble resistance offered by the Union troops. At this stage they were perceived by our artillery, which opened a murderous fire, but too late. Over the crest and into the crater they poured, and a hand-to-hand conflict ensued. It was of short duration, however; crowded as our troops were, and without organization, resistance was vain. Many men were bayoneted at that time—some probably that would not have been, except amid the heat and excitement of battle. About 87 officers\* and 1652 men of the Ninth Corps were captured, the remainder retiring to our own lines, to which the enemy did not attempt to advance.

In the engagements of the 17th and 18th of June, in order to obtain the position held by the Ninth Corps at the time of the explosion, the three white divisions had 29 officers and 348 men killed; 106 officers and 1851 men wounded; and 15 officers and 554 men missing—total, 2903. From the 20th of June to the day before the crater fight of July 30th these same divisions lost in the trenches 12 officers and 231 men killed; 44 officers and 851 men wounded; and 12 men missing—total, 1150. These casualties were caused by picket and shell firing, and extended pretty evenly over the three divisions. The whole of General Willcox's division was on the line for thirty days or more without relief. General Potter's and General Ledlie's divisions had slight reliefs, enabling those officers to draw some of their men off at intervals for two or three days at a time.

In the engagement of July 30th, the four divisions of the Ninth Corps had 52 officers and 376 men killed; 105 officers and 1556 men wounded; and 87 officers and 1652 men missing (captured)—total, 3828.†

It was provided in General Meade's order for the movement that the cavalry corps should make an assault on the left. Two divisions of the cavalry were over at Deep Bottom. They could not cross the river until after the

Second Corps had crossed, so that it was late in the day before they came up. Indeed, the head of the column did not appear before the offensive operations were suspended. As General James H. Wilson had been ordered to be in readiness, and in view of the unavoidable delay of General Sheridan, orders were sent to Wilson not to wait for General Sheridan, but to push on himself to the Weldon railroad. But the length of the march prevented success; so no attack was made by the cavalry, except at Lee's Mills, where General Gregg, encountering cavalry, drove them away in order to water his horses.

The Fifth Corps and the Eighteenth Corps remained inert during the day, excepting Tur-



SIDES AND EDGE OF TWO BULLETS THAT MET POINT TO POINT AT THE CRATER—THE SIDES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE ORIGINAL IN MAJOR GRIFFITH'S MUSEUM AT THE CRATER.

ner's division of the Eighteenth, which made an attempt on the right of the crater, but it happened to be just at the time that the colored troops broke up; so his command was thrown into confusion, and fell back to the trenches.

In this affair the several efforts made to push troops forward to Cemetery Hill were as futile in their results as the dropping of handfuls of sand into a running stream to make a dam. With the notable exception of General Robert B. Potter, not a division commander was in the crater or connecting lines, nor was there a corps commander on the immediate scene of action; the result being that the subordinate commanders attempted to carry out the orders issued prior to the commencement of the action, when the very first attack developed the fact that a change of those plans was absolutely necessary.

*William H. Powell.*

\* General William F. Bartlett was among the captured. Earlier in the war he had lost a leg, which he replaced with a patent cork leg. While he was standing in the crater, a shot was heard to strike with the peculiar thud known to those who have been in action, and the general was seen to totter and fall. A number of officers and men immediately lifted him, when he cried out, "Put me any place where I can sit down."

† But you are wounded, General, aren't you? was the inquiry.

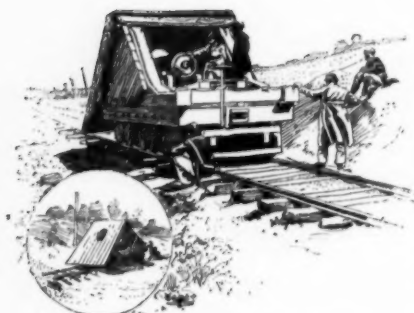
"My leg is shattered all to pieces," said he.

"Then you can't sit up," they urged, "you'll have to lie down."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed the general, "*it's only my cork leg that's shattered!*"—W. H. P.

† General Meade reported the losses of his army in the assault on the crater at 4400 killed, wounded, and missing, all except about 100 being in the Ninth Corps. General Mahone states that the number of prisoners taken was 1101. The loss in Lee's army is not fully reported. Elliott's brigade lost 677, and that was probably more than half of the casualties on the Confederate side.—EDITOR.

## THE DASH INTO THE CRATER.



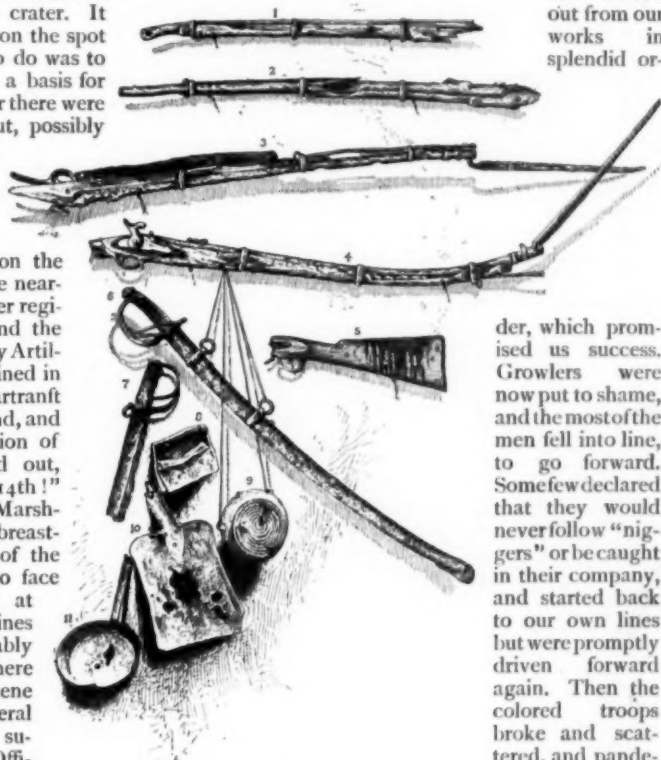
UNION RAILROAD BATTERY, PETERSBURG. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE story of the dash into the Petersburg crater and the struggle there, with the thrilling experiences of the men engaged, is too broad for one witness to cover, but the record of one regiment will convey a fair idea of what the battle was. The selection of troops to lead the assault was settled on the eve of the movement, but the plans and purposes for the day were not communicated to any soldier below the rank of field-officer. There were indications of a forward movement that the privates could well interpret, such as orders for extra rations, the concentration of troops, and the massing of lines of battle close to the enemy's works in front of Cemetery Hill. The honor of leading the assault came by rotation to Colonel E. G. Marshall's brigade. During the night his regiments were marched to a position about twenty rods from the mine, where a single breastwork, an old Confederate work, turned, lay between them and the fort. The condition of this work was not pointed out to the men, nor was any notice given them of what would occur or what was expected in the emergency before them. The men dozed and rested a couple of hours before daylight, awaiting developments. Suddenly the earth trembled, and a black pyramid shot into the air, so close that it seemed as though in spreading after the upward force was spent it would fall on and crush those nearest. It was so startling that the first two lines of men broke, for it was believed to be an earthquake or a Confederate mine sprung upon us. No one believed that a Confederate fort was so near. The 14th New York Heavy Artillery, to which I belonged, formed the third line, and was Colonel Marshall's own regiment. With two lines in front and the familiar presence of their own

commander to encourage them, these men remained comparatively steady, although there was confusion for a brief spell. Just how far this confusion set back the movement will be seen from the experiences of the first moments. Lieutenant Thomson, of Company B, was thrown into a mudhole by the shock, and just as he came up blinded and bespattered before his astonished soldiers, the call rang out, "Forward!" Forward meant across those breastworks in front, and these were as high as a man's shoulder. There were no steps or ladders, and this unlucky lieutenant scraped the mud from his eyes, repeated the orders, and climbed up the logs, for the works at the time were more like a high terrace wall than a field breastwork. Some of the men put bayonets into the wall and made steps, and a few stood on the top and lent hands to their fellows. When twenty men of Company B had joined their lieutenant on the works, he ordered them to align, but Colonel Marshall called out, "No time for that, Lieutenant; go for the crest." So it stood with the whole regiment, and but a handful were ready at the first jump. These charged in companies, by the flank. Our artillery opened at once and shells went screaming overhead, and puffs and clouds of smoke from the shell and from the yawning pit made by the explosion obscured the view and added to the confusion. About one hundred and fifty men were close to Colonel Marshall and the colors, and more came straggling on as fast as they could get over the works, and the grand dash was made by this handful. At the crater a slanting pit was open, and on each side of it the Confederates were now alert, although they were not cool enough for action. In the pit, powder smoke issued from the crevices; guns were seen half buried; the heads or limbs of half-buried men wriggled in the loose earth. The command came again, "Go ahead!" There was a section of the exploded work remaining, and here and in the breastworks alongside men were seen. In front, beyond the hole, a Confederate battery was firing into the pathway from our works, and a shot cut a man of Company C in two. The men in the pit and near it surrendered or ran away and the flag of the 14th New York Heavy Artillery was planted on the site of the old fort. The enemy on the flanks and beyond came to their senses at sight of this flag and opened with bullets. Our men saw that all around them

were superior numbers, and even from the rear they received a fire, for there were traverses running toward our own lines that sheltered men while firing across the plateau and, reversely, into the crater. Still the determination was to push on, and a dash was made for the second breastwork. Here the Confederates made a stand. Some of our men got so close that guns were clubbed, and Sergeant James S. Hill of Company C took a regimental battle-flag by force. The fire from all sides was hot, and the men fell back to the old fort and into the crater. It seemed now to those on the spot that the best thing to do was to defend the breach as a basis for forward movements, for there were Confederates all about, possibly in numbers sufficient to recapture it. Colonel Marshall and some of his officers and men got the old cannon into position and opened on the Confederates that were nearest.\* By this time other regiments had come up, and the 2d Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery, of our brigade, joined in this work. General Hartranft came in with a command, and when he saw the action of Marshall's men, called out, "Three cheers for the 14th!" The brigades following Marshall's moved against the breastworks on the flanks of the crater, but they had to face artillery and muskets at every step, and as the lines broke the men inevitably came to the crater. There were now on the scene detachments from several commands without a supreme commander. Officers and men alike called for definite purposes and orders. Our brigade had entered the breach and could not advance until the flanks were cleared. The brigades sent after us to clear the flanks had been beaten off and had taken refuge in the pit. Difficulties increased every second, because the Confederates grew bolder and their fire began to tell. Every fresh advance

from our supports was anxiously watched, but in the end despairing curses went up because the unsuccessful columns fell back and packed the overcrowded hole. The wounded men came into the pit in preference to going to our own lines, because the way back was swept by the enemy. After the first hour the scene in the crater was terrible. Refugees found that shots fell there as well as outside, and many who came in looking for safety met disaster. The last rally was when the colored division moved out from our works in splendid or-



RELICS IN THE CRATER MUSEUM.

1. Musket-barrel with bullet-hole at the muzzle. 2. Musket burst by two bullets meeting in the barrel, a bullet having entered the muzzle as the gun was discharged. 3. Musket struck by six bullets, one embedding itself in the barrel near the bayonet. 4. Musket bent after having been cocked and capped. 5. Musket-stock covered with blood, found in a bomb-proof. 6. Sword found in a bomb-proof. 7. Broken sword. 8. Lining of a cartridge-box. 9. Canteen perforated by bullets. 10. Shovel having bullet-holes, found on the Union picket line in front of the crater. 11. Frying-pan having bullet-holes; taken out of the crater.

der, which promised us success. Growlers were now put to shame, and the most of the men fell into line, to go forward. Some few declared that they would never follow "niggers" or be caught in their company, and started back to our own lines but were promptly driven forward again. Then the colored troops broke and scattered, and pandemonium began. The bravest lost heart, and the men who distrusted the negroes vented their feelings freely. Some colored men came into the crater, and there

they found a worse fate than death in the charge. It was believed among the whites that the enemy would give no quarter to ne-

ing the lulls in action, not entering the crater proper. But we could overlook the whole scene when not distracted by the rush of sensations.—G. L. K.

\* In the section of the fort not destroyed by the explosion were rifle cannon, dismounted. Here portions of my company and of other companies remained dur-

groes, or to the whites taken with them, and so to be shut up with blacks in the crater was equal to a doom of death. The officers began to scheme for a retreat. At the time there were one general of division and four brigade commanders on the spot,—R. B. Potter, E. G. Marshall, S. G. Griffin, W. F. Bartlett, and John F. Hartranft. Orders came to withdraw the men, but the space between the hole and our works was commanded at every point by Confederate artillery and sharp-shooters. The road was corduroyed with bodies of the fallen. The commandant of the First Battalion of the 14th Regiment, Captain Houghton, Company L, proposed to lead his men back, but they all preferred to remain, and the general officers advised all hands to wait. One plan was to send for spades, and have two parties at work at either end digging a ditch for passage. Another was to wait until nightfall. Both plans were cut short by the action of the enemy. Two or three small parties advanced on the crater, and were repulsed; yet reinforcements were coming up, and it was evident that the spot must be abandoned. Captain Houghton watched the men who attempted to cross back to the works and saw that a gun throwing case-shot did most of the damage to the retreat. After a discharge of this gun he started and passed its range before another discharge came. In crossing the space he found it planted so thick with the fallen that he could not avoid stepping on them. As soon as he reached the works, he directed a sharp musketry fire upon the points whence the hottest Confederate fire came and partly silenced it, so that a few more men got home safely. Colonel Marshall and General Bartlett were among those who remained in the crater and were captured.

The experiences of these men at capture must be told from recollections of survivors after a long captivity ending with the war. It has been positively asserted that white men bayoneted blacks who fell back into the crater. This was in order to preserve the whites from Confederate vengeance. Men boasted in my presence that blacks had thus been disposed of, particularly when the Confederates came up. Many of the prisoners died in Andersonville, and it is impossible to get good accounts of the closing moments, the time of hand-to-hand work between whites and blacks in the crater and the Confederates who came in. A man who kept tally when the bodies in the hole were buried by the enemy recorded one hundred and forty-seven white and black Union soldiers found in the pit itself. Some of them may have been mortally wounded outside, and some were killed

by shots falling into the crater. Sergeant Hill, our comrade who captured the Confederate flag, met death that morning, and a medal of honor was awarded for his action. This flag is now in the War Department collection fully identified on the record.

There were many scenes here to move the strongest hearts. When the débris of the explosion was in the air men's bodies could be distinguished, and of course it flashed upon every mind that a horrible fate had overtaken fellow-men. On one of the elevations in the crater, a Confederate was seen struggling with his head and shoulders buried and held fast. Our men attempted to relieve him, but were driven away by Confederate bullets. On each side of the hole were counter-shafts about fifty feet deep standing open. Down one of these a Confederate had fallen and lay there alive and moaning, but there was no means for his relief at hand. These counter-shafts had been run perpendicularly and abandoned. The Confederate prisoners stated that the fort was full of men that night, for our movements in front had been noticed, and an assault was expected and preparations had been made to receive it. The explosion, however, was wholly unexpected.

The wisdom of selecting the Ninth Corps for the assault has been questioned by high authority. The quality of men for this kind of work depends on their present spirit, commonly called the *morale*. This condition is easily affected and is an uncertain quantity among the very best troops. Three points may be noted as to the spirit of our corps at the time, and the same would be true of the other corps of the army. First, there was a feeling that the soldiers had been pushed persistently into slaughter-pens, from the Wilderness down, and needlessly sacrificed by such methods. Second, there was a determination to rebel against further slapdash assaults. Third, the strongest element of all, as affecting the general spirit, was the all-powerful ambition to take Petersburg and end the struggle. It was universally felt by the men in the breach that the explosion of the mine was a means to that end. But the first assaulting columns would not go on and seize the crest without supports, and these supports did not come. There was not an instant from the moment of the explosion up to the time when the negroes came on that the whites would not have rallied to a man and risked everything in a combined and well-directed charge upon the crest. The men knew that success lay in a strong movement, and they refused to go out in weak detachments.

George L. Kilmer.

## THE COLORED TROOPS AT PETERSBURG.



GUIDON OF THOMAS'S BRIGADE OF THE COLORED DIVISION—SHADED PARTS, GREEN; THE FIELD, WHITE.

EAST of Petersburg, on high ground, protruding like the ugly horn of a rhinoceros, stood the Confederate earth-work, fortified as a battery, which we undermined and exploded July 30th, 1864. It did a good deal of goring

before we destroyed it. Its position enabled the garrison to throw a somewhat enfilading fire into our lines, under which many fell, a few at a time.

For some time previous to the explosion of the mine it was determined by General Burnside that the colored division\* should lead the assault. The general tactical plan had been given to the brigade commanders (Colonel Sigfried and myself), with a rough outline map of the ground, and directions to study the front for ourselves. But this latter was impracticable except in momentary glimpses. The enemy made a target of every head that appeared above the work, and their marksmanship was good. The manner of studying the ground was this: Putting my battered old hat on a ramrod and lifting it above the rampart just enough for them not to discover that no man was under it, I drew their fire; then, stepping quickly a few paces one side, I took a hasty observation.

We were all pleased with the compliment of being chosen to lead in the assault. Both officers and men were eager to show the white troops what the colored division could do. We had acquired confidence in our men. They believed us infallible. We had drilled certain movements, to be executed in gaining and occupying the crest. It is an axiom in military art, that there are times when the ardor, hopefulness, and enthusiasm of new troops not yet rendered doubtful by reverses or chilled by defeat, more than compensate, in a dash, for

training and experience. General Burnside, for this and other reasons, most strenuously urged his black division for the advance. Against his most urgent remonstrance he was overruled. About 11 P. M., July 29th, a few hours before the action, I was officially informed that the whole plan had been changed, and our division would not lead.

We were then bivouacking on our arms in rear of our line, just behind the covered way leading to the mine. I returned to that bivouac dejected and with an instinct of disaster for the morrow. As I summoned and told my regimental commanders, their faces expressed the same feeling. I considered it unnecessary to inform the captains that night, and they were allowed to sleep on.

Any striking event or piece of news was usually eagerly discussed by the white troops, and in the ranks military critics were as plenty and perhaps more voluble than among the officers. Not so with the blacks; important news such as that before us, after the bare announcement, was usually followed by long silence. They sat about in groups, "studying," as they called it. They waited, like the Quakers, for the spirit to move; when the spirit moved, one of their singers would uplift a mighty voice, like a bard of old, in a wild sort of chant. If he did not strike a sympathetic chord in his hearers, if they did not find in his utterance the exponent of their idea, he would sing it again and again, altering sometimes the words, or more often the music. If his changes met general acceptance, one voice after another would chime in; a rough harmony of three parts would add itself; other groups would join his, and the song became the song of the command.

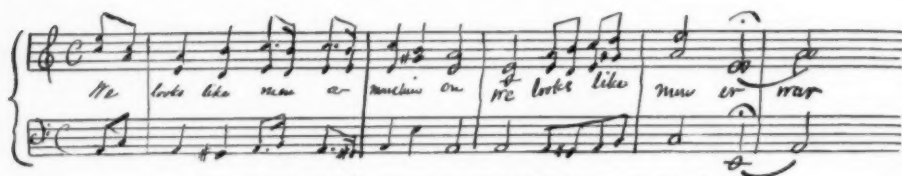
The night we learned that we were to lead the charge the news filled them too full for ordinary utterance. The joyous negro guffaw always breaking out about the camp-fire ceased. They formed circles in their company streets and were sitting on

\* There was but one division of colored troops in the Army of the Potomac—the Fourth Division of the Ninth Corps—organized as follows:

Brigadier-General Edward Ferrero, commanding division. *First Brigade*: Colonel Joshua K. Sigfried (of the 48th Penn.); 27th U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles J. Wright; 30th U. S. colored troops, Colonel Delevan Bates; 39th U. S. colored troops, Colonel Ozora P. Stearns; 43d U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-Colonel H. Seymour Hall. *Second Brigade*: Colonel Henry Goddard Thomas, 19th U. S. colored troops; 19th U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-

Colonel Joseph G. Perkins; 23d U. S. colored troops, Colonel Cleaveland J. Campbell; Battalion of six companies 28th U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles S. Russell; 29th U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross; 31st U. S. colored troops, Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. W. Ross.

This made a division of only nine regiments, divided into two brigades, yet it was numerically a large division. The regiments were entirely full, and a colored deserter was a thing unknown. On the day of the action the division numbered 4300, of which 2000 belonged to Sigfried's brigade and 2300 to mine.—H. G. T.



SONG OF THE COLORED DIVISION BEFORE CHARGING INTO THE CRATER.

the ground intently and solemnly "studying." At last a heavy voice began to sing, "We-e looks li-like me-en a-a marchin' on, we looks li-like men-er-war." Over and over again he sang it, making slight changes. The rest watched him intently; no sign of approval or disapproval escaped their lips, or appeared on their faces. All at once, when his refrain had struck the right response in their hearts, his group took it up, and shortly half a thousand voices were upraised. It was a picturesque scene,—these dark men, with their white eyes and teeth and full red lips crouching over a smoldering camp-fire, in dusky shadow, with only the feeble rays of the lanterns of the first sergeants and the lights of the candles dimly showing through the tents. The sound was as weird as the scene, when all the voices struck the low "E" (last note but one), held it, and then rose to "A" with a *portamento* as sonorous as it was clumsy. Until we fought the battle of the crater they sang this every night to the exclusion of all other songs. After that defeat they sang it no more.

About 3 A. M. the morning of the battle we were up after a short sleep under arms. Then came the soldiers' hasty breakfast. "Never fight on an empty stomach" was a proverb more honored in that army than any of Solomon; for the full stomach helped the wounded man to live through much loss of blood. This morning our breakfast was much like that on other mornings when we could not make fires: two pieces of hard-tack with a slice of raw, fat salt pork between—not a dainty meal, but solid provender to fight on. By good fortune I had a bottle of cucumber pickles. These I distributed to the officers about me. They were gratefully accepted, for nothing cuts the fat of raw salt pork like a pickle. We moistened our repast with black coffee from our canteens. The privates fared the same, barring the luxury of the pickle.

We had been told that the mine would be fired at 3:45 A. M. But 4 o'clock arrived, and all was quiet. Not long after that came a dull, heavy thud, not at all startling; it was a heavy smothered sound, not nearly so distinct as a musket-shot. Could this be the mine? No; impossible. There was no charging, no yells, neither the deep-mouthed bass

growl of the Union troops, nor the sharp, shrill, fox-hunting cry of the Confederates. Here was a mine blown up, making a crater from 150 to 200 feet long, 60 wide, and 30 deep, and the detonation and the concussion were so inconsiderable to us, not over a third of a mile away, that we could hardly believe the report of a staff-officer, back from the line, that the great mine had been exploded.

At about 5:30 A. M. a fairly heavy musketry fire from the enemy had opened. Shortly after, as we lay upon our arms awaiting what orders might come, a quiet voice behind me said, "Who commands this brigade?" "I do," I replied. Rising, and turning toward the voice, I saw General Grant. He was in his usual dress: a broad-brimmed felt hat, and the ordinary coat of a private. He wore no sword. Colonel Horace Porter, his aide-de-camp, and a single orderly accompanied him. "Well," said the general, slowly and thoughtfully, as if communing with himself rather than addressing a subordinate, "why are you not in?" Pointing to the First Brigade just in my front, I replied, "My orders are to follow that brigade." Feeling that golden opportunities might be slipping away from us, I added, "Will you



MAJOR-GENERAL EDWARD FERRERO, COMMANDING THE COLORED DIVISION. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

give me the order to go in now?" After a moment's hesitation he answered, in the same slow and ruminating manner, "No, you may keep the orders you have." Then, turning his horse's head, he rode away at a walk.

Fifteen minutes later an aide to the division commander gave us the order and we moved into the covered-way, my brigade following Sigfried's. This was about 6 A. M. For an hour or more we lay here inactive, the musketry growing quicker and sharper all the time. A heavy cannonading opened. We sat down at first, resting against the walls of the covered-way. Soon, however, we had to stand to make room for the constantly increasing throng of wounded who were being brought past us to the rear. Some few, with flesh-wounds merely, greeted us with such jocularity as, "I'm all right, boys! This is good for a thirty days' sick-leave!" Others were plucky and silent, their pinched faces telling the effort they were making to suppress their groans; others, with the ashy hue of death already gathering on their faces, were largely past pain. Many, out of their senses through agony, were moaning or bellowing like wild beasts. We stood there over an hour with this endless procession of wounded men passing. There could be no greater strain on the nerves. Every moment changed the condition from that of a forlorn hope to one of forlorn hopelessness. Unable to strike a blow, we were sickened with the contemplation of revolting forms of death and mutilation.

Finally, about 7:30 A. M., we got the order for the colored division to charge. My brigade followed Sigfried's at the double-quick. Arrived at the crater, a part of the First Brigade entered. The crater was already too full; that I could easily see. I swung my column to the right and charged over the enemy's rifle-pits connecting with the crater on our right. These pits were different from any in our lines — a labyrinth of bomb-proofs and magazines, with passages between. My brigade moved gallantly on right over the bomb-proofs and over the men of the First Division.\* As we mounted the pits, a deadly enfilade from eight guns on our right, and a murderous cross-fire of musketry decimated us. Among the officers, the first to fall was the gal-

lant Fessenden of the 23d regiment. Ayres and Woodruff of the 31st dropped, killed, within a few yards of Fessenden. Liscomb of the 23d then fell to rise no more; and then Hackiser of the 28th and Flint and Aiken of the 29th. Major Rockwood of the 19th then mounted the crest and fell back

dead, with a cheer on his lips. Nor were these all; for at that time hundreds of heroes "carved in ebony" fell. These black men commanded the admiration and respect of every beholder on that day.

The most advantageous point for the purpose, about eight hundred feet from the crater, having been reached, we leaped from the works and endeavored to make a rush for the crest. Captain Mar-



LIEUTENANT CHRISTOPHER PENNELL.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

shall L. Dempcy, and Lieutenant Christopher Pennell, of my staff, and four white orderlies with the brigade guidon accompanied me, closely followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Ross, leading the 31st regiment. At the instant of leaving the works Ross was shot down; the next officer in rank, Captain Wright, was shot as he stooped over him. The men were largely without leaders, and their organization was destroyed. Two of my four orderlies were wounded; one, flag in hand; the remaining two sought shelter when Lieutenant Pennell, rescuing the guidon, hastened down the line outside the pits. With his sword uplifted in his right hand and the banner in his left, he sought to call out the men along the whole line of the parapet. In a moment, a musketry fire was focused upon him individually, whirling him round and round several times before he fell. Of commanding figure, his bravery was so conspicuous, that, according to Colonel Weld's testimony, a number of his (Weld's) men were shot because, spell-bound, they forgot their own shelter in watching this superb boy, who was an only child of an old Massachusetts clergyman, and to me as Jonathan was to David. Two days later, on a flag of truce, I searched for his body in vain. He was doubtless shot literally to pieces, for the leaden hail poured for a long time almost incessantly about that spot, killing the wounded and mutilating the dead; and he probably sleeps among the unknown whom we buried in the long deep trench we dug that day.†

\* Major Van Buren's testimony, "Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War," Vol. I.

† While the contemplation of one death softens the heart, the sight of the myriad dead of a battle-field blunts the sensibilities. During the burial of the dead,

I saw a striking instance of this. A stretcher-bearer, seeing that the trousers-pocket of a soldier long dead contained part of a plug of tobacco, deliberately cut it out, and, taking a chew with an air of relish, transferred the rest to his own pocket. — H. G. T.



CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER. (FROM THE PAINTING BY J. A. ELDER.)

UNION TROOPS.

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The men of the 31st making the charge were being mowed down like grass, with no hope of any one reaching the crest, so I ordered them to scatter and run back. The fire was such that Captain Dempcy and myself were the only officers who returned, unharmed, of those who left the works for that charge.\*

We were not long back within the honey-comb of passages and bomb-proofs near the crater before I received this order from the division commander: "Colonels Sigfried and Thomas, if you have not already done so, you will immediately proceed to take the crest in your front." My command was crowded into the pits, already too full, and were sand-wiched, man for man, against the men of the First Division. They were thus partly sheltered from the fire that had reduced them coming up; but their organization was almost lost. I had already sent word to General Burnside by Major James L. Van Buren of his staff, that unless a movement simultaneous with mine was made to the right, to stop the enflading fire, I thought not a man would live to reach the crest; but that I would try another charge in about ten minutes, and I hoped to be supported. I then directed the commanders of the 23d, 28th, and 29th regiments to get their commands as much together and separated from the others as possible in that time, so that each could have a regimental following, for we were mixed up with white troops and each other to the extent of almost paralyzing any effort. We managed to make the charge, however, Colonel Bross of the 29th leading. The 31st had been so shattered, was so diminished, so largely without officers, that I got what was left of them out of the way of the charging column as much as possible. This column met the same fate in one respect as the former. As I gave the order, Lieutenant-Colonel John A. Bross, brother of Lieutenant-Governor Bross, of Ohio, taking the flag into his own hands, was the first man to leap from the works into the valley of death below. He had attired himself in full uniform, evidently with the intent of inspiring his men. He had hardly reached the ground outside the works before he fell to rise no more. He was conspicuous and magnificent in his gallantry. The black men followed into the jaws of death, and advanced until met by a charge in force from the Confederate lines.

Thereport of the Confederate General Bushrod Johnson, to which I have had access, says that the Confederate troops in this charge were the first brigade of Mahone's division, with the 25th and 49th North Carolina and the 26th

and part of the 17th South Carolina regiments. It was no discredit to what was left of three regiments that they were repulsed by a force like that.

I lost in all 36 officers and 877 men; total, 913. The 23d Regiment entered the charge with 18 officers; it came out with 7. The 28th entered with 11 officers, and came out with 4. The 31st had but 2 officers for duty that night.

The First Brigade worked its way through the crater, and was halted behind the honey-comb of bomb-proofs. Here the 43d charged the intrenchments, capturing a Confederate flag and recapturing a Union stand of colors and a few prisoners. Owing to the crowded condition of the bomb-proofs, it was impossible to get the rest of the brigade on. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the bravery of officers and men; the former fearlessly led, while the latter as fearlessly followed, through a fire hot enough to cause the best troops to falter. But few of the field-officers escaped. Colonel Delevan Bates fell, shot in the face. Major Leeke stood, urging the men on, with the blood gushing from his mouth. Adjutant O'Brien fell, shot through the heart. Captain Wright of the 43d Regiment himself captured a Confederate stand of colors and 5 prisoners, and brought them in. Lieutenant-Colonel Wright with two bullet wounds retained the command of his regiment. Colonel Sigfried concludes his official report thus: "Had it not been for the almost impassable crowd of troops of the other divisions in the crater and intrenchments, Cemetery Hill would have been ours without a falter on the part of my brigade."

Nor was the giving way a willing movement on the part of the colored troops. One little band, after my second charge was repulsed, defended the intrenchments we had won from the enemy, exhibiting fighting qualities that I never saw surpassed in the war. This handful stood there without the slightest organization of company or regiment, each man for himself, and impelled by his individual instinct, until the enemy's banners waved in their very faces. Then, and not till then, they made a dash for our own lines, and that at my order. Speaking of this stand, General Burnside says in his official report: "But not all of the colored troops retired; some held the pits behind which they had advanced, severely checking the enemy until they were nearly all killed."

The engagement was over. We not only had been four times cut to pieces, but repulsed. The enemy having retaken their former lines, the troops, black and white, in the crater were

\* My brigade guidon, which Lieutenant Pennell held when killed, was captured by Private John W. Niles, Company D, 41st Virginia, was stored in Richmond, Vol. XXXIV.—107.

and there retaken by our troops when we entered that city on April 3d, 1865, and is now stored in the War Department.—H. G. T.

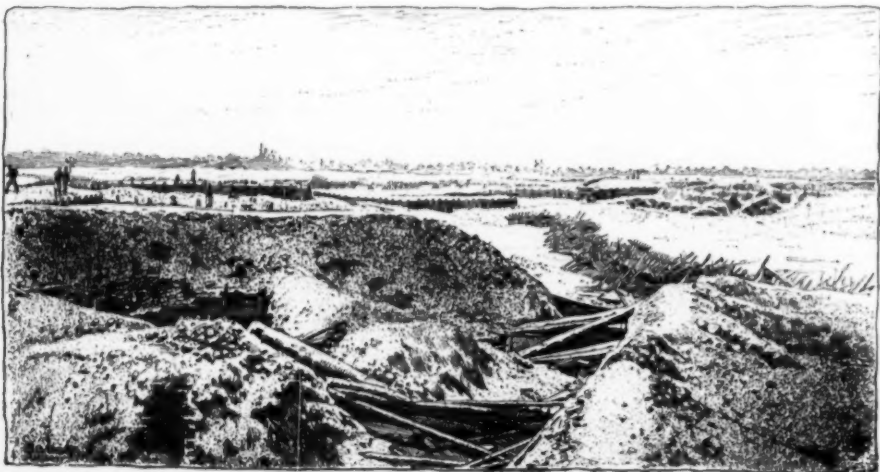
cut off from our army. Squads there occasionally made a dash for our lines, but as many fell as reached them safely. By direction of officers in the crater the men began a covered-way toward our lines (that is, a deep trench running somewhat diagonally between the two lines with all the dirt thrown toward the enemy's side, so that a man passing along it was almost sheltered from musketry fire). Another, by direction of General Burnside, had been started from our lines to meet it. This was the situation when the enemy made their last charge on the crater. Its inmates had repelled three charges. They were weak, exhausted, and suffering from want of water. They succumbed, and most of them fell into the hands of the enemy. Of this last scene in the battle the Confederate General Bushrod R. Johnson, commanding the opposing forces at that point, says in his official report:

"Between 11 and 12 A. M. a second unsuccessful charge having been made by Wright's brigade of Mahone's division, I proceeded to concert a combined movement on both flanks of the crater. . . . A third charge a little before 2 P. M. gave us entire possession of the crater and adjacent lines. This charge on the left [our right] and rear of the crater was made by Sanders's brigade of Mahone's division, the 61st North Carolina of Hoke's division, and the 17th South Carolina of this division. . . . These movements were all conducted by General Mahone, while I took the 22d and 23d South Carolina into the crater and captured 3 colors and 130 prisoners. Previous to this charge the incessant firing kept up by our troops on both flanks and in rear had caused many of the enemy to run the gauntlet of our cross-fires in front of the breach, but a large number still remained unable to advance, and perhaps afraid to retreat."

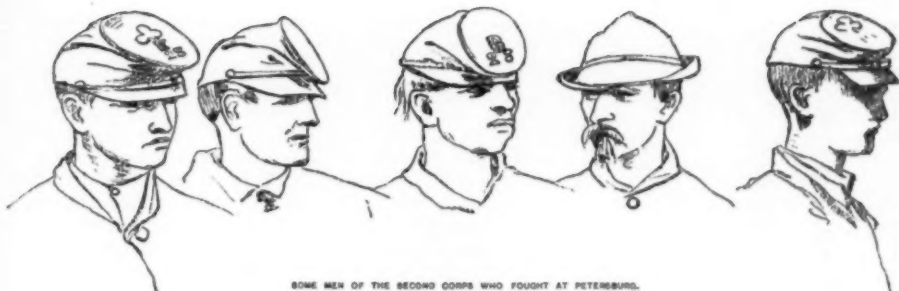
Thus ended in disaster what had at first promised to be a grand success. We were back within our old lines and badly cut up. We had inflicted a heavy, but by no means equal, loss on the enemy.

A ridiculous little incident happened directly after these terrible scenes which helped us all to forget for a moment our wretchedness. My cook, an elderly African, was a most abominable and unerring destroyer of raw material, and when called to account his usual reply was: "De meat was so tough, sah, I done parbiled a little fust, sah"; so his camp companions nicknamed him "Old Parbile." It was now noon; we had had our breakfast at 3 A. M. Being hungry, I sent several times for "Old Parbile," and finally dispatched a giant sergeant, Adam Laws, with instructions to bring "Parbile" at the point of the bayonet if necessary. In due time I heard the sergeant's mighty voice uplifted with, "Git up you dar!" and simultaneously a hearty peal of laughter rang along our dejected line. Turning, I saw poor "Parbile" writhing along on his knees in an agony of fear. In one hand he had a tin pail with my dinner, and in the other he held a palm-leaf fan to shield himself from anticipated missiles of the enemy. The sergeant was accelerating his speed with the muzzle of his gun and with a "Hurry up dar now, de cunnul will be lovin' glad to see yo'!" Nothing could have been happier in its effect on the whole command than this trifling incident, and the scanty ill-cooked meal was the better for the sauce.

*Henry Goddard Thomas.*



INTERIOR OF THE CONFEDERATE FORT MAHONE, KNOWN AS "FORT DAMNATION." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



SOME MEN OF THE SECOND CORPS WHO FOUGHT AT PETERSBURG.

### ASSAULT AND REPULSE AT FORT STEDMAN.

TO follow the history of the siege of Petersburg in outline, one should picture the Union army creeping closer and closer to the last citadel of the Confederacy. The commander of that citadel was Lee in person, and with him was a host of veterans. As months rolled by, our line of investment grew from a short streak on the east side of the town, in June, 1864, to a vast intrenched camp with lines sixteen to twenty miles long in the spring of 1865, when the final contests took place. This remarkable attenuation of the line of the Union besiegers involved the weakening of the line at every point, for reinforcements did not come forward as rapidly as there was need of them. During the autumn and winter of 1864-5 our corps, the Ninth, now commanded by Parke, held the original position first occupied the June previous. Here the Stars and Stripes had been planted by the desperate charges, made by Hancock's Second and Burnside's Ninth corps, immediately on the arrival of the army before the town.

After the mine fiasco, July 30th, 1864, the operations of the army were confined to the single object of securing Lee's lines of communications south and south-west of the town. In August a lodgment was secured on the Weldon railroad, running into North Carolina, compelling the Confederates to use the wagon road for some miles. The right of the Union army was pushed forward on the north bank of the James, and in September General Ord took Fort Harrison, one of the outworks of Richmond. In October and November movements were made against the wagon roads between the Weldon railroad and the South Side railroad south and west of Petersburg, and the Confederate positions covering the latter railroad were attacked with some success. It was the completion of this work of cutting the South Side road that Grant was entering upon when the spring campaign was opened by the initiative of Lee.

At the time of which I shall particularly write,—March, 1865,—the eve of the forward movement ending at Appomattox, we could muster but one rank deep on the front line. The Confederates, being on interior lines, could concentrate rapidly. The reader of history has doubtless wondered, as many of us were wont to wonder at the time, why Lee made no attempt during that long siege to break out through the investing columns. Or if not Lee, then his men, for they were cooped up there and all but starving, within sight of plenty. Whenever Confederate soldiers came out from their sheltered camps on the heights and ridges to relieve pickets and guards, their eyes could follow the winding track of our military railway far away to City Point, and could the more readily mark its course by the great stacks of boxes of bread and barrels of meat, sugar, and coffee stored at points convenient to the forts that now dotted the region from the South Side around east and north to the Appomattox River. Such sights might well have created in half-famished men the desperation which goads to recklessness. But to all outward appearance there was nothing to indicate the forging of fiery bolts to be hurled upon our unsuspecting pickets and garrisons. As the mild spring-time came on, a truce was made between the outposts, and a long and bloody campaign of murderous picket-firing ceased for a season. Soldiers of either army basked in the sun, lying peacefully upon the warm sand-bags that topped out the ramparts. This cheering situation was of about ten days' duration, and the cause of it the fact that the troops that had so long been opposed to us in the trenches were at this time relieved, and a new command, John B. Gordon's corps, came to occupy the line. These men introduced the picket truce, and that truce it was that paved the way for Gordon's night sortie at Fort Stedman on the 25th of March.

The ground now occupied by the Ninth Corps had been fought for most desperately

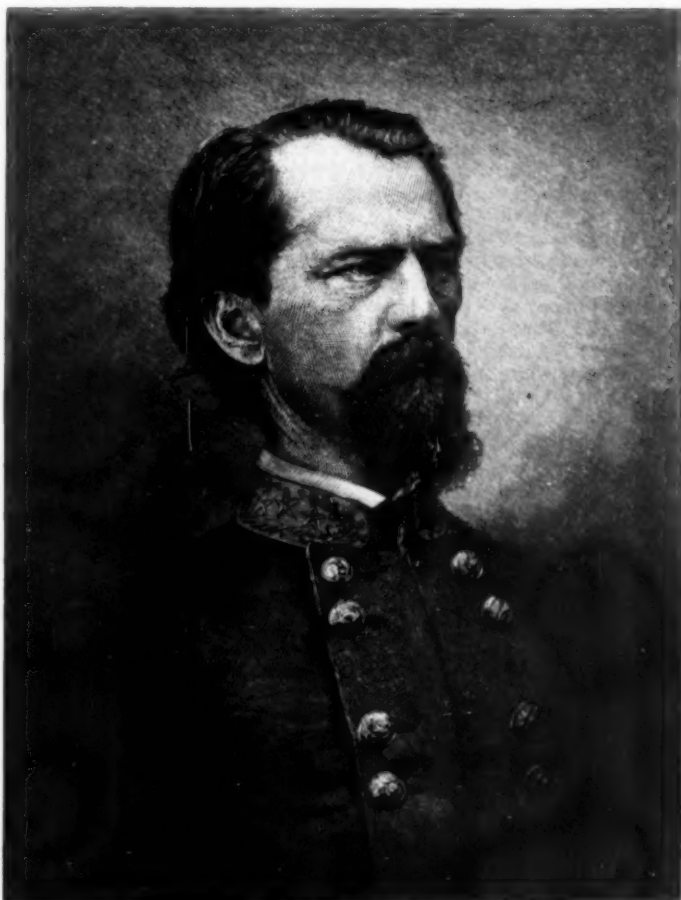


GRACE'S AND COLQUITT'S SALENTS FROM A POINT ON THE UNION PICKET LINE TO THE FRONT AND LEFT OF FORT HASKELL.—SEE MAP, PAGE 765. (FROM A RECENT SKETCH.)

by Lee at the opening of the investment. It was really his second line of defense as originally planned, and he had been forced away from it back to an interior line on the heights commanding the town and commanding all the railroads so important to the Confederacy. To this last ditch our Ninth Corps batteries and trenches held him. Our works were under Lee's guns, but were so strong that the poundings they got made little impression, and open assault on them was simply foolhardy. Hence we held on there while the movable left wing closed in and tightened the grip. In stratagem, however, the South had a chance, and a point so gained would open to greater things.

The First Division of the Ninth Corps, led by General O. B. Willcox, occupied trenches and forts from Cemetery Hill to the Appomattox. The fort directly facing Cemetery Hill was Morton, a bastioned work, high and impregnable. The next down the line, on lower ground and quite under the best guns Lee had on the crest, was Haskell, a small field redoubt mounting six rifled guns and holding a small infantry garrison. Eighty rods farther was Fort Stedman, a stronger work than Haskell, but not well commanded from Cemetery Hill. Two hundred rods from Stedman was Fort McGillivray, near the river and out of range of Lee's heavy ordnance. In front of Haskell, woods, marshes, and a sluggish stream completely obstructed the passage of men and guns from the enemy's works eastward, but at Stedman, where the lines were but forty rods apart, the ground of both lines and all between was solid and feasible for rapid movements of bodies of every arm of service, even to cavalry, and so here was a road that a master-stroke might open. Stedman and Haskell were garrisoned by the 14th New York Heavy Artillery with muskets, the 3d New Jersey Battery of rifled cannon, and a detachment of the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery with Cohorn mortars. The men of this Connecticut detachment also carried muskets. The headquarters of the 14th were at Stedman, where our leader, Major George M. Randall, U. S. A., had command. The acting major of the Second Battalion commanded at Fort Haskell. This officer was Charles H. Houghton, a volunteer of 1861, and now a veteran. Houghton had just returned from a furlough at the time of the surprise, and while at home in the North, away from the bustle of trench warfare, he had had a clear vision of things on the line. To his mind, then, it seemed an easy matter for the Confederates to make a sortie from Cemetery Hill. Accordingly, as soon as he reached the front, he increased vigilance all around, doubled the pickets and guards, and ordered the fort under arms at 4 o'clock each morning. The morning of March 25th was heavy and foggy, a good one for sound sleeping, and therefore just the time for a movement of surprise. Fort Haskell stood on a knoll overlooking the rifle-pits of the picket line. The work was guarded by two rows of abatis, and at the gap where the pickets filed out and in the outer sentinel was on duty. The man who served the last watch that morning on this outer post was Private Hough, Company M, 14th Regiment. Soon after Hough went on post at 3 o'clock, the sergeant of the

guard came out on his rounds. This officer was unaccountably nervous and kept consulting his watch, and in a short time started back to the fort to order reveille sounded. It lacked fifteen minutes of the time appointed by Houghton's special order. The sergeant's watch was fast, and he didn't know exactly how it stood, but concluded it was "better to be too early than too late." The call sounded and aroused the garrison, and it proved to be three-quarters of an hour earlier than had been customary on this line for months. When the sergeant went into the fort, Hough looked to the front and saw blue-lights flash up along the picket-pits. He also heard the sound of chopping on the lines between Stedman and the Confederate works on its front. He hallooed to the second



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON—NOW GOVERNOR OF GEORGIA. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

sentinel, whose post was at the bridge across the moat, and again an alarm was called out in the fort. Hough then advanced down the picket trail toward the outposts, and as he did so some guns boomed in Stedman, and the muffled sounds of fighting were heard from that work. Some quiet strokes had been given there, for a handful of daring Confederates were in possession, and Stedman's guns were being turned on friends. The foremost of the Confederate surprisers—for bands of them were at it in earnest—had gotten through the picket and abatis guards in front of our companion fort, and all the serious mischief of the day was to come from that initial stroke. The reason of the enemy's easy surprise has never been made public. It was caused by poker and whisky. There was a game, with the usual accompaniment, going on all night in the quarters of a staff-officer of

the garrison troops, and the sport was cut short in part by the play of cold steel.\* Some of the men supposed to be on watch were huddled around that fascinating board, and so but one man was on the outlook along the front of the fort. The pickets were some fifteen yards distant, and they had all been silenced by stratagem. Confederates, under pretense of surrender, had approached the scattered pits simultaneously, and, after a short parley, had pounced upon their would-be benefactors and disarmed them to a man. The first point had been gained, and the blue-lights that Hough had seen from Fort Haskell were signals to announce this fact to the Confederate leaders and reserves. Now two men crawled along the ground toward Stedman, meeting the

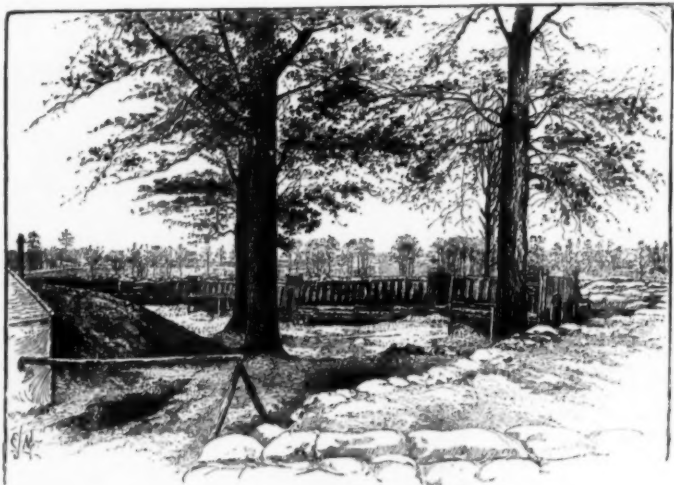
\* My authority is a commissioned officer who said he was taking part in the game.—G. L. K.

solitary sentinel at the ditch. This guard discovered the intruders when it was too late to shoot, but he put a bayonet through one assailant. The other Confederate knocked the brave guard senseless, and that opened the way to Stedman, and, in fact, to the Union lines, without a shot or serious alarm. A hundred men now passed in to the guns and went prowling about, silencing with noiseless knife or bayonet every man they could find awake or asleep.\*

A strange face looked in at the poker players' hut, and the gamblers dropped their cards and cups and reached for weapons. The stranger vanished, but before those astonished men could get ready for defense more of the intruders came up, and in a straggling free fight there in the dark many of the garrison were killed or taken. The enemy now controlled Stedman, and in a few moments reversed its guns. It was this *mêlée* and the guns that were being fired on reversed range which had startled Hough as he passed from Fort Haskell toward the picket-lines. Between the fort and pickets was a long slope, and on this slope Hough met a column of men moving stealthily up to surprise Haskell. The party was in two ranks, and had filed into our lines through the gap in front of Stedman, and was moving upon us unopposed, for they were between us and our pickets. These Confederates supposed that they were approaching the rear of the little fort, and were moving very confidently, expecting an easy triumph. They should have gone through Fort Stedman itself, and then swung around to our rear, but they had miscalculated the situation. Three howitzers double-shotted with grape were trained upon the ground where they boldly marched, and if some traitor had divulged their secret movement hours in advance the doomed column could not have been at greater disadvantage than they now were by the chances of war.

\* I led the burial detail after the fight, and here record what I authenticated at the time as to the manner of their death.—G. L. K.

Hough, unseen by the enemy, ran back to the fort to advise the gunners. But the sergeant's erratic watch had anticipated him and had done telling service. The garrison was ready,—doing a rehearsal, as it were, with the infantry along the parapets, the gunners at their pieces. Hough confirmed our suspicions, and we had



INTERIOR OF FORT STEDMAN. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

The fort was named after Colonel Griffin A. Stedman of the 11th Connecticut, who was mortally wounded in front of Petersburg on August 5th, 1864.

not long to wait. As the assailants neared the abatis we could hear their steps and whispers. "Wait," said Major Houghton, "wait till you see them, then fire." A breath seemed an age, for we knew nothing of the numbers before us. Finally, the Confederate leader whispered to his men, "Steady! We'll have their works. Steady, my men!" Our nerves rebelled, and like a flash the thought passed along the parapet, "Now!" Not a word was spoken, but in perfect concert the cannon belched forth grape and our muskets were discharged upon the hapless band. It was an awful surprise for the surprisers, and fifty mangled bodies lay there in the abatis, victims of a guide's blunder and the fate of battle. But this repulse did not end it; the survivors closed up and tried it again. Then they split into squads and moved on the flanks, keeping up the by-play until there were none left. Daylight now gave us perfect aim, and their game was useless. This storming-party was of picked men, and Southern authority states that not a man ever returned to the Confederate camps to tell the story which I now relate. They had risked and met annihilation.

This bloody and effectual repulse of the assailants at Haskell was a grand thing for the

cause, but proved to be a sort of a boomerang for ourselves just there in the fort. We had roused the tiger's fierceness by doing our work too well, as it were, for the capture of Fort Haskell at the outset was absolutely essential to the success of the Confederate sortie.

The Confederate plan was far-reaching, and it will be in place to quote here a letter from General Jubal Early to the writer concerning the views General Lee had of the military situation, with the Union army securely planted before Petersburg. General Early says:

"A short time before I was detached from the army confronting Grant, near Cold Harbor (1864), General Lee stated to me that it was necessary to do something to defeat Grant's army before it reached the James, for if it succeeded in so doing, the operations would become a siege, and then it would be a mere question of time as to the fate of Richmond. In the month of August, 1864, he detached a division of infantry and one of cavalry to Culpeper Court House under General R. H. Anderson, and he informed me that his object was to induce Grant to detach troops from his army, and if he succeeded in that he would make further detachments, with the view of causing the siege of Richmond and Petersburg to be raised in the same manner that Richmond had been relieved of the threatening position of McClellan's army in August, 1862."

This programme had been adhered to by the Confederates, without, however, loosening the Union hold on the Appomattox and James.

"About the 15th of March, 1865 [General Early continues], I went out to General Lee's headquarters near Petersburg, and he then informed me that unless the progress of Sherman's army in North Carolina could be arrested he (Lee) would be compelled to withdraw from the defenses of Richmond and Petersburg in the direction of Danville, and he desired that with the remnant of my command I should hold south-western Virginia on his left, so as to protect the lead-mines and salt-works in that region. I presume, therefore, that finding Sherman's progress could not be arrested, the assault of March 25th was a desperate effort to break Grant's lines. General Lee's entire force at that time was very little over 30,000, as I was informed."

Topographical considerations made the ground at Fort Stedman the point best suited for Lee's initial stroke. But beyond Stedman toward the railway and the bluffs, where the heavy Union guns were planted, was low ground and plains. Now, if Stedman and all the works north of it to the river were cut away by the enemy, so long as Fort Haskell remained intact it projected our line into the center of the vast open space which must necessarily become the main field of action. This work then would be close on the flank of Confederate columns while passing through the breach at Stedman, and for some distance in their movements against our interior lines, and this position would enable her guns to sweep the invaders with grape and case for a long interval before their great objective on the rear bluffs should be reached. The stunning blow given to the great movement by

the men of Haskell occurred just as a division of Confederates which had filed into the works at Stedman had started on a rapid conquest along the trenches toward Fort McGilvery. We could see from Haskell the flashing of rifles as these men moved on and on through the camps of the parapet guards. Another division, encouraged by the success of the first, started also from Stedman along the breastworks linking our two forts. This division aimed to take Haskell in the right rear. At the very outset, this last movement met with momentary check, for it fell upon two concealed batteries and two Massachusetts regiments now under arms. Meanwhile there was a lull around Haskell; but it was of short duration, for it was so light that the enemy could observe from his main line every point on the scene of conflict. He opened on Haskell with Stedman's guns, and also with his own in front. Our little garrison divided, one half guarding the front parapet, the remainder rallying along the right wall to meet the onslaught threatened by the division coming against it from Stedman. At this juncture, Major Woerner, a veteran German artilleryman and commander of the 3d New Jersey Battery, came into the fort and took charge of the artillery. He placed one piece in the right rear angle, where the embrasure admitted the working of it with an oblique as well as a direct range. The venturesome Confederate column had borne down all opposition, and with closed-up ranks came bounding along. At a point thirty rods from us the ground was cut by a ravine, and from there it rose in a gentle grade up to the fort. Woerner's one angle gun and about 50 muskets were all we could summon to repel this column, and there were probably an even 60 cannon and 1000 muskets at Stedman and on the main Confederate line concentrating their fire upon Haskell to cover this charge.\* The advancing troops reserved their fire. Our thin line mounted the banquettes,—the wounded and sick men loading the muskets, while those with sound arms stood to the parapets and blazed away. The foremost assailants recoiled and scattered. This success again stirred up the tiger. The Confederate forts opposite to us gave us a response more fierce than ever, and a body of sharpshooters posted within easy range sent us showers of minies. The air was full of shells, and on glancing up one saw, as it were, a flock of blackbirds with blazing tails beating about in a gale. At first the shells did not explode. Their fuses were too long, so they fell intact, and the fires went out. Sometimes they

\* In an artillery duel shortly before this we counted twenty-four mortar bombs in the air at once with pathway directly over the fort.—G. L. K.

rolled about like foot-balls, or bounded along the parapet and landed in the watery ditch. But when at last the Confederate gunners got the range, their shots became murderous. We held the battalion flag in the center of the right parapet, and a shell aimed there exploded on the mark. A sergeant of the color company was hoisted bodily into the air by the concussion. Strange to say, he was unharmed, but two of his fellow-sergeants were killed, and the commandant, Houghton, who stood near the flag, was prostrated with a shattered thigh. This was all the work of one shell. Before the wounded major could be removed, a second shell wounded him in the head and in the hand,—three blows in as many minutes.

The charging column was now well up the slope, and Major Woerner aided our muskets by some well-directed case-shot. Each check on this column by our effective firing was a

pole had been shot away, and the post colors were down. To make matters still worse, one of our own batteries, a long-range siege-work away back on the bluff near the railroad, began to toss shell into the fort. We were isolated, as



(FROM RECENT SKETCHES.)

spur for the Confederates at a distance to increase the fury of their fire. They poured in solid shot and case, and had twelve Cohorn mortar batteries sending bombs, and of these Haskell received its full complement. Lieutenant Tuerk, of Woerner's battery, had an arm torn off by a shell while he was sighting that angle gun. Major Woerner relieved him, and mounted the gun-carriage, glass in hand, to fix a more destructive range. He then left the piece with a corporal, the highest subordinate fit for duty, with instructions to continue working it on the elevation just set, while he himself went to prepare another gun for closer quarters. The corporal leaped upon the gun-staging and was brained by a bullet before he could fire a shot. The Confederate column was preceded, as usual, by sharp-shooters, and these, using the blockhouses of the cantonments along the trenches for shelter, succeeded in getting their bullets plumb into the fort, and also in gaining command of our rear sally-port. We took up the planks from the bridge stringers over the moat and began to think of our bayonets. All of our outside supports had been driven off, and not a friendly musket, sword, or cannon was within a quarter of a mile or more of us, and we were practically surrounded. The flag-

all could see; our flag was from time to time, by shot and casualties as I have related, depressed below the ramparts, or if floating was enveloped in smoke; we were reserving our little stock of ammunition for the last emergency, the hand-to-hand struggle which seemed inevitable. The rear batteries interpreted the situation with us as a sign that Haskell had yielded or was about to.\*

Our leader, Houghton, was permanently disabled, but Randall, the commander of the regiment, had escaped from his captors in Fort Stedman before daylight, and had worked his way along a blind trench to Haskell. He joined us shortly after Houghton fell. He had our regimental colors wrapped around him under a private's jacket. Randall now called for a volunteer guard to sally forth and make a demonstration to show our friends outside that the old flag was still there. Fort Haskell's color-bearer, Kiley, and eight men responded to the call. Randall led the way across a bridge stringer, and the flag was flaunted in the eyes of the astounded Confederates who hung about the rear of the fort. Better than all, the standard

\* A message to this effect was taken to one of the distant siege batteries, with the request to fire upon us. The commandant refused.—G. L. K.

waved conspicuously in view of our second line. Four of the guard were hit, one mortally, but the fire in the rear ceased.

The assaulting column from Stedman now broke under the fire of our muskets and Woerner's well-aimed guns. But the men found some shelter behind the infantry parapets along which they moved, and also in the deep trenches and among the breastwork huts, while the boldest came within speaking distance and hailed us to surrender. The main body hung back beyond canister range, near the ravine at the base of the slope. Our bullets could reach there. Major Woerner at last held his fire, having all the pieces loaded with grape. Suddenly a great number of little parties or squads of three to six men each, arose with a yell from their hidings down along those connecting parapets, and dashed toward us. The parapets joined on to the fort, and on these the Confederates leaped, intending thus to scale our walls. But Woerner had anticipated this. The rear angle embrasure had been contrived for the emergency. The major let go his grape. Some of the squads were cut down, while others ran off to cover, and not a few passed on beyond our right wall to the rear of the work and out of reach of the guns. With this the aggressive spirit of that famous movement melted away forever. The sortie was a failure, and daylight found the invaders stalled in the breach. They could not advance; death or capture awaited them where they lay; and in order to return to their own lines they must run the gauntlet of guns which had cross and enfilading range over the only way of retreat.

The combat now changed, but was none the less exciting in the new phase than it had been thus far. The roar of cannon had waxed louder and louder as the gunners on each side sighted the true situation. As the infantry movements ceased, the artillery duel became terrific. It was the ground for such engagements, and had witnessed hundreds, but never on such a scale as this. The whole space of rolling surface between our front line and the second on the bluff near the railroad, was dominated by the enemy's guns on his main line. When the Confederate infantry columns disappeared from around Haskell, all those guns opened upon this field where the morning's manœuvres had been made. Our guns back on the bluff, and at Fort Morton, the work next south of Haskell, took part, and swelled the cannonade to a deafening warfare of Titans. The air was full of flying balls and shells clashing and bursting far above us and raining fragments. The Confederates opened with all their available pieces on little Haskell, and it now became impossible for us to move safely within the fort. Every man must have been ground

to earth had we been forced away from the sheltering walls and parallels. The *terre-plein*, or open surface, offered no shelter whatever, for mortar-bombs came upon us almost perpendicularly. Tents, timbers, gun-carriages were flattened to earth. The exterior surfaces of the fort fared no better. The heaviest guns pounded away to reduce it by battering, and their projectiles plowed the embankments, tossing the logs and sand-bags as though they were feathers. The Confederate problem of the day was reduced to the silencing of Haskell, and it was the target of more guns than had been concentrated upon one point during the siege. Here, for once, after all the prosy months of stupid carnage, was a realization of the grand and the terrible in war.

It was now no longer a question of forging ahead for Gordon, the dashing leader of the sortie,—but of getting back out of the net into which he had plunged in the darkness. A cordon of fortified batteries commanded all the ground whereon his ranks were spread, and our artillery reserves stationed between the main batteries created an unbroken chain of cannon barring him from the railway. Supporting these guns was a solid line of infantry just gathered hastily from the left, and covering every avenue of advance. The way of retreat was back over the ridge before Stedman. This was swept by two withering fires, for Fort Haskell commanded the southern slope of the ridge and McGilvery the northern. With either slope uncovered the retreat would be comparatively easy and safe for Gordon, and the Haskell battery was the one at once able to effect the severest injury to his retreating ranks, and apparently the easiest to silence. The rifle and mortar batteries and sharpshooters in our front took for a target the right forward angle of Haskell, the only point from which Woerner could reach that coveted slope. A murderous fire was poured into this angle, and the Confederate troops in Stedman began to scramble back to their own lines. Woerner removed his ammunition to the magazine out of reach of the bombs that were dropping all about the gun. His men cut time-fuses below and brought up the shell as needed. The brave major mounted the breastworks with his glass and signaled to the gunner for every discharge, and he made that slope between Stedman and the Confederate salient (Colquitt's) a pen of fearful slaughter. The whole mind sickens at the memory of it, for the victims were not fighting, but were struggling between death and home. Suddenly an officer on a white horse rode out under the range of Woerner's gun and attempted to rally the panic-stricken mass. He soon wheeled about, followed by some three hundred men. He drew them back

out of range, halted, and formed for a charge to silence that fatal gun. The movement was distinctly observed by us in Haskell, and Woerner continued to pound away at the slope, while the infantry once more formed on the parapets. The storming-party moved direct on our center, as if determined now to avoid contact with the guns of either angle. But our muskets were well aimed, and the new ranks were thinned out with every volley. The party crossed the ravine, and there the leader fell, shot through the head. Many of his men fell near him, and the last spasm of the Confederate assault was ended. Gradually the fire on both sides slackened, and the Confederates who were still within our lines laid down their arms. The battle had lasted four hours, and about 8 o'clock the Union reserves under Hartranft advanced and reoccupied the lines.\*

Randall, the commander ousted from Stedman, and a band of his followers had left our fort some time before the counter-assault, and they went into their old quarters at the head of the advancing reserves. Randall claimed and secured the right of reoccupancy with his own men. Outside spectators of this fight wondered that any man in Haskell survived. Major Houghton was borne away at once on a stretcher, and as he passed the various headquarters was greeted with cheers and congratulations. The garrison of the work was sparse, about one hundred and fifty men. They had all been on duty around the sheltered guns and the parapets, spots purposely protected and the safest in the fort. But, as it was, Major Woerner says he slipped many times that morning in the blood that covered his gun-staging.

The story of resistance to Gordon's surprise, aside from that already told, is brief. The men in Haskell alone stood up to their posts, and held on from beginning to end, remaining in orderly action under their officers' commands. The surprise was complete at all points between Haskell and McGilvery, and the whole brigade was thrown back under much demoralization. General N. B. McLaughlen, the com-

mander, was captured near Stedman while trying to rally the scattering troops. At McGilvery the Confederates made one attempt, but the admirable work of Major Roemer's artillery repulsed them effectually. In the trenches and smaller outworks near Fort Stedman the struggle was short and one-sided, and before daylight the Confederates had gained all the ground they held during the morning. The impression made upon our men elsewhere than at Haskell was that the enemy counted on a complete surprise all around, but when they saw how it failed at one point they became disheartened, and would not advance until that one point yielded. Three times the leaders put their men boldly upon Haskell, and the other columns watched the result. Conspicuous failure here disheartened the bravest, and their fighting valor waned before they abandoned the captured lines. The contest was really so much harder than had been expected that only a determined few came to the point of facing our guns at close quarters.

This account of the left flank at Stedman covers all that was *done in defense* of our line that morning excepting what was accomplished by artillery from our rear batteries at long range. All else was straggling and ineffectual. Had this battle occurred at another time than at the wind-up of the war it would have a larger space in history. The men of three army corps could see this fight. An old schoolmate, who was on the outside where he could look down upon us, greets me when we meet with the salutation, "There is a man who went through hell alive!" Fort Haskell was the size of an ocean steamer's deck, and one may imagine that scores of cannon and hundreds of rifles playing upon such a space for hours would make it a hot spot. During the engagement, I was stationed in four different positions in the work, and saw every phase of the conflict. As soon as it ended, I went with reinforcements to Stedman, and got notes on the course of events there, both from Confederate prisoners and from my own comrades.†

George L. Kilmer.

\* General Gordon, during an interview had with him by the writer, in 1878, stated that his purposes in making this assault had been "to roll up the Union line" from left to right, beginning with Fort Haskell, and as soon as he saw that Haskell could not be silenced he determined to withdraw. He did not do this immediately because he required Lee's sanction. The Union counter-assault, as it had been called, did not expel him nor hasten his movement, but simply de-

stroyed and captured such of his command as had not retreated. Henry W. Grady, an intimate friend and companion of the general, who was present at this interview, subsequently stated that General Gordon always gave this version of the fight and desired it to stand so in history.

† The entire loss of the Union army in the operations of March 25th is estimated at about 2200, and that of the Confederate army at nearly 4000.—EDITOR.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The First Century of the Constitution.

THE month of September, 1887, naturally suggests the completion of the work of the Convention of 1787, just a hundred years ago, in its successful formation of the Constitution of the United States. The difficulties which attended the Convention's work are detailed elsewhere in this number of *THE CENTURY* by a distinguished historian, and a discussion of an important feature of it occurs in two Open Letters, one by a lawyer of Indiana, and the other by one of our leading historical students. It may be well for us, with the light of a century's practical experience of the Constitution, at the end of which that instrument fits the new nation as comfortably as in 1789, to consider what the difficulties of the Convention would have been if it had been called upon to frame, with prophetic vision, a Constitution for the United States of 1887.

The strongest argument which the "Federalist," and the defenders of the new Constitution in the State conventions, could advance in favor of ratification and in justification of the expectation of the practical success of the Constitution, was the comparatively small size of the country. Hamilton, in the "Federalist," lays down this rule: "The natural limit of a republic is that distance from the center which will barely allow the representatives of the people to meet as often as may be necessary for the administration of public affairs." He estimates the length of the country, from north to south, at 868½ miles, and its breadth at 750, adding this comfortable comparison: "It is not a great deal larger than Germany . . . or than Poland before the late dismemberment." In another place he says: "If there be but one government pervading all the States, there will be, as to the principal part of our commerce, but one side to guard,—the Atlantic coast." With what feelings would he and the Convention have set about their work, if they could have realized that they were in reality framing a scheme of government for a country which was to stretch from north latitude 25° to 49°, and from the 67th to the 125th degree of west longitude, 2600 miles by 1600 through the center, to say nothing of Alaska, in itself two-thirds the size of the country of which Hamilton was speaking? That the commerce for which they were caring was to whiten the waters of both the Pacific and the Atlantic, of the Gulf of Mexico as well as of the Great Lakes? That the Congress which they were providing was to deal with an *internal* commerce greater than all the *foreign* commerce that the country has ever known; with a manufacturing capital of \$2,800,000,000 and an annual product of \$5,400,000,000; with a population of 60,000,000, instead of 4,000,000? That the time would come when a member of Congress would be compelled to travel 6500 miles in going to the Federal Capital and returning to his State? It is a fortunate thing for the United States that the Convention which framed its Constitution knew nothing of the future, and devoted its care and energies to the establishment of a government for the country which it knew.

The Convention sent forth the instrument which it had framed to meet the future, and the most marvelous feature of its first century of trial has been its apparently inexhaustible power of accommodating itself to the growth and changing necessities of the people. Its judiciary system has expanded in its territorial jurisdiction from thirteen districts to sixty; its Presidential office has had control of a million of armed men; its imports have risen from \$22,000,000 to \$640,000,000, and its exports from \$20,000,000 to \$720,000,000; steam, electricity, and all the other forces which modern civilization has harnessed for the service of man, have altered the life and needs of the people; and still the national government established by the Constitution remains unchanged in substance. The natural divergence of its lines has brought larger and still larger fields within their scope; the few employees of 1789 have increased in number until they are an army; but the Treasury officer of 1789, if he could examine the organization of to-day, would still be able to trace clearly the lines of the original formation, though he might be bewildered in the effort to follow out all the ramifications by which the system has met the requirements of later development. The case is the same in every department of the national system: it has developed, but it has not changed. The Convention of 1787 could hardly have provided a more satisfactory system for 1887 if, with prophetic vision, it had been able to forecast the needs of 1887 and adapt its work to those needs.

Nations, like individuals, can live but one day at a time, and their business is to live that day as wisely, honestly, and justly as may be; not to essay the part of a Providence, and attempt to legislate for millions yet unborn. They cannot legislate for posterity: they can only provide the molds into which following generations must be poured; and, unless those molds are wise, just, and honest for the generation which makes them, they will assuredly be broken by some succeeding generation, or they will compress and mar the whole life of the people. In this sense, we, who stand on the threshold of the second century of the Constitution, are as actually constitution-makers as the members of the Convention of 1787. Let it be our care to make our institutions wise, just, and honest for the people of 1887, and to hate and repudiate every proposition that savors of dishonesty or of injustice, however it may seem to our temporary advantage, knowing that we are thus doing all that man can do for the people of 1987.

### A Great Teacher.

THE teachers of men are many; the teachers of young men are few. To turn the faculties of a mature mind to the education of youth is something willingly undertaken by many, but success does not depend upon willingness or knowledge, or even enthusiasm. The art of teaching is a gift and an inspiration equally

with poetry and music. In the vast majority of even good teachers, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that they become accommodated in their own minds to the minds of their pupils. Sympathy being the essential requisite, they unconsciously fall into the habit and scope of thought of their students,—“subdued to what it works in, like the dyer’s hand.” It is the fatal tendency in teaching to shrink towards the capacity of those taught—a tendency that able teachers resist by constant watchfulness and severe studies.

When a great man gives himself to teaching young men, and successfully resists this tendency, and when also he has the gift or genius for teaching, we have that rarest of men—a great teacher. This century has furnished two eminent examples: Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and Dr. Hopkins, of Williams College. There have been other great teachers, but these two men pre-eminently wear these marks,—greatness and genius in their work. Dr. Arnold taught boys, but he kept even with his own powers, and was as great as if he had spent his days at Oxford or in Parliament. Dr. Hopkins taught young men, but it is difficult to conceive of him as greater in any other possible sphere. The success of each is due to the fact that they preserved the full measure of their mental powers, and at the same time had the faculty of laying powerful hold of the young mind. A great mind, enlisting young men, and drawing them by the secret charm and power of his divine gift up to himself without descending in his own mental habit to them,—such was Dr. Hopkins.

It would not be quite correct to say that Dr. Hopkins had a theory of teaching. Great men do not work by theories. He taught spontaneously, out of his own nature; and here lay the value of his work. He carried into the class-room the free action of his own mind and also its total action. Many men are able to do this who fail as teachers, but Dr. Hopkins possessed the knack of bridging the space between his own lofty thought and the mind of the pupil, and so getting him up to his own level. This is true teaching—inducing in the pupil the thought and feeling of the teacher.

But Dr. Hopkins did far more to get his pupils to share in his thought and ideas: he taught them to think in the same fashion. It was not a prime or even a subordinate purpose with him to induce his pupils to agree with his opinions. He rather aimed to get them to thinking in a certain way. His idea was that if he could arouse the nature of the man to the full, and start him into vigorous natural action, he would think safely. Hence he taught principles, and, above all, the nature of man. Scholasticism, formal logic, dogma—these were remote from his methods, as they were remote from himself. “Know thyself” is the heathen phrase which he put to a use that carried his pupils to the heights of Christian morality. It is for this reason that his teaching and his pupils wear the plain marks of freedom and catholicity.

It was also a distinguishing mark of Dr. Hopkins’s instruction that it had a peculiarly germinant quality. Teaching by principles and by the nature of man, and avoiding a too close deduction, his pupils were left free to develop in their own way. Dr. Hopkins taught the catechism for many years, but the students carried away more of their teacher’s breadth and rationality than of the dogmas of the Confession.

It was a characteristic of his teaching that it had a directing rather than a binding influence. Room was left in it for growth, for variation, and adaptation to new conditions. He founded no school of philosophy, but did the better work of grounding young men in the fundamental principles of thought and feeling and conduct. If his teaching had a specialty, it consisted in unifying truth; the truth of one realm was the truth of all realms. Thus a well-taught pupil stood with the whole earth under his feet and all heaven above his head.

Dr. Hopkins’s long life was spent in one of the most rural parts of New England, and one of the most remote from the centers of culture. Shut in between the Hoosac range on the east, and the Taconic on the west, miles of untouched forest on every side, in a little village that clustered about the college as cottages nestled at the foot of a friendly castle, he drew to himself, like a medieval teacher, pupils from all parts of the country, kept them about him for four years, and sent them out, stamped with his impress, to the towns and cities to repeat in themselves what he had taught them, and to convey far and wide something of the keenness of thought, of moral earnestness, and religious wisdom which they had learned and felt in him. Such a life is at once great in its humility and in the breadth and power of its influence.

#### Shall we Plant Native or Foreign Trees?

THE relative value for planting in America of native and foreign trees is a question of wide and deep and of rapidly increasing interest; yet it is one to which the public has scarcely begun to give the attention it deserves. As the destruction of our native forests progresses, planting for the sake of timber must be ever more largely engaged in; and this destruction cannot but progress with considerable rapidity, even though the legislation which is so greatly to be desired as a check upon it should soon be brought to bear. Year by year, too, it becomes more desirable that the worn-out fields of our Eastern States should be put to arboricultural service, and that the settlers on the prairies of the West should be accurately informed as to what trees they may best set out. And as our love for art increases we shall wish to do even more than we are doing now in the way of private and public planting for ornamental purposes. In short, there is no American who is not interested, directly or indirectly, in the question as to the kinds of trees which are best adapted to American uses.

The extent to which we have hitherto planted foreign trees is probably ignored by a great majority of our readers. Not indeed in very earliest years, but ever since the first advent among us of the nursery-gardener we have given them the preference, in our more thickly settled districts, over trees of native origin. The first nurserymen were Europeans, and brought both their stock of knowledge and their stock of plants from the Old World; and even when their knowledge had extended itself their stock remained largely the same; for, from some inexplicable reason, a great many species of European trees may be far more easily raised, and therefore more cheaply and profitably sold, than our own. Thus the private planter, getting his materials from nursery gardens, has generally been led to

choose foreign trees. Again, those who first began to plant on a large scale with an eye to economic results—to the production of timber—were inspired by English examples, and naturally selected those species whose utility had been proved by centuries of experience. So when ornamental planting over large areas was undertaken, what more natural than that the landscape-gardener should most often try to reproduce European successes and guide himself by the recommendations of those European books which were his only printed helpers?

The result has been that the foreign representatives of many important genera are as familiar to American eyes in populous districts as their native cousins, and in certain cases—in the case, for instance, of the willow, of the spruce, and of the horse-chestnut—are much more familiar. Signs of a change in practice may now be perceived. A few years ago it was impossible to buy American trees in any quantity in any nursery, but now they may more easily be had and are more often chosen. Still, the comparatively recent introduction of novel species from Asia has added to the exotic temptations of the purchaser, and even now, we are told, "where one native tree is planted in Massachusetts, five foreign trees are planted here."<sup>\*</sup>

It will easily be guessed that this is not a desirable state of things. But how deplorable a state of things it really is, few understand as yet, save those who have specially studied the behavior of foreign trees upon American soil. Such study has been carefully carried on by more than one scientific observer during a number of years, and of late an effort has been made to test the value here, as sources of timber supply, of many of the species which had made the best records in their native habitat. Of course all observers do not agree upon all points, and of course it is too soon yet to decide dogmatically with regard to many imported species. But with regard to many others the evidence is practically conclusive and of a most unfavorable sort.

Take, for instance, the Norway spruce (*Abies excelsa*), which all through the Northern and Eastern States has been planted in such numbers for so many years that it can surely be said to have been fairly tested. It is a most remunerative tree to nurserymen, and a most tempting one to planters—easily raised and transplanted, and growing with remarkable rapidity and great beauty of form while young. But in the pamphlet just quoted, Professor Sargent says that its general introduction into our plantations "must, nevertheless, be regarded as a public misfortune. . . . In spite of its early promise, it must be acknowledged to be a complete failure in eastern America. It has passed its prime here, and is almost decrepit before it is half a century old; it will never produce timber here, and it becomes unsightly just at that period of life when trees should be really handsome in full and free development." The most cursory glance at the condition of this tree in the neighborhood of New York will prove that it is not unsuited to the climate of Massachusetts only. The Central Park is disfigured by hundreds of half-dead specimens which are not yet

half grown; and even where the soil is better, ragged, blackened forms almost invariably prove a want of health and vigor. Again, Mr. Robert Douglas, of Waukegan, Ill., one of the oldest and most widely known nurserymen in the country, writes that he has never seen a Norway spruce in the East fifty years old that was not failing in its upward development, or one in the West forty years old; and that when he went purposely to Canada to examine a large number which he had seen planted forty-nine years before (believing that they might have done especially well in a northern climate), he found that not one was living, and that many which had been planted in later years were already failing. And he adds, that he speaks with a sense of responsibility, as he has "grown more Norway spruces than any man in America and than all other men in America."

As it is with this favorite conifer, so it seems to be with many others almost as often planted. The Scotch pine (*Pinus sylvestris*), for example, will bear more exposure than any other tree, and will sooner make an effective "wind-break." It is therefore invaluable in certain positions to planters on the prairies; but as regards long life and the production of timber, Mr. Douglas pronounces it "an abject failure" in any part of the country where he has ever seen it, and his words are fully confirmed by the Massachusetts report.

With deciduous trees the case is similar. Neither the foreign lindens nor the foreign ashes are long-lived in this country. The sycamore maple (*Acer pseudo-platanus*)—so widely cultivated abroad for its valuable timber—grows rapidly at first, as is the way with many other European trees, but seems likely to prove quite worthless at least for economic purposes. Of the European oak (*Quercus robur*) Professor Sargent writes: "Tens of thousands of these trees have been planted in this State during the last century, but it is now almost impossible to find anywhere a healthy specimen more than thirty years old, while all the older trees have now almost entirely disappeared from the neighborhood."

These few instances are examples of a number more which might be given of the proved unfitness of European trees to withstand our climate. With other species, as has been said, the question still remains an open one; and with others, again, the evidence seems distinctly favorable. The white willow of Europe (*Salix alba*) not only flourishes, but has become thoroughly naturalized, in New England, and is of greater economic value than any native species. Though as much as this cannot be said of any other European tree, the English elm (*Ulmus campestris*) does thoroughly well and affords by its very different habit a desirable contrast to our native elms, while the Norway maple (*Acer platanoides*) and the European larch (*Larix europæa*) also promise to thrive. In such cases the needs of the landscape-gardener justify their continued cultivation, even though related native species may be still better fitted to supply us with timber.

As the climate of eastern Asia is much more like our own than that of Europe, one is not surprised to find the trees which have been brought thence giving, as a whole, a better account of themselves. Their chief value is for ornament and shade, but from these points

<sup>\*</sup>"Some Additional Notes upon Trees and Tree-planting in Massachusetts." By C. S. Sargent, director of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard College. (Reprinted from the Annual Report of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture.) Boston: Wright and Potter. 1886.

<sup>†</sup>In one of a number of letters recently published in the "Philadelphia Press."

of view some of them are very precious acquisitions. The curious ginkgo-tree, which has a beauty all its own, is now largely planted in the streets of Washington and is perfectly hardy as far north as Massachusetts. The paulownia, so interesting in form, so valuable for shade, and so splendid in its spring bloom, thrives in all the cities of the Middle States; and its masses of purple flowers appearing every now and then in the wild woods of Maryland show that there at least it has made itself perfectly at home. Of the ailanthus it is hardly necessary to speak. Despite the disagreeable odor of its blossoms, it is one of the most valuable of all trees for city planting—growing very rapidly, affording a wide expanse of shade, being free from insects, and keeping the freshness of its foliage uninjured through the heats and dusts of summer.

But it is not our present aim to weigh the evidence for and against this tree or that. What we desire is simply to show that such evidence has already been collected in a considerable body; that it is the duty of every experienced planter still further to inform the public; and that it is for the interest of every intend-

ing planter that he should consider carefully before he buys his stock. Yet we feel justified in adding to these general statements a word of strong recommendation in favor of native as against foreign, or at least as against European, trees. At the best the latter are uncertain in almost every case, while the former have an inborn and a well-proved title to be trusted. The most successful ornamental planting that has ever been done in America shows its results in the streets of such towns as Stockbridge, Great Barrington, Salem, and New Haven, and was the work of men who went to the forest and not to the nursery for their infant elms and maples. Certainly our more recently planted parks offer small promise of a like maturity of beauty, with their European oaks and ashes, their Scotch and Austrian pines, in almost as deplorable a state as their Norway spruces. When not ornamental but economic plantations are in question, past experience tells very strongly against European trees, while the evidence of recent experiment with native trees—as in the plantations of indigenous conifers in eastern Massachusetts—is of the most encouraging kind.

## OPEN LETTERS.

### Centennial Considerations.

#### Two Views of the Relation between the State and the General Government.

##### I. GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

**I**F a small community can govern itself, and do it better than others can govern it, a larger community composed of like individuals can do the same, and so any still larger community of like individuals, even to the largest.

There is no reason why a government by the people, through their representatives, should not wisely and well govern the inhabitants of a whole continent, provided the people are sufficiently civilized to enable those occupying the various parts of it to govern themselves.

This will appear more clearly the more accurately we distinguish what are the proper functions of government, and all that is necessary for it to do.

The only warrant for the existence of government of any kind is, that it makes possible for the people a greater degree of happiness than would be possible without it. In the earlier stages of civilization, war is the chief business of the government, and success in war is the chief good, and to it all else is made subservient. When civilization has advanced somewhat, it is found that in some degree each individual should be protected from aggression by other individuals, and then the power of government is, to some extent, exerted for that purpose; and as civilization progresses, this purpose increases in importance as compared with the other, and could we imagine wars entirely to cease, it would be the only necessary function of government.

From our position in relation to other nations, and from our strength as compared with those on this continent, the danger from aggressions by other nations is exceedingly small, and the probability of any resort to arms, unless we are the aggressors, is very remote, so that the preventing of aggressions by other nations

has come to be with us of comparatively small importance. Our government should every year become less military and more industrial; that is, less occupied with the duty of preventing foreign aggressions, and more occupied with preventing the aggressions of individuals on each other, and promptly and sufficiently repressing the wrongs done by such aggressions.

This, the paramount duty of government, has been very imperfectly performed in the past, and there is little reason to hope that it will be better done in the near future. Much of this imperfection is due to the low standard of the average morality of the people. But is not more of this imperfection the result of our governmental machinery not being adapted to the performance of this duty? Can it be performed efficiently so long as the national and State governments coexist, and each is expected to perform undefined and undefinable parts of this duty?

When our national government was formed, slavery existed in most of the States, and presented an insuperable objection to any arrangement by which the people of the whole country could be intrusted with unlimited power over any part of it. The part of the people among whom slavery existed, and who intended to retain it, would not, and could not, consent that the part among whom it did not exist should regulate the relations between master and slave. Where these relations existed, laws were required which would not have been tolerated elsewhere, and it was only by the agency of the State governments that slavery could be continued.

For the repression of crime and for dealing with the criminal class, the single agency of the nation would be more efficient than the one compounded of the nation and the several States, each acting separately. There are as many criminal codes defining crimes and the mode of dealing with them, and with the criminal class, as there are States, and to them is added the code of the nation.

Whatever is properly a criminal act in one locality

should be so in every place in the nation, and the criminal laws with the mode of enforcing them which would be the best possible in any subdivision would be the best in every subdivision. How to prevent the ingress of paupers from abroad, and how to deal with those here, would be problems more easily solved through the single than through the complex agency.

There are many matters which in the near future will need regulation. Among these may be mentioned the relation of employers and employees; gambling in stocks, grain, etc.; the extent to which accumulations of wealth in the hands of individuals or corporations shall be permitted; what restraints shall be imposed on monopolies of every kind; whether there should be a limit, and what one, upon the right to acquire and hold lands. With these and like questions the State governments are incompetent to deal, for if one State legislated effectually as to any such matters, its only effect would be to drive from its territory those who regarded themselves as injuriously affected by such action, and they would seek a State where there had been no such legislation.

As to matters with which each of the civil codes of the States deal. Why should there be different land tenures, why different rules of descent and distribution of decedents' estates, different laws as to wills, as to marriage and divorce, as to parent and child, as to guardian and ward, as to contracts, as to corporations, etc., etc.? Why should there be as many different modes of administering justice? Why should that be held to be just in the courts of a State which is held unjust in the courts of the nation, or in the courts of other States? why a right enforced, if claimed against a citizen of the same State as the claimant, and denied as against a citizen of another State?

If there was but one code of laws and one judiciary, that of the nation, justice would be the same in every locality, and the rights and duties of the individual and all aggregates of individuals would be alike everywhere within the national limits. Is there any reason why this should not be?

The tendency has been in the direction of the exercise of larger powers by the nation and restrictions on the power of the States. Except as to a few matters, this has not been the result of changes in written constitutions, or conscious action on the part of the people. The nation, through its courts, from time to time, has asserted jurisdiction not given by the Constitution, as understood at and soon after its adoption. As instances may be mentioned the rulings of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1806, that the courts of the nation had no jurisdiction of a controversy between a citizen of one State and a corporation of another State, if any of the stockholders of the corporation were not citizens of the last State. This ruling was repeatedly followed; but in 1844 the court overruled all these cases, and asserted the jurisdiction over all such con-

troversies, without reference to the citizenship of the stockholders. It is under this later ruling that the courts have assumed jurisdiction over all matters in which the railroad, telegraph, and other great corporations are interested. The same court, in 1825, ruled that courts of the nation had no jurisdiction over any navigable waters except where the tide ebbed and flowed, and repeatedly so decided until 1851, when it asserted jurisdiction over the great lakes, and in 1857 extended it over all navigable rivers. Now Congress has but to declare any locality navigable water, and legislate in regard to it, and the courts of the nation hold that Congress has not exceeded its powers.

Congress has assumed a supervision of elections, it has declared certain promises to pay to be money and a legal tender, and the courts of the nation affirm its power. It is unnecessary to multiply instances. As to no matter has the nation exercised a doubtful or prohibited power, but in a short time such power has been recognized as belonging to it, and a new reading given to the Constitution as the proper warrant for it.\*

The small powers still exercised by the States over railroads and telegraph lines will probably soon be taken from them and absolute control of them be assumed by the nation, and this with the approval of the people. For they feel that it is almost intolerable that the rights of these great corporations should change with the passage from State to State; and this feeling will grow until it finds expression in legislation by the nation, and its assumption of entire control.

The nation has assumed the power to make regulations for the preservation of the health of the people, and for the extirpation and prevention of cattle-plagues, etc., and there is no limit to the powers it will exercise for such purposes whenever it is deemed proper by the people.

Public education is likely soon to be declared a matter of national concern, and if the people so wish, the nation will take charge of it and exclude the States. This will probably be, in the future, the history of every matter which equally interests and affects the whole people.

Why should it not be so? Why should not all law-making be done by the nation? Why should not all general laws operate alike everywhere within the nation, making the rights and duties of each individual, and of all aggregates of individuals, the same in all places?

It may be asked, How can the nation deal with the matters which are of interest only in particular localities? The answer is that, under proper general regulations and restraints, all such matters should be placed within the control of minor subdivisions. Each county, each city, or other subdivision, should be given full power over whatever affects only the people of the subdivisions. If the State governments should cease to exist, the only class which would suffer would be the office-holders. Almost, if not quite, half of the great army of office-holders could be disbanded, and a

\* Without any desire to inject counter-arguments into the article, an exception may be taken to this very essential portion of it. Four "instances of the exercise of doubtful or prohibited powers" are here assigned, but at least three of them are quite irrelevant. (1) Admiralty law, like equity, is "judge-made law"; the Constitution merely gives Federal courts "Admiralty jurisdiction," leaving the judges to work out the jurisdiction for themselves. The change of ruling in 1851 was therefore clearly provided for, and made possible by, the Constitution itself. (2) The power to pass a general election law is explicitly given to Con-

gress by the Constitution, within well defined limits, and those limits have been carefully respected. (3) The Supreme Court's decision in favor of the constitutionality of legal-tender paper currency has not been received with unanimous or enthusiastic applause. At best it is but permissive, and the decision of but one branch of the government. When we shall have a Congress which will issue legal-tender paper in time of peace, and a President who will not veto the act, the "instance" will be a fair one; until then, *nil dicimus*.—EDITOR.

like part of the great sum now yearly paid to this army would be saved to the people.

Is there a single duty performed by the State governments, or any of them, which could not be done as well, or better, by the government of the nation? If not, why should the State governments continue to exist? Why not dispense with them, erase the State lines, make of the whole population one people, governed by one code of laws, and have in reality a government "of the people, by the people, for the people"?

LAFAYETTE, IND.

Robert Jones.

## II. THE FEDERAL BALANCE.

ON the deck of a westward-bound Atlantic steamer, one breezy September day, some years ago, I was asked by a distinguished gentleman, who had indeed been an English cabinet minister, to recommend some book from which he might get a rudimentary knowledge of the system of government in the United States. "For," said he, "we don't understand you. We cannot see why your vast size does not lessen cohesion and make you fall apart; nor do we understand why you will not go to pieces in the dangerous process of electing a chief magistrate." Of course I pointed out to him the fact that the President had neither the power nor the responsibility of an English prime-minister, and, in short, that ours was not a parliamentary government. This surprised him, and he replied with frankness: "Ah! we do not understand you."

But on thinking over the words of this right honorable and very intelligent gentleman, I have to confess that one of the dangers that he pointed out was a real one. So long as a hope of party advantage prevents the legislature of the country from agreeing upon some authoritative board of arbitration in case of a difference regarding an electoral count between the two Houses of Congress, the national peace will be threatened whenever we have to pass the ordeal of electing a chief ruler.

Against the danger from incohesion I urged the good fortune of our Federal system — that the central government was relieved of severe strain by the localization of a great part of our legislative work. Massachusetts, with her Puritan history, regulates all matters pertaining to morals and manners — all matters that have to do with the degree and character of civilization — by her local legislature. Louisiana, with her French antecedents, is allowed to respect her traditions and those sentiments that are the slow growth of generations, and to evolve a civilization on her own soil, in her own way. The danger which this English statesman saw in the vast extent of our country and the heterogeneity of its people would be a real one, if it were possible for a body of Pennsylvania Presbyterians and Massachusetts Puritans to organize a party to make Sunday laws for New Orleans. It would be real if reformers could not pass a law regulating the liquor traffic in Maine without consulting the representatives from Nevada, Arkansas, and the Bourbon district of Kentucky.

This notion of a lack of stability in the American government from the heterogeneity of its people is an old one with Englishmen. In 1759, not to mention any earlier example, there came to this country the Rev. Andrew Burnaby, afterward Archdeacon of Leicester, who entered the colonies by way of York River and journeyed to the northward as far as the

Piscataqua. When the American opposition to English schemes for taxing the colonies had raised the whirlwind, he published in 1773 his "Travels Through the Middle Settlements in North America." In this he ventures to make some forecasts. He does not think that the colonies can ever be voluntarily associated in one government, "for fire and water," says he, "are not more heterogeneous than the different colonies in North America. Nothing can exceed the jealousy and emulation which they possess in regard to each other." "Indeed," he says in another place, "it appears to me a doubtful point, even supposing all the colonies of America were to be united under one head, whether it would be possible to keep in due order and government so wide and extended an empire."

The trouble with Burnaby's forecast is a trouble with all such predictions. It is impossible to take into account beforehand all the elements of a complex problem. Among a good many elements here which he did not foresee is the Federal system, which is more the offspring of fortunate accident than of wise statesmanship. The centrifugal jealousy of the several colonies, with their separate histories, local sentiments, and particular interests, offered resistance to the centralizing theories of statesmen; the result was not a perfect balance between central and local governments, but an adjustment that has proved itself to be most useful and truly conservative. Railroads, newspapers, telegraphs, and the abolition of slavery have made us much more homogeneous than we were. But differences of climate and productions, of inland and sea-coast location, of mountain and plain, of local history, derivation, and traditional sentiment, will happily intervene to prevent our falling into a flat uniformity of character. And society will advance more rapidly and more safely if each State is allowed to work out its own destiny by the attrition of the forces that make up its life. Among these forces history and tradition are everywhere of the strongest. To all time New England will show traces of the town-community, independent-church, and common-land systems of her infancy; Virginia must on the other hand grow by counties, for there every county has its traditions of the ancestors who administered justice on the bench of magistrates in the county court, and who now and then maintained the old notions of gentlemanliness by notifying royal governors of their unwillingness to sit with a man, no matter how high in court favor, who was of doubtful integrity. Louisiana again will cast her history into the mold of a territory checkered off into parishes, as that of Delaware is into hundreds.

I do not discuss the Federal system with any apprehension of danger that in any proximate time a serious attempt will be made to change the skeleton of the government. Any arguments for or against a radical change in our system can have only an academic interest. It is hard to abolish organized history by enactment. Political *vis inertiae* is too great. Even among an idealistic people like the French, so great a change could be wrought only by the devastations of some great social upheaval. Our danger is of a different sort. The Federal system offers a barrier to many respectable movements for social reform, where reforms seek the aid of law, and there is always a temptation to take a short cut by appealing to Congress. There are temperance reformers, for example, who think that if they can

prohibit the making of spirits by a clause in the Constitution of the United States they will dry up the fountains of evil. There are labor-reformers, anti-monopolists, and anti-divorce reformers who believe that the easiest way to achieve their ends is to get sweeping enactment by Congress. Even so cautious a paper as the New York "Evening Post" has advocated the passage of a uniform marriage law. Reformers are prone to forget the impotence of law when it is not reinforced by public sentiment. Nor is it to be expected that a special reformer, consecrated to one cause the importance of which is naturally magnified in his own eyes, should be publicist enough to understand that every load of this sort put upon the Federal government is a disturbance of adjustment in a system that is strong enough to hold a great and growing empire only so long as its balance is maintained. Civilizing work must in the main be done locally. A short leverage is highly advantageous in the distribution of funds.

A better illustration of the necessity for cherishing the independence of local communities can hardly be found than the evil harvest reaped by all attempts to govern the city of New York at Albany. City bills are oil-wells for the local legislator, who knows that constituencies on the lakes will hardly ever inquire why the streets of the metropolis are voted to corporations, and its funds wasted on fruitless jobs.

Pennsylvania, in making laws for capital and labor, keeps her eyes on the multitudinous miners and toilers in car-shops, blast-furnaces, and rolling-mills, with their trades-unions, sometimes their Molly Maguires. The conditions are very different in South Carolina, where the planter often hires a negro laborer at a stipulated price "with board," which board means a peck of meal and a definite ration of bacon for each week, to be cooked and eaten at the pleasure of the working man, who also is content to add to this allowance any "luxuries" at his own expense. All such questions, in so vast a country, ought to be handled on the ground in the light of local customs; any attempt to regulate them from Washington would produce an unheard-of crop of demagogism and corruption. How poorly the central government of a republic can administer local affairs is shown in the abuses of the reconstruction period and in the calamities of the District of Columbia.

The Federal arrangement which came to us by the good fortune of the diversity of interest and character of the thirteen colonies, is now in process of application with deliberate purpose to the British Empire, which will have its American and its Australian confederation. One day it will have, perhaps, an East Indian system of a similar sort. The hold of Great Britain on her colonies has not been weakened but visibly strengthened by the gift of local autonomy to remote provinces. The laws for Scotland are virtually made by the Scotch members before they are finally adopted by the British Parliament. And the only apparent solution to the Irish difficulty will be in some similar division of power between the local and the imperial authority.

The moral for us on this side is that we must keep the imperial government of the United States for imperial purposes, that it may be strong and free to deal with the collective interests of a vast empire, liable some day to become yet greater by the force of gravitation and absorption; and that we ought to resist the best re-

form in the world if its ends can only be achieved by reducing the liberty of the States to deal with questions of manners, morals, minor commerce, and local interests.

*Edward Eggleston.*

**Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati.\***

THIS distinguished high-caste Brahmin woman is the daughter of a Marathi priest who suffered persecution for educating the women of his family. But, retiring to the seclusion of the Ganga-mûl, their studies were continued amid the sublimities of nature, which have left their impress on Ramabai's mind. At the age of sixteen years Ramabai was left an orphan, and three years later, fully convinced of the importance of woman's education, she traveled under the protection of her brother across India, urging in all places the emancipation and education of women. Arrived at Calcutta, the older pundits paid her homage, and the title of Sarasvati was conferred upon her. The simplicity of her manners and her earnest, eloquent arguments won distinction at home and commanded attention abroad. In her travels Ramabai had mingled freely with the people, disregarding of caste, not electing to be the leader of a new sect, but everywhere seeking truth for truth's own sake and inspiring others with the same wholesome ambition. After a short illness her brother died, and six months later she married a Bengalese gentleman—a Sanscrit scholar and a pleader-at-law, the man of her own choice. His death in less than two years after marriage left her at twenty-four years of age to face the future as a Hindu widow. Again she sought the rostrum. Two particular measures now filled her mind,—the introduction of women physicians and the preparation of widows for teachers in girls' schools. The plans now taking shape in India for the establishment of hospitals and the investiture of women physicians are believed to have had their origin in the faithful labors of Ramabai. The fruitage of her efforts for girls' schools has also appeared. In Poona, her native city, Ramabai formed a society of the leading Brahmin ladies, called Arya Mehila Saba, for the encouragement of the education of women, with branch societies in the cities she visited. Poona now has not only primary schools for girls, but also two high schools; Bombay has two or three high schools, and Calcutta has the Victoria school, from which women may enter the university.

To acquaint herself with better methods of advancing her work, Ramabai went to England. Another book in native language to speak in her absence was her parting gift to India. In England, whither her fame had preceded her, Ramabai was warmly received. Professor Max Müller and other Oxford professors approved her scholarship, and she was appointed to the chair of Sanscrit in the Woman's College at Cheltenham. Here she remained until February, 1886, when her cousin, Dr. Joshee, also a Hindu Brahmin lady of high caste, took the degree of doctor of medicine at the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, and the Pundita extended her travels to "this holy land of America." That a Hindu woman should leave her country and journey alone beyond the seas, could not be without a tinge of romance

\* See also "The High-caste Hindu Woman," by Ramabai, with an introduction by Dean Rachel L. Bodley, of Woman's Medical College, Philadelphia.

or a spirit of lofty courage and consecration. In this instance it was the latter, and even the heart of this resolute woman, who had twice crossed the kingdom of India, would have quailed had she not trusted in him who led Abraham forth to find riches, honor, and power. The conversion of Ramabai to Christianity illustrates her sincerity of soul and her love of truth. Having renounced Brahminism and not yet accepted Christianity, her marriage ceremony was performed by a civil magistrate. With other progressive Hindus Ramabai accepted Theism as an advance on Hinduism, and, without becoming identified, was closely associated, with the Bramo-Somaj. The progressive Hindus accepted Ramabai's leadership and hoped through her philosophy "to regenerate society and establish a pure Theistic religion." But Theism vanished with a clear conception of Christianity. Ramabai says of her brother, "His great thought during his illness was for me, what would become of me left alone in the world. To relieve his anxiety, I answered, 'There is no one but God to care for you and me.' 'Ah,' he replied, 'if God cares for us, I am afraid of nothing.'" Ramabai's soul was gradually unfolding to divine truth, and she and her daughter Manorama (Heart's desire) were baptized, after their arrival in England, into the church universal, and accepted the Bible and the Apostles' Creed. Ramabai believes in the unity of the world and the unity of the Church.

In writing of Ramabai there is no apprehension that she will be offended or flattered, for she entirely ignores everything in print concerning herself. Her work is to her of paramount importance, and the silken cord of love which binds her to her suffering sisters will be a precious legacy to the future women of India, and to the American women an example worthy of emulation.

Emily J. Bryant.

#### A Ministry of Welcome.

IN Dr. Edward E. Hale's paper on "Church Union," in the *JUNE CENTURY*, he says: "And if the Christians of a dozen different communions choose to unite, to maintain at Castle Garden a ministry of welcome, such as the Mormon Church alone does choose to maintain there," etc. Will you permit me to say that the Mormon Church is not *alone* in maintaining such "a ministry of welcome"? More than a score of years ago the Evangelical Lutheran Church placed a missionary at Castle Garden to welcome, direct, and assist emigrants from Germany. This work was subsequently enlarged, to embrace those coming from Scandinavia. Out of this there came, in time, two large buildings, opposite Castle Garden, in which the spiritual and material interests of immigrants are cared for. These institutions are in correspondence with similar institutions in the old world, so that emigrants leave the old world with letters to the "ministry of welcome" in the new.

G. F. Krotel,

Pastor of the Evan. Luth. Church  
of the Holy Trinity.

NEW YORK, June 17, 1887.

#### The Lincoln History.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY.

SIR: If your note on the "Lincoln History" in the *JUNE CENTURY* was intended as an apology for the space given to preliminary facts, let me have the pleasure of saying that not many of your older readers, and certainly not *one* of your younger readers, could afford to have one sentence in the chapters thus far published omitted. Let us have a fitting historical perspective for such a grand figure as the writers of that history are painting.

AMSTERDAM, N. Y.

Sincerely, M. D. J.

#### BRIC-À-BRAC.

##### Transformation.

IF it be true that Time doth change  
Each fiber, nerve, and bone,  
That in a seven years' circling range  
New out of old hath grown,

Time's a magician who hath made  
A mystery passing strange:—  
No outward symbol is displayed  
To hint the subtle change.

Whate'er the magic he hath wrought  
Within his seven years' span,  
Your life is yet with beauty fraught  
As when the charm began.

The rounded form of other years  
Still keeps its crowning grace;  
And June, for April's earlier tears,  
Plants roses on your face.

And so, perhaps, it may be true  
That, as you pass me by  
In careless wise, you are not you,  
And I'm no longer I.

A. C. Gordon.

But your great beauty touches me  
Now, in no other way  
Than doth the splendor of the sea,  
The glory of the day.

I dreamed I loved you in past years,—  
Ah! that was long ago.  
How far the time-blown love-vane veers  
This rhyme may serve to show.

The shifting seasons soon enough  
Beheld the bright dream fade:—  
I learned to know the fragile stuff  
Of which some dreams are made.

We meet now, with a kid-gloved touch,—  
Mere courtesy, each to each;  
That earlier hand-clasp overmuch  
Outvies our later speech.



A STUDY IN BLACK.

"W'ERE you' son get dis 'mawkable talent from, Mister Bradish?"  
 "Entirely it come from my side of de house, sah. My fadder before me was po'ter in a picture-gallery for six yehs befo' he died, an' of co'se you know I done have de sole dustin' of Mars Crawford's picters while I was in his service, sah."

#### Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

IF a man has made up his mind to be a hypocrite, let him be a big one; I know of nothing meaner or more wicked than a third-rate one.

WHENEVER I read a pompous and abstruse sentence, I find the idea in it weak; it is always safe to trust a strong thought to simple language.

THE man who can count his friends upon his fingers is comparatively safe.

YOU can restrain the bold, guide the impetuous, and encourage the timid, but for the weak there is no help; you might as well undertake to stand a wet string up on end.

THERE are lots of things in the world that are like molasses candy in one respect,—half of a stick is sweeter than the whole.

FASHION makes fools of some, cowards of many, and apes of all.

*Uncle Esek.*

## Face to Face.

IDLING not long ago upon the street  
They named for him who was our country's sire  
In the brave town where Wit and Wisdom meet  
Daily — for human freedom to conspire —

My vagrant glance within a bookstore spied  
Two portraits — one of him whose mummied clay,  
With dark devices of rare spices dried,  
Science identified the other day.

Rameses, Pharaoh — many names had he,  
And many slaves toiled hard to rear his tomb  
Pyramidal 'twixt the Nile's fertility  
And the sad, billowy desert's silvery gloom.

The other portrait was the homely face  
Of him whose pen-stroke made a nation free,  
And raised to civic rank an alien race,  
Dark heritors of a centuried slavery.

Lincoln and Pharaoh! Was it chance alone,  
Or some design behind the shopman's hand,  
By which these lithographs were quaintly thrown  
Together, for a contrast strangely grand?

For these two faces typify indeed  
Two forces ever within the soul  
Of man — that earthworm of material greed,  
That glorious moth who dreams a starry goal.

Nay, more: these faces typify, besides,  
The powers of Progress and Conservatism,  
That make the nations rise and fall in tides  
Forward and backward on Time's dark abysm.

But of the men themselves, what may we say,  
Since Pentaure's verse on Luxor's pictured wall  
Sufficeth Ram'ses' fame, and Lowell's lay  
Of Lincoln's greatness hath so well said all —

Save this: One reared an altar unto Fame,  
Cemented by the sweat and blood of men;  
The other to earth's highest office came  
To widen all men's liberty — and then

To fall a victim to a madman's hate,  
Just as his country rose again sublime,  
Beautiful, though ensanguined! Oh! strange fate!  
O most pathetic mystery of all time!

Henry W. Austin.

## Between the Lines.

BETWEEN the lines the smoke hung low,  
And shells flew screaming to and fro,  
While blue or gray in sharp distress  
Rode fast, their shattered lines to press  
Again upon the lingering foe.

'Tis past — and now the roses blow  
Where war was waging years ago,  
And naught exists save friendliness  
Between the lines.

To you who made the traveler know  
In southern homes how warm hearts glow,  
Let even this halting verse express  
Some measure of true thankfulness,  
And grateful, loving memory show  
Between the lines.

Walter Learned.

## Hard to Suit.

"I WOULD not mind their coming back, you know,"  
The lady said, the day her verses went,  
"If only they'd refuse the lines on 'Snow,'  
Before it's time for 'Roses' to be sent."

Upon the steps a postman's eager tread;  
Quick! take the envelope, serenely white:—  
"Returned with thanks."— And then the lady said,  
"I think they might have kept it overnight."

A. W. R.

## Doubtful — Very.

LONG years ago, as those may know  
Who watched her toils infold me,  
Among the beaux of Mam'selle Rose  
A freak of fate enrolled me;  
And in her train no silly swain  
So often told the story  
That foolish Youth mistakes for truth,  
And whispers *con amore*.

But Rose, the jade, who had betrayed  
A score or more before me,  
With cruel glee rejoiced to see  
The hopes and fears that tore me;  
And while intense grew my suspense,  
She dallied, smiling, pouting,  
With pretty art, until my heart  
Was sore with too much doubting.

The dear coquette! She loved to fret  
Her gallants *à la* Circe,  
Yet in her breast lurked unconfessed  
A sweet and tender mercy;  
For when I left her, sad, bereft  
Of joy, and dumb with sorrow,  
She hung her head and softly said:  
"It might be 'yes' to-morrow!"

M. E. W.

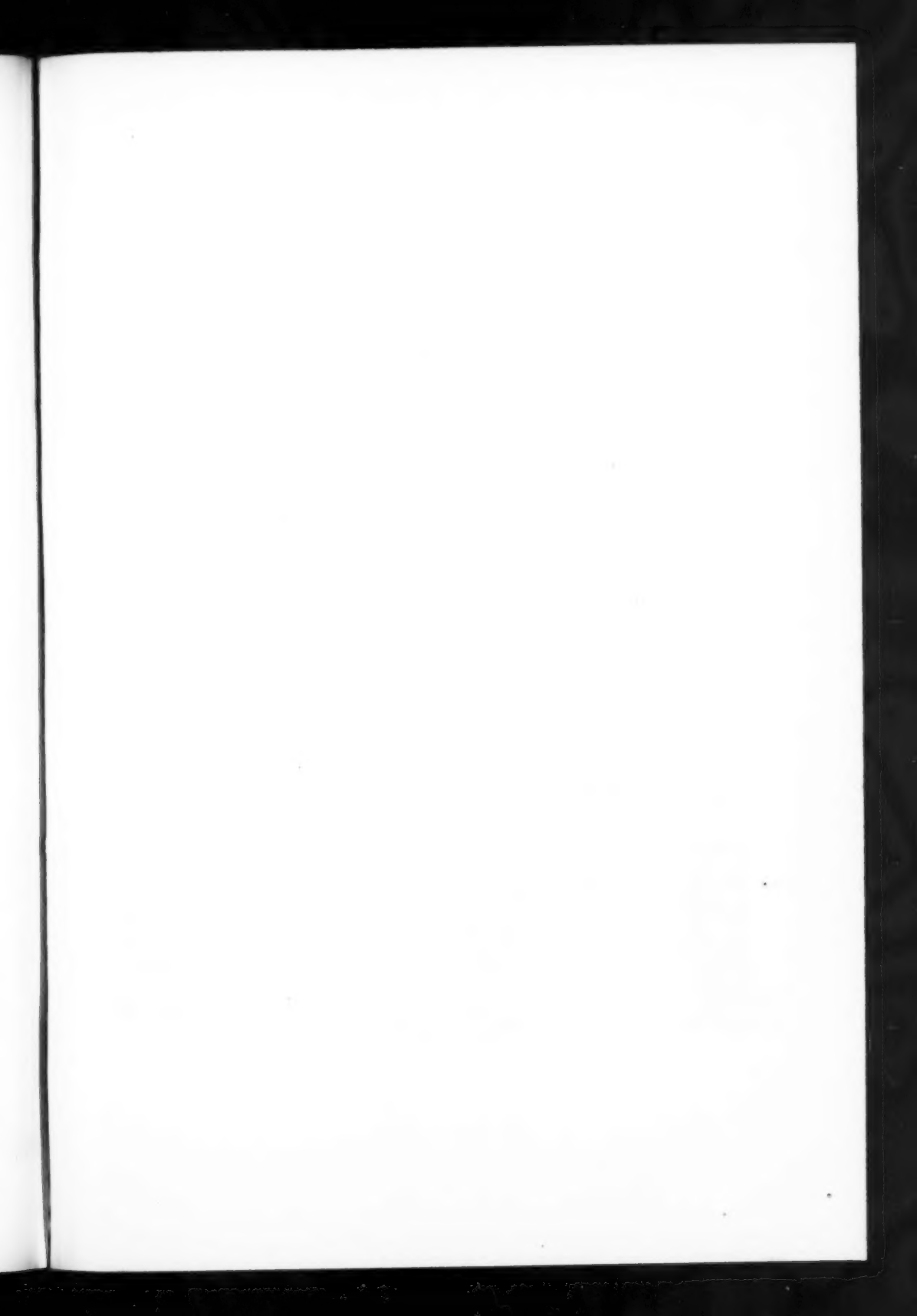
## A Sea-side Flirtation.

WITH sorrow in her eyes of blue,  
With trembling hands, she slowly penned it —  
The little parting *billet doux*  
That conscience told her now should end it.  
Those *lle-d-lle* along the shore,  
Those gipsyings with fern-filled basket,  
Must join the dear delights of yore  
And only live in memory's casket.

There never was a heart like Jack's:  
He told his passion in his glances.  
She sealed her note with scented wax,  
But could not drown her dismal fancies.  
When he should read his suit denied,  
So long the theme of idle gazers,  
She pictured him a suicide,  
And shuddered at the thought of razors!

At last she slept — but not till dawn  
Had blossomed through the ocean vapors.  
Jack conned her missive with a yawn  
When he had read the morning papers.  
He gave his beard a languid twirl,  
And murmured as he sat a-smoking:  
"Tear-stained — By Jove! — poor little girl —  
I thought she knew that I was joking!"

Samuel Minturn Peck.





ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe*